George Vernons Book

LECTURES

SHEWING
THE SEVERAL SOURCES
OF
THAT PLEASURE
WHICH
THE HUMAN MIND RECEIVES
FROM

POETRY.

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BISHOPSTONE, SUSSEX.
PRINTED AT THE AUTHOR'S OWN PRESS,
AND SOLD BY J. JOHNSON AT N. 72. IN ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH-YARD, AND BY FLETCHER AND HANWEL, OXFORD.
1797.

Harvard College Library
Bernice Hunt
July 20, 1949

LECTURES ON POETRY.

LECTURE I.

FOR the improvement of thoſe who wiſh to learn, by what means POETRY has eſtabliſhed ſo ſtrong a claim upon the attention of man, by what means ſhe ſeizes ſo powerfully on his imagination and kindles rapture in his boſom, I propoſe to trace her through all her arts and ingenuities, as far as my own obſervation has been able to purſue her. That my Lectures may not be obſcured by quotation from any dead language, I ſhall draw every example that illuſtrates my remark from the POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The chief deſign of the Poet, and that which alone will ſtamp upon his productions the character of true Poetry, is *to hold the mirror up to Nature*, to give a faithful reflection of whatever images he may deem worthy of delineation. He is ſtrictly a Painter with colours and canvaſs before him, and the whole Creation is his ſubject—things animate and inanimate, intellectual and corporeal.

The firſt and moſt obvious features which he copies from *inanimate* nature, are the *changes* of the *day*, and of the *year*. Nothing therefore is more common with every Poet, than deſcriptions of the *morning*, the *noon*, the *evening*, the *night*, and the ſeveral *ſeaſons*, as will readily appear from the many inſtances I am about to produce.

Of the *Morning*, the firſt agreeable picture which I ſhall notice, appears

appears in the moſt lively of all poetic painters, Shakeſpear, in the third part of his HENRY VI.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious ſun.
How well reſembles it the prime of youth
Trim'd like a younker prancing to his love.

It will inſtantly be perceived, that the poet here delights us, by raiſing in the mind the idea it has already received from its own obſervation, of a fine *ſun-riſe*.

The *morning* is more fully depicted, with clouds and redneſs, in RICHARD II.

See, ſee, King Richard doth himſelf appear,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun
From out the fiery portal of the eaſt,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the occident.

In the firſt part of HENRY IV. the beginning of the *dawn* is agreeably deſcribed.

Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heav'nly-harneſs'd team
Begins his golden progreſs in the eaſt.

The *morning of a tempeſtuous day* is admirably depicted in the ſame play.

How bloodily the ſun begins to peer
Above yon buſky hill; the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.
The ſouthern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,

And

And by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves
Foretells a tempeſt and a bluſt'ring day.

In TITUS ANDRONICUS we find the *morning* deſcribed, with the additional image of hunters and hounds.

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouſe the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal
That all the Court may echo with the noiſe.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING affords us a moſt beautiful inſtance of the *morning*, riſing with what we vulgarly ſtile a *mackarel ſky*.

Good-morrow, Maſters—put your torches out—
The wolves have prey'd, and look, the gentle day
Before the wheels of Phœbus round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey.

The *cloudy morning* is thus deſcribed by Dryden in his DUKE OF GUISE.

The morning creeps behind yon eaſtern hill—
* * * *
Sullen, methinks, and ſlow the morning breaks,
As if the ſun were liſtleſs to appear,
And dark deſigns hang heavy on the day.

So in the firſt lines of Addiſon's CATO.

The dawn is overcaſt, the morning lowers
And heavily in clouds brings on the day.

Dryden's AMPHITRYON furniſhes us with a very elegant and juſt deſcription of the *dawn*.

Behold the ruddy ſtreaks o'er yonder hill—

Thoſe

Thoſe are the bluſhes of the breaking morn
That kindle day-light to the nether world.

In Shakeſpear's RICHARD III. we find a very elegant deſcription of the *dawn* of day.

The ſilent hours ſteal on,
And flaky darkneſs breaks within the eaſt.

In a ſubſequent ſcene of the ſame play, we find a paſſage which may well accompany the preceding.

The early village cock
Has twice done ſalutation to the morn.

The *morning* is incidentally depicted with much grace, in the following paſſage of ROMEO AND JULIET.

B. Madam, an hour before the worſhip'd ſun
Peep'd through the golden window of the eaſt,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of ſycamore
That weſtward rooteth from the city' ſide,
So early walking, did I ſee your ſon—
M. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen
With tears augmenting the freſh morning dew.
But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering ſun
Should in the fartheſt eaſt begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light ſteals home my penſive ſon—

If we except the ſimile in the following lines of the ſame play, we may affirm that they furniſh a ſecond charming deſcription of the *morning*.

The grey-eyed morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Cheq'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light,
And darkneſs flecker'd, like a drunkard, reels

From

From forth day's path-way—

A third picture of the *dawn*, moſt elegantly painted, occurs in the ſame play. Juliet and Romeo are converſing.

J. It was the nightingale and not the lark
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomgranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

R. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountain's top.

A more elegant perſonification than that which appears in the laſt line of the above paſſage, was never exhibited. Shakeſpear himſelf ſeems to have been delighted with it, and has therefore again introduced it in his HAMLET.

But look, the morn in ruſſet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill.

HAMLET will alſo furniſh us with another feature of the *morning*, which this diligent obſerver has moſt accurately copied.

The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

Spenſer affords a good general deſcription of the *morning*.

At laſt the golden oriental gate
Of greateſt Heaven 'gan to open fair,
And Phœbus freſh, as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth, ſhaking his dewy hair,
And hurled his gliſt'ring beams through gloomy air.

Milton has decorated his *morning* with a profuſion of images, all pleaſing, in the following paſſage.

Awake,

Awake,
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Awake; the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweets.
* * —to the field they haſte.
But firſt, from under ſhady arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open ſight
Of day-ſpring, and the ſun, who ſcarce upriſen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Diſcovering in wide landſkip all the eaſt
Of Paradiſe and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring—

In the following paſſage he has imitated, or perhaps only alluded to Shakeſpear, for he is much inferior, and ſeems to be fearful of competition.

See the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unreſt, begins
Her roſy progreſs ſmiling.

A *fair morning* after a ſtormy night, is thus deſcribed by the ſame poet, in his PARADISE REGAINED.

Thus paſs'd the night ſo foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim ſteps in amice grey,
Who with her radiant finger ſtill'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds.
And now the ſun with more effectual beams

Had

Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant or drooping tree; the birds
Who all things now behold more freſh and green,
After a night of ſtorm ſo ruinous,
Clear'd up their choiceſt notes in buſh and ſpray
To gratulate the ſweet return of morn.

The *Spring morning* is thus elegantly deſcribed in one of his SONNETS.

Now the bright morning ſtar, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the eaſt, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowſlip and the pale primroſe.

Morning is again repreſented, with many of its moſt attracting features, in the following paſſages of his L' ALLEGRO; but they are not ingeniouſly aſſociated nor artfully diſpoſed.

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the ſweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack or the barn door
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before—
Oft liſt'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouſe the ſlumbering morn
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,

Through

Through the high wood echoing ſhrill.
Sometimes walking not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocs green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight,
While the plow-man near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the landſkip round it meaſures,
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney ſmokes
From betwixt two aged oaks—

Thomſon, in his SUMMER, gives us a picture of the *morning*, which every reader muſt be pleaſed with.

Short is the doubtful empire of the night,
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,

At

At firſt faint gleaming in the dappled eaſt:
Till far o'er æther ſpreads the widening glow,
And from before the luſtre of her face
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd ſtep
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top,
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the duſk, the ſmoking currents ſhine—

The ſame Author, in the ſame poem, has the following elegant paſſage.

Rous'd by the cock the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with peace he dwells,
And from the crowded fold in order drives
His flock to taſte the verdure of the morn.
Falſely luxurious, will not man awake
And, ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour
To meditation due and ſacred ſong?
For is there ought in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than nature craves, when every muſe
And every blooming pleaſure waits without,
To bleſs the wildly devious morning walk?
But yonder comes the powerful king of day
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening clouds,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aſlant the dew-bright earth and colour'd air

He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad,
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering ſtreams.

The *Autumnal morning* is thus deſcribed by the ſame ingenious Author.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the ſky
And unperceiv'd unfolds the ſpreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers ſtand
In fair array—
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the luſty ſheaves,
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt,
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time
And ſteal unfelt the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, builds up the ſhocks,
And, conſcious, glancing oft on every ſide
His ſated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after ſpike, their ſcanty harveſt pick.

The *Winter morning* riſing clear upon a land-ſcape overwhelmed in ſnow, is moſt happily deſcribed by Cowper in his TASK, with many concomitant images which have been left unnoticed by former poets.

Tis morning and the ſun with ruddy orb
Aſcending fires th' horizon. While the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the diſk emerges more,
Reſemble moſt ſome city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafleſs wood. His ſlanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the ſnowy vale,

And

And tinging all with his own roſy hue,
From ev'ry herb and ev'ry ſpiry blade
Stretches a length of ſhadow o'er the field.
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge, and the bents
And coarſer graſs upſpearing o'er the reſt,
Of late unſightly and unſeen, now ſhine
Conſpicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And fledg'd with icy feathers, nod ſuperb.
The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and ſeem half petrified to ſleep
In unrecumbent ſadneſs. There they wait
Their wonted fodder, not like hung'ring man
Fretful if unſupplied, but ſilent, meek,
And patient of the ſlow-paced ſwain's delay.
He from the ſtack carves out th' accuſtomed load,
Deep plunging and again deep plunging oft
His broad keen knife into the ſolid maſs.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder foreſt drear,
From morn to eve his ſolitary taſk.
Shaggy and lean and ſhrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropp'd ſhort, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Cloſe behind his heel
Now creeps he ſlow, and now with many a friſk
Wide-ſcampering ſnatches up the drifted ſnow
With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his ſnout;
Then ſhakes his powder'd coat and barks for joy.
Heedleſs of all his pranks the ſturdy churl

Moves

Moves right toward the mark, nor ſtops for aught,
But now and then with preſſure of his thumb
'T' adjuſt the fragrant charge of a ſhort tube
That fumes beneath his noſe. The trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, ſcenting all the air.
Now from the rooſt or from the neighb'ring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the firſt faint gleam
Of ſmiling day, they goſſip'd ſide by ſide,
Come trooping at the houſewife's well-known call
The feather'd tribes domeſtic. Half on wing
And half on foot they bruſh the fleecy flood
Conſcious, and fearful of too deep a plunge.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the ſearch of ſunny nook,
Or ſhed impervious to the blaſt. Reſign'd
To ſad neceſſity, the cock foregoes
His wonted ſtrut, and wading at their head
With well-conſidered ſteps, ſeems to reſent
His alter'd gait and ſtatelineſs retrenched.

Another deſcription of the *morning*, which appears in the PROGRESS OF ERROR of the ſame Author, is, however brief, deſerving of notice.

Grey dawn appears, the ſportſman and his train
Speckle the boſom of the diſtant plain.

A third, in his poem ſtiled HOPE, muſt not be overlooked.

—lift thy palſied head, ſhake off the gloom
That overhangs the borders of thy tomb.
See nature, gay as when ſhe firſt began,
With ſmiles alluring her admirer, man,
She ſpreads the morning over eaſtern hills,

Earth

Earth glitters with the drops the night diſtills,
The ſun obedient at her call appears,
To fling his glories o'er the robe ſhe wears,
Banks cloath'd with flowers, groves fill'd with ſprightly ſounds,
The yellow tilth, green meads, rocks, riſing grounds,
Streams edg'd with oſiers, fatt'ning ev'ry field
Where'er they flow, now ſeen and now conceal'd,
From the blue rim where ſkies and mountains meet,
Down to the very turf beneath thy feet,
Ten thouſand charms that only fools deſpiſe,
Or pride can look at with indifferent eyes,
All ſpeak one language, all with one ſweet voice
Cry to her univerſal realm, rejoice.

Morning is thus welcomed by Rowe in his ROYAL CONVERT.

See! the night wears away, and cheerful morn,
All ſweet and freſh, ſpreads from the roſy eaſt;
Fair nature ſeems reviv'd, and e'en my heart
Sits light and jocund at the day's return.

Maſon in his ENGLISH GARDEN, thus deſcribes an *Oriental Morning*.

'Twas at that early hour, when now the ſun
Behind majeſtic Lebanon's dark veil
Hid his aſcending ſplendor; yet thro' each
Her cedar-veſted ſides, his ſlanting beams
Shot to the ſtrand, and purpled all the main,
Where Commerce ſaw her Sidon's freighted wealth,
With languid ſtreamers, and with folded ſails,
Float in a lake of gold. The wind was huſh'd
And to the beach, each ſlowly-lifted wave,

Creeping

Creeping with ſilver curl, juſt kiſs'd the ſhore
And ſlept in ſilence.

In his CARACTACUS he has theſe lines.

Smile, my lov'd child, and imitate the ſun
That riſes ruddy from behind yon oaks.

The *morning* is made to impreſs us with a ſtrong ſenſe of its beauty, in the following lines of Hayley's LORD RUSSEL.

What if a mortal who had paſs'd his days
In the dim cavern of a noxious mine,
Worn with hard toil, where health-annoying vapours
Vex'd and confounded his imperfect ſenſe—
If ſuch a mortal ſuddenly were laid
On the bright ſummit of a lofty hill
To taſte the balmy ſweetneſs of the morn,
And, for the firſt time, ſee the riſing ſun
Array this fair and ſmiling earth in all
The radiant lovelineſs of form and colour.

Morning is ſtrikingly introduced in the following lines of Warton.

Henry, I a tale unfold
Never yet in rime enroll'd,
Nor ſung, nor harp'd in hall or bower;
Which in my youth's full early flower,
A minſtrel, ſprung of Corniſh line,
Who ſpoke of kings from old Locrine,
Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
What time the gliſtening vapours fled
From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's head;
And on its ſides the torrents gray
Shone to the morning's orient ray.

Of

Of *noon* I recollect but two deſcriptions which are worthy of being mentioned. The one is the *fine noon of Winter*, thus elegantly pictured by Cowper in his TASK.

The night was winter in his rougheſt mood,
The morning ſharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the ſouthern ſide of the ſlant hill,
And where the woods fence off the northern blaſt,
The ſeaſon ſmiles, reſigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a ſpeck
The dazzling ſplendor of the ſcene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
And through the trees I view th' embattled tow'r
Whence all the muſic. I again perceive
The ſoothing influence of the wafted ſtrains,
And ſettle in ſoft muſings as I tread
The walk ſtill verdant under oaks and elms,
Whoſe outſpread branches overarch the glade.
The roof though moveable through all its length
As the wind ſways it, has yet well ſufficed,
And intercepting in their ſilent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noiſe is here, or none that hinders thought.
The red-breaſt warbles ſtill, but is content
With ſlender notes and more than half ſuppreſs'd.
Pleaſed with his ſolitude, and flitting light
From ſpray to ſpray, where'er he reſts he ſhakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillneſs accompanied with ſounds ſo ſoft

Charms

Charms more than ſilence.

The other is the *noon of Summer*, thus deſcribed by Thomſon.

The daw
The rook and magpie to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms
Shelt'ring embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they ſit embower'd
All the hot noon, till cooler hours ariſe.
Faint, underneath, the houſehold fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing ſhade,
The houſe-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies
Out-ſtretch'd and ſleepy. In his ſlumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till waken'd by the waſp
They ſtarting ſnap.

LECTURE II.

OF *Evening* there are many very elegant deſcriptions, ſcarce a poet having refrained from attempting to depict it. A very ſtriking one occurs in Dyer's FLEECE.

When many-colour'd evening ſinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and oppoſite
Riſes full-orb'd the ſilver harveſt moon,
To light th' unwearied farmer, late afield
His ſcatter'd ſheaves collecting.

A beautiful glimpſe of the *Autumnal*, and another of the *Winter evening*, appears in the following lines of Akenſide.

Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcapes of the ſpring,
The ſummer's noon-tide grove, the purple eve
At harveſt home, or in the froſty moon
Glittering on ſome ſmooth ſea—is aught ſo fair
As virtuous friendſhip?

In Thomſon's ALFRED, *evening* is thus introduced to us.

And now by ſlow degrees, ſolemn and ſad,
Wide falling o'er the world, the nightly ſhades
Huſh the brown woods, and deepen all their horrors:
While humbled into reſt, and awed by darkneſs,

Each

Each creature ſeeks the covert.

Collins has addreſſed an ode to *Evening* ſo beautifully deſcriptive, that it needs not the aid of rhyme to recommend it to the moſt faſtidious reader. A great part of it I ſhall quote, omitting the images of fancy, becauſe they diſturb the effect of thoſe which he has ſo faithfully copied from nature.

If aught of oaten ſtop or paſtoral ſong
May hope, chaſte eve, to ſoothe thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings and dying gales,

Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-ey'd bat
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn

As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim borne in heedleſs hum—
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain

Whoſe numbers, ſtealing through the darkening vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return.

Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin, 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or

Or if chill bluſt'ring winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's ſide
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

Milton, in his IL PENSEROSO, gives us a very agreeable picture of *evening*, which may well be mentioned with the preceding inſtance from Collins. He is addreſſing the nightingale.

Sweet bird that ſhun'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy,
Thee, chauntreſs, oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy evening ſong.
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the heav'ns wide pathleſs way,
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of riſing ground
I hear the far off curfew ſound
Over ſome wide watered ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar.

Shakeſpear, in his MACBETH, has given us a brief but very excellent deſcription of *evening*.

Night

Night thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.

In the next ſcene he adds,

The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day.
Now ſpurs the 'lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn.

His MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM thus introduces *evening* to our contemplation.

Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow
New bent in Heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

Dryden's INDIAN EMPEROR has the following ſober deſcription.

All things are huſh'd as nature's ſelf lay dead—
The mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy head.

Garth has given us the following pleaſing picture.

The *evening* now with bluſhes warms the air,
The ſteer reſigns the yoke, the hind his care.
The clouds above with golden edging glow,
And falling dews refreſh the earth below.
The bat with ſooty wings flits through the grove,
The reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the aſpines move,
And all the feather'd tribe forbear their lays of love.

Gay has painted a very charming view of *evening* in his RURAL SPORTS.

Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I ſtray
To take my farewel of the parting day.
Far in the deep the ſun his glory hides,
A ſtreak of gold the ſea and ſky divides,
The purple clouds their amber linings ſhow,

And

And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below.

The ſame author, in his DIONE, produces the following deſcription.

Safe are the ſhepherd's paths; when ſober even
Streaks with pale light the bending arch of heaven,
From dangers free through deſerts wild he hies,
The riſing ſmoke far o'er the mountain ſpies
Which marks his diſtant cottage—

In Shakeſpear's RICHARD III. we meet with theſe charming lines.

The weary ſun hath made a golden ſet,
And by the bright tract of his fiery car
Gives ſignal of a goodly day to-morrow.

A very pleaſing deſcription of *evening* appears in Spenſer's FAERY QUEEN.

By this, the moiſty night, approaching faſt,
Her dewy humor 'gan on th' earth to ſhed,
That warn'd the ſhepherds to their homes to haſte
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For fear of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good old-aged ſire,
Whoſe ſilver locks bedeck'd his beard and head,
With ſhepherd's hook in hand, and fit attire,
That will'd the damſel riſe; the day did now expire.

A very charming one is to be found in Milton's PARADISE LOST.

Now came ſtill evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her ſober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſt
Were ſlunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;

She

She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung.
Silence was pleaſed. Now glow'd the firmament
With living ſaphires. Heſperus, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon,
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.

In the following lines, which ſoon after occur, there is much imagery from nature, but as *evening* ſeems to be the principal figure, they may with propriety be mentioned here.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs, and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers:
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon
Or glittering ſtar light without thee is ſweet.

PARADISE REGAINED has the following paſſage.

—now began
Night with her ſullen wings to double-ſhade
The deſert.

Part

Part of the imagery of a *rural evening* appears in the following ſweet paſſage of COMUS.

Two ſuch I ſaw, what time the labor'd ox
In his looſe traces from the furrow came,
And the ſwinkt hedger at his ſupper ſat—

Other parts appear in the following lines of the ſame piece.

This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their ſupper on the ſavory herb
Of knot-graſs dew-beſprent, and were in fold,
I ſat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-ſuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleaſing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minſtrelſy.

Thomſon, in his SUMMER, gives us the following deſcription of the *ſun-ſet*.

Low walks the ſun, and broadens by degrees,
Juſt o'er the verge of day. The ſhifting clouds
Aſſembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his ſetting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean ſmile immenſe. And now,
As if his weary chariot ſought the bowers
Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable ſung) he dips his orb;
Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total diſappears.

Immediately afterwards, we are preſented with the following beautiful and juſt deſcription.

Confeſs'd, from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd clouds,
All æther ſoftening, ſober Evening takes

Her wonted ſtation in the middle air,
A thouſand ſhadows at her beck. Firſt this
She ſends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a deeper ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats.

An additional feature of beauty, and of nature, is added to the above deſcription, when he ſays

His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail.

In his AUTUMN, he treats us with the following fine deſcription.

Mean while the moon
Full orb'd, and breaking through the ſcatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad viſage in the crimſon eaſt.
Turn'd to the ſun direct, her ſpotted diſk,
Where mountains riſe, umbrageous dales deſcend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube deſcries,
A ſmaller earth, gives us his blaze again
Void of its flame, and ſheds a ſofter day.
Now through the paſſing cloud ſhe ſeems to ſtoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides ſublime.

Gray's ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD affords us a very agreeable and original deſcription of *evening*.

The

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantle tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wandering near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Goldſmith's DESERTED VILLAGE, ſupplies us with another deſcription of *evening*, not leſs pleaſing.

Sweet was the ſound when oft at ev'ning's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe;
There as I paſs'd with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milkmaid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whiſpering wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind:
Theſe all in ſweet confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.

In Cowper's TASK we meet with a picture of the *Winter's evening*, both within doors and without, which has much beauty and accuracy

accuracy of deſcription.

Now ſtir the fire, and cloſe the ſhutters faſt,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the ſofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hiſſing urn
Throws up a ſteamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
* * The needle plies its buſy taſk,
The pattern grows, the well depicted flower
Wrought patiently into the ſnowy lawn
Unfolds its boſom; buds, and leaves, and ſprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully diſpoſed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow
With moſt ſucceſs when all beſides decay.
The poet's or hiſtorian's page, by one
Made vocal for th' amuſement of the reſt;
The ſprightly lyre, whoſe treaſure of ſweet ſounds
The touch from many a trembling chord ſhakes out;
And the clear voice ſymphonious, yet diſtinct,
And in the charming ſtrife triumphant ſtill,
Beguile the night and ſet a keener edge
On female induſtry; the threaded ſteel
Flies ſwiftly, and unfelt the taſk proceeds.
The volume cloſed, the cuſtomary rites
Of the laſt meal commence. A Roman meal,
Such as the miſtreſs of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble door,

And

And under an old oak's domeſtic ſhade
Enjoy'd, ſpare feaſt! a radiſh and an egg.
Diſcourſe enſues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor ſuch as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proſcribes the ſound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praiſe
A jarring note—
Oh evenings worthy of the Gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. Oh evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
That I and mine and thoſe we love, enjoy.

* * * *

Juſt when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirrour, in which he of Gath
Goliah, might have ſeen his giant bulk
Whole without ſtooping, tow'ring creſt and all,
My pleaſures too begin. But me perhaps
The glowing hearth may ſatisfy awhile
With faint illumination that upliſts
The ſhadow to the cieling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quiv'ring flame.
Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild
Sooth'd with a waking dream of houſes, tow'rs,
Trees, churches, and ſtrange viſages expreſs'd
In the red cinders, while with poring eye

I gazed, myſelf creating what I ſaw.
Nor leſs amuſed have I quieſcent watch'd
The ſooty films that play upon the bars,
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of ſuperſtition propheſying ſtill
Though ſtill deceived, ſome ſtranger's near approach.
Thus oft reclin'd at eaſe, I loſe an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blaſt
That ſweeps the bolted ſhutter, ſummons home
The recollected powers, and ſnapping ſhort
The glaſſy threads with which the fancy weaves
Her brittle toys, reſtores me to myſelf,
How calm is my receſs! and how the froſt
Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear
The ſilence and the warmth enjoy'd within!
I ſaw the woods and fields at cloſe of day
A variegated ſhow; the meadows green
Though faded, and the lands where lately waved
The golden harveſt, of a mellow brown,
Up-turn'd ſo lately by the forceful ſhare.
I ſaw far off the weedy fallows ſmile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks faſt feeding and ſelecting each
His fav'rite herb; while all the leafleſs groves
That ſkirt th' horizon wore a ſable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred duſk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though ſilently perform'd
And ſlowly, and by moſt unfelt, the face
Of univerſal nature undergoes.

Faſt

Faſt falls a fleecy ſhow'r. The downy flakes
Deſcending and with never-ceaſing lapſe
Softly alighting upon all below,
Aſſimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thick'ning mantle, and the green
And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blaſt,
Eſcapes unhurt beneath ſo warm a veil.

Evening is thus depicted by Maſon in his ENGLISH GARDEN.

So, when the ſable enſign of the night,
Unfurl'd by miſt-impelling Eurus, veils
The laſt red radiance of declining day,
Each ſcatter'd village, and each holy ſpire
That deck'd the diſtance of the ſylvan ſcene
Are ſunk in ſudden gloom. The plodding hind,
That homeward hies, kens not the cheering ſite
Of his calm cabbin, which a moment paſt
Stream'd from its roof an azure curl of ſmoke
Beneath the ſheltering coppice, and gave ſign
Of warm domeſtic welcome from his toil.

The ſame Author, in his MUSÆUS.

But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to ſtreak;
And now down drop'd the larks, and ceas'd their ſtrain,
They ceas'd, and with them ceas'd the ſhepherd ſwain.

Addreſſing a WATER NYMPH, he ſays

Grant that, at Evening's ſober hour,
Led by the luſtre of the riſing moon,
My ſtep may frequent tread thy pebbled floor.
There, if perchance I wake the love-lorn theme,
In melting accents querulouſly flow,
Kind Naiad, let thy pitying ſtream

With

With wailing notes accordant flow.

Addreſſing INDEPENDENCY, he adds

Bid my calm'd ſoul with all thy influence ſhine;
As yon chaſte orb along this ample tide
Draws the long luſtre of her ſilver line,
While the huſh'd breeze its laſt weak whiſper blows,
And lulls old Humber to his deep repoſe.

In his ODE TO A FRIEND he ſpeaks of

The weſt, where ſinks the crimſon day,
Meek twilight ſlowly ſails, and waves her banners grey.

In his CARACTACUS he finely exclaims,

Daughter, he fled. Now by yon gracious moon,
That riſing ſaw the deed, and inſtant hid
Her bluſhing face in twilight's duſky veil,
The flight was parricide.

Darwin, in his ECONOMY OF VEGETATION, inviting the man of taſte and virtue to peruſe his deſcription, adds,

And, if with thee ſome hapleſs maid ſhould ſtray,
Diſaſt'rous love companion of her way,
Oh, lead her timid ſteps to yonder glade,
Whoſe arching cliffs depending alders ſhade;
There, as meek Evening wakes her temperate breeze,
And moon-beams glimmer through the trembling trees,
The rills, that gurgle round, ſhall ſoothe her ear,
The weeping rocks ſhall number tear for tear;
There as ſad Philomel, alike forlorn,
Sings to the night from her accuſtomed thorn;
While at ſweet intervals each falling note
Sighs in the gale, and whiſpers round the grot;
The ſiſter-woe ſhall calm her aching breaſt,

And

And ſofter ſlumbers ſteal her cares to reſt.

The ſame Author gives us a ſlight delineation of both *Morning* and *Evening*, the latter moſt pleaſing, when he begins a paſſage with these lines.

When morn, eſcorted by the dancing hours,
O'er the bright plains her dewy luſtre ſhowers;
Till from her ſable chariot eve ſerene
Drops the dark curtain o'er the brilliant ſcene.

Evening is thus deſcribed by Warton at the beginning of his TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

On cloſing flowers when genial gales diffuſe
The fragrant tribute of refreſhing dews;
When chants the milkmaid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whiſtle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering ſhade,
O'er Iſis' willow-fringed banks I ſtray'd.

Evening and *morning*, as they frequently appear to an Oxonian who is a conſtant attendant at his College Chapel, are thus agreeably depicted by the ſame Author. Speaking of Edward the Black Prince, formerly a ſtudent in the Univerſity, he adds

In letter'd truth,
Oxford, ſage mother, ſchool'd his ſtudious youth:
Her ſimple inſtitutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nurſling unreluctant bore;
Nor ſhun'd, at penſive eve, with loneſome pace
The cloiſter's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor ſcorn'd to mark the ſun, at matins due,
Stream thro' the ſtoried window's holy hue.

Again, the ſame Author ſays ſweetly,

As evening ſlowly ſpreads his mantle hoar,

No ruder ſounds the bounded valley fill,
Than the faint din, from yonder ſedgy ſhore,
Of ruſhing waters, and the murmuring mill.

Again, ſpeaking of the river Cherwell,

Around her darkening edge
Pale eve began the ſteaming miſt to pour,
And breezes fann'd by fits the ruſtling ſedge.

In the ſame piece he makes mention of the time

When Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale is hung.

The *maritime evening* is agreeably deſcribed, but its ſcenery is hardly enough developed, in the following lines of Bowles.

Pleas'd I look back and view the tranquil tide
That laves the pebbled ſhore. And now the beam
Of evening ſmiles on the grey battlement,
And yon forſaken tow'r that time has rent.
The lifted oar far off with ſilver gleam
Is touch'd, and huſh'd is all the billowy deep.

Stronger impreſſion is made on the imagination, when he thus writes.

Evening—— ſlow thy placid ſhades deſcend,
Veiling with gentleſt huſh the landſcape ſtill,
The lonely battlement, and fartheſt hill
And wood.

We are next to mention deſcriptions of the *Night*, which are leſs frequent than thoſe of the *Morning* and *Evening*. The firſt which I ſhall produce, unites much ſweetneſs of religion and ſome peculiarity of thought with its imagery. It is from Young's COMPLAINT.

Where art thou, poor benighted traveller,

The

The ſtars will light thee, though the moon ſhould fail.
Where art thou, more benighted, more aſtray,
In ways immoral? the ſtars call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counſel, ſet thee right:
This proſpect vaſt, what is it? weigh'd aright
'Tis nature's ſyſtem of divinity,
And every ſtudent of the night inſpires;
'Tis elder ſcripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic, uncorrupt by man.
Why from yon arch, that infinite of ſpace,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which ſet the living firmament on fire,
At the firſt glance, in ſuch an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Ruſhes omnipotence? To curb our pride,
Our reaſon rouſe, and lead it to that power,
Whoſe love let down theſe ſilver chains of light,
To draw up man's ambition to himſelf,
And bind our chaſte affections to his throne.
And ſee, day's amiable ſiſter ſends
Her invitation, in the ſofteſt rays
Of mitigated luſtre; courts thy ſight,
Which ſuffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the ſkies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With gain and joy, ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.
Night opes the nobleſt ſcenes, and ſheds an awe,
Which gives thoſe venerable ſcenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
Where light peeps through the darkneſs like a ſpy;

And darkneſs ſhews its grandeur by the light.
This gorgeous apparatus! This diſplay!
This oſtentation of creative power!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the firſt magnitude to launch
In endleſs ſpeculation, and adore?
One ſun by day, by night ten thouſand ſhine,
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundleſs in magnificence and might!
Bright legion's ſwarm unſeen, and ſing unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious architect,
In this his univerſal temple hung
With luſtres, with innumerable lights
That ſhed religion on the ſoul; at once,
The temple and the preacher! O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of night
Devotion! daughter of Aſtronomy!
An undevout Aſtronomer is mad.

Again, the ſame Author.

Night, ſable Goddeſs from her ebon throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumb'ring world.
Silence how dead! and darkneſs how profound!
Nor eye, nor liſtening ear, an object finds;
Creation ſleeps. Tis as the general pulſe
Of life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pauſe;
An awful pauſe! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be ſoon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can loſe no more.

Thomſon

Thomſon, in his POEM TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON, ſays moſt elegantly,

He alſo fix'd our wandering Queen of night,
Whether ſhe wanes into a ſcanty orb,
Or waxing broad, with her pale ſhadowy light
In a ſoft deluge overflows the ſky.

I cannot overlook the following paſſage of his AGAMEMNON. It introduces *night* with circumſtances which ſtrongly engage our pity, and embelliſhes it with ſeveral touches of deſcription which are ſtrictly natural.

Caſt on the wildeſt of the Cyclad Iſles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the ſhore
Theſe ruffians left me. Yet believe me, Arcas,
Such is the rooted love we bear mankind,
All ruffians as they were, I never heard
A ſound ſo diſmal as their parting oars.
Then horrid ſilence follow'd, broke alone
By the low murmurs of the reſtleſs deep,
Mixed with the doubtful breeze that now and then
Sigh'd through the mournful woods. Beneath a ſhade
I ſat me down, more heavily oppreſs'd
More deſolate at heart, than e'er I felt
Before: When Philomela, o'er my head,
Began to tune her melancholy ſtrain,
As piteous of my woes; till by degrees
Compoſing ſleep on wounded nature ſhed
A kind but ſhort relief.

The following lines from his ALFRED very agreeably improve the effect of the preceding.

Laſt night when with a draught from that cool fountain
I had

I had my wholeſome ſober ſupper crown'd
As is my ſtated cuſtom, forth I walk'd
Beneath the ſolemn gloom, and glittering ſky,
To feed my ſoul with prayer and meditation.
And thus to inward harmony compos'd,
That ſweeteſt muſic of the grateful heart
Whoſe each emotion is a ſilent hymn,
I to my couch retir'd.

In the ſame piece we meet with this gratifying deſcription.

Tis now the depth of darkneſs and repoſe.
All nature ſeems to reſt: while Alfred wakes
To think and to be wretched. Where yon oak
With wide and duſky ſhade o'erhangs the ſtream
That glides in ſilence by, I took my ſtand:
What time the glow-worm thro' the dewy path
Firſt ſhot his twinkling flame. I ſtood attentive,
Liſtening each noiſe from wood-clad hill and dale;
But all was huſh'd around. Nor trumpet's clang,
Nor ſhout of roving foe, nor haſty tread
Of evening paſſenger, diſturb'd the wide
And awful ſtillneſs.

Night, as it preſents itſelf to a perſon in bed, is thus accurately delineated by Hughes.

All things were huſh'd, as noiſe itſelf were dead;
No midnight mice ſtirr'd round my ſilent bed;
Not ev'n a gnat diſturb'd the peace profound,
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound;
No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;
No breeze the caſement ſhook, or fann'd the leaves,

Nor

Nor drops of rain fell ſoft from off the eaves;
Nor noiſy ſplinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watchlight ſeem'd itſelf aſleep,
When tir'd I clos'd my eyes.

In the firſt line of the following paſſage of Shakeſpear's MERCHANT OF VENICE there is ſweet deſcription, but the Poet's fancy afterwards governs him almoſt entirely. The whole is charming, yet we cannot but wiſh that nature had prevailed more and art leſs.

How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſound of muſic
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs and the night
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit Jeſſica: look how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlay'd with patterns of bright gold:
There's not the ſmalleſt orb which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings
Still quiring to the young-ey'd Cherubim's;
Such harmony is in immortal ſounds:
But while this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe us in, we cannot hear it.

Dryden in his ŒDIPUS thus introduces an *Eclipſe*.

Look! the ſilver moon,
A ſetting crimſon ſtains her beauteous face,
She's all o'er blood! and look! behold again,
A vaſt eclipſe darkens the labouring planet:
Sound there, ſound all our inſtruments of war
Clarions and trumpets, ſilver, braſs and iron,
And beat a thouſand drums to help her labour.

In his DUKE OF GUISE he has the following lines.

But hark, for now, tho' 'tis the dead of night,
When ſilence broods upon our darkened world,
Methinks I hear a murmuring hollow ſound,
Like the deaf chimes of bells in ſtéeples touch'd.

An agreeable glimpſe of *night* appears in his LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

Give not ſo black an omen to this parting,
For we may meet again, if heaven thinks fit.
A beam of comfort, like the moon through clouds,
Gilds the brown horror, and directs the way.

In Milton's IL PENSEROSO we find another ſlight ſketch of *night*, with ſomewhat too much of perſonification and allegory attending it.

And the mute ſilence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak.

The rural ſounds commonly attendant upon *Night*, are ſweetly enumerated in the following paſſage of COMUS.

Might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their watled cotes,
Or ſound of paſtoral reed with oaten ſtops,
Or whiſtle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be ſome ſolace yet, ſome little cheering
In this cloſe dungeon of innumerous boughs.

There are ſeveral agreeable features of *Evening* and *Night* incidentally depicted in the following lines of Cowper.

Our

Our groves were planted to conſole at noon
The penſive wand'rer in their ſhades. At eve
The moon-beam ſliding ſoftly in between
The ſleeping leaves, is all the light they wiſh,
Birds warbling all the muſic. We can ſpare
The ſplendor of your lamps, they but eclipſe
Our ſofter ſatellite. Your ſongs confound
Our more harmonious notes. The thruſh departs
Scared, and th' offended nightingale is mute.

Night makes its appearance with much grace in the following lines of Maſon's ELFRIDA.

Whence does this ſudden luſtre riſe,
That gilds the grove? Not like the noon-tide beam,
Which ſparkling dances on the trembling ſtream,
Nor the blue lightning's flaſh ſwift ſhooting thro' the ſkies.
But ſuch a ſolemn ſteady light,
As o'er the cloudleſs azure ſteals,
When Cynthia, riding on the brow of night,
Stops in their mid career her ſilver wheels.

In his CARACTACUS we find this paſſage.

Where dwells the ſeer?
V. In yonder ſhaggy cave, on which the moon
Now ſheds a ſide-long gleam. His brotherhood
Poſſeſs the neighb'ring cliffs.

Again.

Is it not now the hour,
The holy hour, when to the cloudleſs height
Of yon ſtarr'd concave climbs the full-orb'd moon?

Again.

All is not well, the pale-eyed moon
Curtains her head in clouds, the ſtars retire.

The BOTANIC GARDEN furniſhes us with the following ſpecimen of *nocturnal* deſcription.

So ſhines with ſilver guards the Georgian ſtar,
And drives on night's blue arch his glittering car;
Hangs o'er the billowy clouds his lucid form,
Wades through the miſt, and dances in the ſtorm.

A very agreeable deſcription of *night* is intermingled with paſſages elegantly fanciful, in the following lines of the ſame Poem.

Nymph, not for thee the radiant day returns,
Nymph, not for thee the golden ſolſtice burns,
Refulgent Cerea!—at the duſky hour
She ſeeks with penſive ſtep the mountain-bower,
Bright as the bluſh of riſing morn, and warms
The dull cold eye of midnight with her charms.
There to the ſkies ſhe lifts her pencil'd brows,
Opes her fair lips, and breathes her virgin vows;
Eyes the white zenith; counts the ſuns that roll
Their diſtant fires, and blaze around the Pole;
Or marks where Jove directs his glittering car
O'er Heaven's blue vault—herſelf a brighter ſtar.
There as ſoft zephyrs ſweep with pauſing airs
Thy ſnowy neck, and part thy ſhadowy hairs,
Sweet maid of night! to Cynthia's ſober beams
Glows thy warm cheek, thy poliſh'd boſom gleams.
In crowds around thee gaze the admiring ſwains,
And guard in ſilence the enchanted plains,
Drop the ſtill tear, or breathe the impaſſion'd ſigh,
And drink inebriate rapture from thine eye.
Thus when old Needwood's hoary ſcenes the night

Paints

Paints with blue ſhadow, and with milky light;
With meaſured ſtep the Fairy Sovereign treads,
Shakes her high plume, and glitters o'er the meads;
Round each green holly leads her ſportive train,
And little footſteps mark the circled plain;
Each haunted rill with ſilver voices rings,
And night's ſweet bird in livelier accents ſings.

LECTURE III.

THE *Seaſons* have been profeſſedly made the ſubject of deſcription by a Poet of great eminence. They are incidentally pourtrayed by others.

The *Viciſſitudes of the year* are charmingly touched in the following lines of Young.

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death. Day follows night, and night
The dying day; ſtars riſe, and ſet, and riſe;
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambroſial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter grey,
Horrid with froſt, and turbulent with ſtorm,
Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits away:
Then melts into the Spring; ſoft Spring with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the ſouth,
Recalls the firſt; all to re-flouriſh, fades;
As in a wheel, all ſinks to re-aſcend.
Emblems of man, who paſſes, not expires.

The *changes of the day and year*, are thus agreeably alluded to in the ſecond part of Shakeſpear's HENRY VI.

Thus ſometimes hath the brighteſt Day a cloud,

And

And after Summer ever-more ſucceeds
The barren Winter with his nipping cold.

Several charming images from *Summer* and *Winter*, are thus preſented to us by Cowper.

Since pulpits fail, and ſounding-boards reflect
Moſt part an empty ineffectual ſound,
What chance that I, to fame ſo little known,
Nor converſant with men or manners much,
Should ſpeak to purpoſe, or with better hope
Crack the ſatyric thong? 'twere wiſer far
For me enamour'd of ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
And charm'd with rural beauty, to repoſe
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,
My languid limbs, when ſummer ſears the plains,
Or when rough winter rages, on the ſoft
And ſhelter'd ſofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue flame and makes a cheerful hearth.

Very complete in its effect, is the following enumeration of the *viciſſitudes of the year* from his TIROCINIUM.

Why did the fiat of a God give birth
To yon fair ſun and his attendant earth,
And when deſcending he reſigns the ſkies,
Why takes the gentler moon her turn to riſe,
Whom ocean feels through all his countleſs waves,
And owns her pow'r on ev'ry ſhore he laves?
Why do the ſeaſons ſtill enrich the year,
Fruitful and young as in their firſt career?
Spring hangs her infant bloſſoms on the trees
Rock'd in the cradle of the weſtern breeze,
Summer in haſte the thriving charge receives

Beneath

Beneath the ſhade of her expanded leaves,
Till Autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
Dye them at laſt in all their glowing hues.
'Twere wild profuſion all, and bootleſs waſte
Pow'r miſemployed, munificence miſplaced,
Had not its Author dignified the plan,
And crowned it with the majeſty of man.

The *changes and variations of the day and year* are, with conſiderable elegance, thus alluded to by Hayley, in his EPISTLE ON THE DEATH OF THORNTON.

Sweet as the breath of Spring thy converſe flow'd,
As ſummer's noon-tide warmth thy friendſhip glow'd,
O'er thy mild manners, by no art conſtrain'd,
A penſive pleaſing melancholy reign'd,
Which won regard, and charm'd the attentive eye,
Like the ſoft luſtre of an evening ſky.

Winter and *Autumn* are thus occaſionally alluded to, but not in a manner ſufficient to raiſe up the image of the former, in Shakeſpear's ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

For his bounty
There was no Winter in't. An Autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

Dyer, in his FLEECE, gives us the following intereſting deſcription of *winter*, and annexes an agreeable perſonification.

Thoſe ſlow-deſcending ſhowers,
Thoſe hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul
Effeminate) are gifts the Pleiads ſhed,
Britannia's handmaids. As the beverage falls,
Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and ſing.

Hail,

Hail, noble Albion! where no golden mines,
No ſoft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whoſe ſtern cerulean brows
White-winged ſnow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with ſolemn majeſty:
Rich Queen of miſt and vapours; Theſe thy ſons
With their cool arms compreſs; and twiſt their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown,
Thus form'd our Edwards, Henry's, Churchills, Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons roſe.

The FLEECE alſo affords the following deſcription of the *Arctic winter*

With grateful hearts, ye britiſh ſwains, enjoy
Your gentle ſeaſons and indulgent clime;
Lo! in the ſprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of winter irreſiſtible o'erwhelms
The Hyperborean tracts: his arrowy froſts
That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies;
And burrows deep beneath the ſnowy world;
A drear abode from roſe-diffuſing hours,
That dance before the wheel of radiant day,
Far far remote; where, by the ſqualid light
Of fœtid oil inflam'd, ſea-monſter's ſpume,
Or firwood glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three ſlow gloomy months, with various ills
Sullen he ſtruggles.

Spring is agreeably painted, and a part of her furniture produced in the following lines of Shakeſpear's ROMEO and JULIET; but the imagery

imagery is confuſed and imperfect.

At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
Earth-treading ſtars, that make dark heaven light.
Such comfort as do luſty young men feel
When well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female-buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe.

Morning, *Evening*, and the *Spring*, are with conſiderable elegance introduced in the following little poem of Ambroſe Philips.

Have ye ſeen the morning ſky
When the dawn prevails on high,
When anon ſome purple ray
Gives a ſample of the day,
When anon the lark on wing
Strives to ſoar, and ſtrains to ſing?
Have ye ſeen th' ethereal blue
Gently ſhedding ſilvery dew,
Spangling o'er the ſilent green,
While the nightingale, unſeen,
To the moon and ſtars, full bright,
Loneſome chaunts the hymn of night?
Have ye ſeen the broider'd May
All her ſcented bloom diſplay,
Breezes opening, every hour,
This and that, expecting flower,
While the mingling birds prolong,
From each buſh, the vernal ſong?
Have ye ſeen the damaſk roſe

Her

Her unſullied bluſh diſcloſe,
Or the lily's dewy bell,
In her gloſſy white excel,
Or a garden varied o'er
With a thouſand glories more?
By the beauties theſe diſplay,
Morning, evening, night, or day,
By the pleaſures theſe excite,
Endleſs ſources of delight,
Judge by them, the joys I find,
Since my Roſalind was kind,
Since ſhe did herſelf reſign
To my vows, for ever mine.

Spring is, not unhappily, uſhered in by theſe lines of Fenton, which ſuſpend us between deſcription and perſonification.

O'er Winters long inclement ſway
At length the luſty Spring prevails,
And ſwift to meet the ſmiling May
Is wafted by the weſtern gales.
Around her dance the roſy hours,
And, damaſking the ground with flowers,
With ambient ſweets perfume the morn—

A *froſty Spring* is thus elegantly pictured by Shakeſpear, in his MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. The paſſage, as uſual with this Author, mingles perſonification with its imagery.

The Seaſons alter. Hoary-headed froſt
Falls in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe,
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet—

A

A *Southern Spring* is thus elegantly deſcribed by Garth.

Eternal Spring with ſmiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
From cryſtal rocks tranſparent rivulets flow;
The tuberoſe ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undreſs'd her ſwelling cluſter bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Bloſſom and fruit at once the citron ſhows,
And as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes,
The orange to the ſun her pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful ſky,
The ſpring but murmurs, and the winds but ſigh.

Our own *Spring* is thus welcomed by Milton, in one of his SONNETS.

The flowery May—— from her green lap throws
The yellow cowſlip and the pale primroſe.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inſpire
Mirth, and youth, and warm deſire;
Woods and groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

Maſon, ſpeaking of Memory, makes her recall the *Seaſons* at pleaſure.

She calls—ideal groves their ſhade extend,
The cool gale breathes, the ſilent ſhow'rs deſcend.
Or, if bleak Winter, frowning round,
Diſrobe the trees, and chill the ground,
She, mild magician, waves her potent wand,

And

And ready ſummers wake at her command.
See, viſionary ſuns ariſe,
Thro' ſilver clouds, and azure ſkies;
See, ſportive Zephyrs fan the criſped ſtreams;
Thro' ſhadowy brakes light glance the ſparkling beams:
While, near the ſecret moſs-grown cave,
That ſtands beſide the cryſtal wave,
Sweet Echo, riſing from her rocky bed,
Mimicks the feather'd Chorus o'er her head.

In his ELFRIDA, ſpeaking of Conſtancy, he ſays ſhe

Tells what time the ſnow-drop cold
Its maiden whiteneſs may unfold,
When the golden harveſt bend,
When the ruddy fruit deſcend.
Then bids pale winter wake, to pour
The pearly hail's tranſlucent ſhow'r,
To caſt his ſilvery mantle o'er the woods,
And bind in chryſtal chains the ſlumb'ring floods.

Winter is thus deſcribed by the ſame Author.

—Winter comes and with him watry Jove,
And with him Boreas in his frozen ſhroud;
The ſavage ſpirit of old Swale is rous'd;
He howls amidſt his foam.

Autumn and *Winter* are thus agreeably aſſociated by CROWE.

Yet I can ſpy
A beauty in that fruitful change, when comes
The yellow autumn and the hopes o' the year
Brings on to golden ripeneſs; nor diſpraiſe
The pure and ſpotleſs form of that ſharp time,

When

When January ſpreads a pall of ſnow
O'er the dead face of th' undiſtinguiſh'd earth.

In Warton's ODE ON THE FIRST OF APRIL, we find a charming deſcription of *approaching Spring*.

The ſleety ſtorm returning ſtill,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee with airy wing
Murmurs the bloſſom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's ſouthern bound:
Scarce a ſickly ſtraggling flower
Decks the rough caſtle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primroſe peeps
From the dark dell's entangled ſteeps:
O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly ſhoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the tranſitory gale.
——The lilac hangs to view
Its burſting gems in cluſters blue.
Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand;
The freſh-turn'd ſoil with tender blades
Thinly the ſprouting barley ſhades:
Fringing the foreſt's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the diſtant eye diſplays
Weakly green its budding ſprays.
The ſwallow, for a moment ſeen,
Skims in haſte the village green:

From

From the grey moor, on feeble wing,
The ſcreaming plovers idly ſpring:
The butterfly, gay-painted ſoon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly truſt's its tender dies
To fickle ſuns, and flattering ſkies.
Fraught with a tranſient frozen ſhower,
If a cloud ſhould haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landſcape dark,
Mute on a ſudden is the lark;
But when gleams the ſun again
O'er the pearl-beſprinkled plain,
And from behind his wat'ry veil
Looks thro' the thin deſcending hail;
She mounts and leſſening to the ſight,
Salutes the blythe return of light,
And high her tuneful track purſues
Mid the dim rainbow's ſcattered hues.
Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks incloſe
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true
Wreath their capacious neſts anew.
Within ſome whiſpering oſier iſle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected ſmile;
And each trim meadow ſtill retains
The wintry torrent's oozy ſtains:
Beneath a willow, long forſook,
The fiſher ſeeks his 'cuſtom'd nook;

And

And burſting thro' the crackling ſedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He ſtartles from the bordering wood
The baſhful wild-duck's early brood.
O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Friſk the lambs with faultering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foſs that ſkirts the beacon'd hill.
His free-born vigor yet unbroke
To lordly man's uſurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play:
Baſking beneath the noontide ray,
And ſtretch'd among the daiſies pied
Of a green dingle's ſloping ſide:
While far beneath, where nature ſpreads
Her boundleſs length of level meads,
In looſe luxuriance taught to ſtray
A thouſand tumbling rills inlay
With ſilver veins the vale, or paſs
Redundant through the ſparkling graſs.
Yet, in theſe preſages rude,
Midſt her penſive ſolitude,
Fancy with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the foreſt, green and gay,
The dappled ſlope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harveſt wave, the vintage flow:
Sees June unfold his gloſſy robe
Of thouſand hues o'er all the globe:

Sees

Sees Ceres graſp her crown of corn,
And Plenty load her ample horn.

The deſcription of the *lark* and *hail-ſtorm*, in the above poem, is truly exquiſite.

The end of an *Arctic Autumn*, or rather the commencement of a *Lapland Winter*, is thus faintly repreſented by Dryden, in his TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

O let me go, that I may know my grief:
Grief is but gueſs'd, while you are ſtanding by:
But I too ſoon ſhall know what abſence is.
T. Why 'tis to be no more: another name for death.
'Tis the ſun parting from the frozen north;
And I, methinks, ſtand on ſome icy cliff,
To watch the laſt low circles that he makes,
Till he ſinks down from heaven.

The *Britiſh climate* is thus depicted in Shakeſpear's HENRY V.

Why, whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the ſun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns.

LECTURE IV.

SOMETIMES the Poet gives us pleaſure, by huddling together a multiplicity of deſcriptions from nature.

Many agreeable images are aſſociated in the following paſſage of Shakeſpear's KING JOHN.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of Heav'n to garniſh,
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.

Dyer's EPISTLE TO A FAMOUS PAINTER furniſhes us with a *miſcellaneous aſſemblage of images from nature.*

Delightful partner of my heart,
Maſter of the loveliеſt art,
How ſweet our ſenſes you deceive,
When we, a gazing throng, believe
Here flows the Po, the Minis there,
Winding about with ſedgy hair,
And there the Tiber's yellow flood,
Beneath a thick and gloomy wood.
To me reveal thy heavenly art,

To me thy myſteries impart.
As yet I but in verſe can paint,
And to th' idea colour faint
What to the open eye you ſhew,
Seeming nature's living glow,
The beauteous ſhapes of objects near—
Or diſtant ones confus'd in air—
The golden eve—the bluſhing dawn
Smiling on the lovely lawn—
And pleaſing views of chequer'd glades—
And rivers winding through the ſhades—
And ſunny hills—and pleaſant plains—
And groups of merry nymphs and ſwains—
Or ſome old building, hid with graſs,
Rearing ſad its ruin'd face;
Whoſe columns, frizes, ſtatues, lie
The grief and wonder of the eye—
Or ſwift adown the mountain tall,
A foaming cataract's ſounding fall;
Whoſe loud roaring ſtuns the ear
Of the wondering traveller—
Or a calm and quiet bay,
And a level ſhining ſea—
Or ſurges rough, that froth, and roar,
And angry daſh the ſounding ſhore,
And veſſels toſs'd, and billows high,
And lightnings flaſhing from the ſky—
Or that which gives me moſt delight,
The fair idea (ſeeming ſight)
Of warrior fierce, with ſhining blade—

Or orator with arms diſplay'd;
Tully's engaging air and mien,
Declaiming againſt Catiline:
Or fierce Achilles towering high
Above his foes, who round him die.
Or Hercules, with lion's hide
And knotty cudgel thrown aſide,
Lifting Antæus high in air—

Mallet, in the following paſſage, has much elegant perſonification, but I quote it chiefly becauſe *crowded with images from nature.*

Here are thy walks, O ſacred health,
The monarch's bliſs, the beggars wealth;
Thou oft art ſeen at early dawn
Slow pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye,
With ſong and proſpect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
But when the ſun with noon-tide ray
Flames forth intolerable day,
While Heat ſits fervent on the plain,
With Thirſt and Languor in his train,
All nature ſickening in the blaze,
Thou, in the wild and woody maze
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep
Impendent from the neighbouring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolneſs has her ſeat.
There, plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;

Attentive

Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood—
The bee in yonder flowery nook—
The chidings of the headlong brook—
The green leaf ſhivering in the gale—
The warbling hill, the lowing vale—
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke—
The thunder of the falling oak—

At the beginning of Akenſide's PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION *many natural images* are *ſummoned together.*

From heaven my ſtrains begin; from heaven deſcends
The flame of genius to the human breaſt,
And love, and beauty, and poetic joy
And inſpiration. Ere the radiant ſun
Sprang from the eaſt, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon ſuſpended her ſerener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or ſtreams adorn'd the globe,
Or wiſdom taught the ſons of men her lore;
Then lived the Almighty One: then deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd eſſence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant ſun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and ſtreams, the rolling globe,
And Wiſdom's mien celeſtial. From the firſt
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration; till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd his vital ſmile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild reſounding waves;

Hence

Hence light and ſhade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal ſkies and vernal ſhowers,
And all the fair variety of things.

Several agreeable images are connected together in the following lines of the ſame Author.

The ſweets of ſenſe
Do they not oft with kind acceſſion flow,
To raiſe harmonious Fancy's native charm?
So while we taſte the fragrance of the roſe,
Glows not her bluſh the fairer? while we view
Amid the noon-tide walk a limpid rill
Guſh through the trickling herbage, to the thirſt
Of ſummer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreſhment, o'er the moſſy brink
Shines not the ſurface clearer, and the waves
With ſweeter muſic murmur as they flow?
Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumſtance aſſumes
A moment's diſpoſition to rejoice
In thoſe delights, which at a different hour
Would paſs unheeded. Fair the face of ſpring,
When rural ſongs and odours wake the morn,
To every eye; but how much more to his,
Round whom the bed of ſickneſs long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When firſt with freſh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the bleſſed ſun
Warm at his boſom, from the ſprings of life
Chaſing oppreſſive damps and languid pain!

How charmingly picturesque and *abundant in imagery*, is the following

lowing pious effuſion of the ſame writer.

By what fine ties hath God connected things
When preſent in the mind, which in themſelves
Have no connection? ſure the riſing ſun
O'er the cerulean convex of the ſea,
With equal brightneſs and with equal warmth
Might roll his fiery orb, nor yet the ſoul
Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers
Exulting in the ſplendor ſhe beholds;
Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp
Of ſome triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft murmuring ſtreams and gales of gentleſt breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful ſtrain
Attemper, could not man's diſcerning ear
Through all its tones the ſympathy purſue,
Nor yet this breath divine of nameleſs joy
Steal through his veins and fan the awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the ſong?
But were not nature ſtill endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
With ſuch enchantment? wherefore then her form
So exquiſitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With ſuch æthereal ſweetneſs? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raiſe or to depreſs
The impaſſion'd ſoul? and whence the robes of light
Which thus inveſt her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can deſcribe? whence but from thee,
O ſource divine of everflowing love,
And thy unmeaſur'd goodneſs? not content
With every food of life to nouriſh man,

By

By kind illuſions of the wondering ſenſe
Thou mak'ſt all nature beauty to his eye,
Or muſic to his ear: well-pleas'd he ſcans
The goodly proſpect, and with inward ſmiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal ſplendor; bends his ear
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleaſing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green, or azure arch,
Nor queſtions more the muſic's mingling ſounds
Than ſpace, or motion, or eternal time;
So ſweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed ſoul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the deſtin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet.

How *crowded* with *images* are the following delightful lines of the ſame Poet.

For him, the ſpring
Diſtills her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and bluſhes like the morn.
Each paſſing hour ſheds tribute from her wings;
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And love unfelt attracts him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſuns effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade

Aſcends

Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſures, unreprov'd.

Many agreeable images, both grand and minute, are not ill *aſſociated* by Blackmore, in theſe lines.

See how ſublime th' uplifted mountains riſe,
And with their pointed heads invade the ſkies;
How the high cliffs their craggy arms extend,
Diſtinguiſh ſtates, and ſever'd realms defend:
How ambient ſhores confine the reſtleſs deep,
And in their ancient bounds the billows keep;
The hollow vales their ſmiling pride unfold,
What rich abundance do their boſoms hold!
Regard their lovely verdure, raviſh'd view
The party-colour'd flowers of various hue:
Not Eaſtern monarchs on their nuptial day,
In dazzling gold and purple ſhine ſo gay
As the bright natives of th' unlabour'd field,
Unvers'd in ſpinning, and in looms unſkill'd.
See, how the ripening fruits the gardens crown,
Imbibe the ſun, and make his light their own.
See the ſweet brooks in ſilver mazes creep,
Enrich the meadows, and ſupply the deep,
While from their weeping urns the fountains flow,
And vital moiſture where they paſs beſtow.
Admire the narrow ſtream, and ſpreading lake,
The proud aſpiring groves, and humble brake:
How do the foreſts and the woods delight!
How the ſweet glades and openings charm the ſight!
Obſerve the pleaſant lawn and airy plain,
The fertile furrows rich with various grain;

How

How uſeful all! how all aſpire to grace
Th' extended earth, and beautify her face!

With much elegance, and ſome ſublimity, are the moſt ſtriking features of our own country depicted, in the following paſſage of Thomſon.

Yet nor the gorgeous eaſt, nor golden ſouth,
Nor in full prime that new-diſcover'd world
Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praiſe
Shall with Britannia vie—
Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own,
And, warm with culture, her thick cluſtering fields
Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
Her meads, her gardens ſmile eternal ſpring.
She gives the hunter-horſe, unquell'd by toil,
Ardent to ruſh into the rapid chace.
She, whitening o'er her downs, diffuſive pours
Unnumber'd flocks: ſhe weaves the fleecy robe
That wraps the nations: ſhe to luſty droves
The richeſt paſture ſpreads; and her's, deep wave
Autumnal ſeas of pleaſing plenty round.
Theſe are delights, and by no baneful herb,
Nor darting tyger, no grim lion's glare,
No fierce deſcending wolf, no ſerpent roll'd
In ſpires immenſe progreſſive o'er the land,
Diſturb'd. Enlivening theſe, add cities, full
Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds:
Add thriving towns: add villages and farms
Innumerous ſow'd along the lively vale,
Where bold unrival'd peaſants happy dwell:
Add ancient ſeats, with venerable oaks

Emboſomed

Emboſomed high, while kindred floods below
Wind through the mead; and thoſe of modern hand
More pompous, add, that ſplendid ſhine afar.
Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,
Where ſwarm the finny race? Thee, chief, O Thames,
On whoſe each tide, glad with returning ſails,
Flows in the mingled harveſt of mankind?
And thee, thou Severn, whoſe prodigious ſwell
And waves reſounding, imitate the main?
Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
That point around the world? and why her ſeas?
All ocean is her own, and every land
To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.

Agreeable are the *ſeveral images* which enliven the following lines of Cowley.

O life, thou nothing's younger brother,
Dream of a ſhadow, a reflection made
From the falſe glories of the gay reflected bow,
Is a more ſolid thing than thou.
Vain weak-built iſthmus, which doth proudly riſe
Up betwixt two eternities,
Yet canſt not wave nor wind ſuſtain.

Very charming are the *ſcenes* which the Author's imagination ſummons together, in the following lines of Tickel.

Oh form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
With charms to win and ſenſe to fix the heart,
By thouſands ſought, Clotilda, canſt thou free
Thy crowds of captives and deſcend to me?
Content in ſhades obſcure to waſte thy life,
A hidden beauty, and a country wife?

O liſten

O liſten while thy ſummers are my theme,
Ah ſooth thy partner in his waking dream.
In ſome ſmall hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames through meadows rolls his mazy train,
Or where high Windſor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks, and ſpreads his ample ſhade,
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat.
Already round the viſionary ſeat,
Our limes begin to ſhoot, our flowers to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing.
Where doſt thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
Thou nameleſs lawn, and village yet unſeen?
Where ſons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travell'd farther than ten furlongs round,
And the tann'd peaſant and his ruddy bride
Were born together, and together died.
Where early larks reſt till the morning light,
And only Philomel diſturbs the night.
Midſt gardens here my humble pile ſhall riſe,
With ſweets ſurrounded of ten thouſand dies.
All ſavage, where the embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes, ſhall my woods aſcend.
And oh! if heaven the ambitious thought approve,
A rill ſhall warble 'croſs the gloomy grove,
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Guſh down the ſteep, and glitter through the glade.
What cheering ſcents thoſe bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thruſh how ſhrill! his note ſo clear, ſo high,
He drowns each feather'd minſtrel of the ſky!

Sometimes

Sometimes my books by day ſhall kill the hours,
While from thy needle riſe the ſilken flowers,
And thou by turns, to eaſe my feeble ſight,
Reſume the volume, and deceive the night.
Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppreſt,
Soft whiſpering, let me warn my love to reſt;
Then watch thee, charm'd while ſleep locks every ſenſe,
And to ſweet heaven commend thy innocence.
Thus reign'd our father's o'er the rural fold,
Wiſe, hale, and honeſt, in the days of old;
Till courts aroſe, where ſubſtance pays for ſhow,
And ſpecious joys are bought with real woe.

* * * *

Hail humble ſhades, where truth and ſilence dwell;
Thou noiſy town, and faithleſs court, farewell.
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame,
The thirſt of lucre, and the charm of fame.
In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days, though number'd, ſhall be all my own.

The *images* ſelected by Fenton, in the following paſſage of his EPISTLE TO LAMBARD, are very agreeable.

Nature permits her various gifts to fall
On various climes, nor ſmiles alike on all:
The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
And flowers ſpontaneous crown the ſmiling year;
But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
To raiſe the jaſmin or the coy jonquil?
Who finds the peach among the ſavage ſloes,
Or in bleak Scythia ſeeks the bluſhing roſe?

Here

Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
And there the vine her racy purple yields.
High on the cliffs the Britiſh oak aſcends,
Proud to ſurvey the ſeas her power defends;
Her ſovereign title to the flag ſhe proves,
Scornful of ſofter India's ſpicy groves.

Not unpleaſing is the following *aſſemblage of images* from Prior's SOLOMON.

A flower, that does with opening morn ariſe
And, flouriſhing the day, at evening dies—
A winged eaſtern blaſt, juſt ſkimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and ſinking on the ſhore—
A fire, whoſe flames through crackling ſtubbles flie—
A meteor ſhooting from the ſummer ſky—
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd—
A bubble breaking, and a fable told—
A noon-tide ſhadow, and a midnight dream—
Are emblems, which with ſemblance apt proclaim
Our earthly courſe.

Lanſdown aſſociates *many pleaſing images*, eſpecially in the two laſt lines of the following paſſage.

Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind?
Where but in ſhades remote from human kind;
In flowery vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,
But never comes within the palace gate.
Farewell then cities, courts, and camps farewell,
Welcome ye groves, here let me ever dwell;
From care, from buſineſs, and mankind remove,
All but the muſes and inſpiring love.
How ſweet the morn, how gentle is the night!

How

How calm the evening, and the moon how bright!

Many agreeable images are huddled together in the following lines of Maſon's ENGLISH GARDEN.

For here are caves
Where riſe thoſe gurgling rills, that ſing the ſong
Which Contemplation loves; here ſhadowy glades
Where thro' the tremulous foliage darts the ray
That gilds the poet's day-dream; here the turf
Teems with the vegetating race; the air
Is peopled with the inſect tribes, that float
Upon the noon-tide beam, and call the Sage
To number and to name them. Nor if here
The painter comes, ſhall his enchanting art
Go back without a boon: for fancy here,
With nature's living colours, forms a ſcene
Which Ruiſdale beſt might rival.

In the ſame Poem we read,

Down the ſlope
Of yon wide field, ſee, with its gradual ſweep,
The ploughing ſteers their fallow ridges ſwell;
The peaſant, driving thro' each ſhadowy lane
His team that bends beneath th' incumbent weight
Of laughing Ceres, marks it with his wheel;
At night and morn, the milk-maid's careleſs ſtep
Has, thro' yon paſture green, from ſtile to ſtile
Impreſs'd a kindred curve; the ſcudding hare
Draws to her dew-ſprent ſeat, o'er thymy heaths,
A path as gently waving.

Two very pleaſing *images* occur in the following paſſage.

Is there within the circle of thy view

Some

Some ſedgy flat, where the late-ripen'd ſheaves
Stand brown with unbleſt mildew? 'tis the bed
On which an ample lake in cryſtal peace
Might ſleep majeſtic.

In his addreſs to MEMORY, the ſame Author ſays

The Senſes thee ſpontaneous ſerve,
That wake, and thrill thro' ev'ry nerve.
Elſe vainly ſoft, lov'd Philomel, would flow
The ſoothing ſadneſs of thy warbled woe:
Elſe vainly ſweet yon woodbine ſhade
With clouds of fragrance fill the glade;
Vainly the cygnet ſpread her downy plume,
The vine guſh nectar, and the virgin bloom.

Gray's ELEGY affords a very pleaſing *collection of rural images* in the following paſſage.

Oft have we ſeen him, at the peep of dawn,
Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreaths its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;

Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in ſad array
Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne —

LECTURE V.

NATURE and Art have each *ſeveral images* agreeably called forth, in theſe lines of Cowper.

Thus ſitting, and ſurveying thus at eaſe
The globe and its concerns, I ſeem advanced
To ſome ſecure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns ſubmitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult and am ſtill. The ſound of war
Has loſt its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice that makes man a wolf to man,
Hear the faint echo of thoſe brazen throats
By which he ſpeaks the language of his heart,
And ſigh, but never tremble at the ſound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, ſo he from land to land;
He ſucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And ſpreads the honey of his deep reſearch
At his return, a rich repaſt for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,

Aſcend

Aſcend his topmaſt, through his peering eyes
Diſcover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and ſhare in his eſcape.

Nature in general is gracefully introduced in the following lines of the ſame Author.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With thoſe whoſe manſions glitter in his ſight,
Calls the delightful ſcenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
And the reſplendent rivers—
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphaſis of int'reſt his,
Whoſe eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whoſe heart with praiſe, and whoſe exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and ſtill upholds a world
So cloth'd with beauty, for rebellious man?

* * * *

He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city, plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the ſea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.

So again in the following lines.

Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone
And eyes intent upon the ſcanty herb
It yields them, or recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedleſs of the ſcene outſpread
Beneath, beyond, and ſtretching far away

From

From inland regions to the diſtant main.
Man views it and admires, but reſts content
With what he views. The landſcape has his praiſe,
But not its Author—
The ſoul that ſees him, or receives ſublimed
New faculties, or learns at leaſt t' employ
More worthily the pow'rs ſhe own'd before;
Diſcerns in all things, what, with ſtupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then ſhe overlook'd,
A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms
Terreſtrial, in the vaſt and the minute
The unambiguous footſteps of the God,
Who gives its luſtre to an inſect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much converſant with heav'n, ſhe often holds
With thoſe fair miniſters of light to man
That fill the ſkies nightly with ſilent pomp
Sweet conference, enquires what ſtrains were they
With which heav'n rang, when ev'ry ſtar, in haſte
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the ſons of God
Shouted for joy.

Charming are the following *ſelect images* of the ſame writer.

But trees, and rivulets whoſe rapid courſe
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And ſheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes in which the primroſe ere her time
Peeps through the moſs that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no ſtudent.

The *two images* alſo in the following ſhort paſſage are pleaſing.

Stilleſt

Stilleſt ſtreams
Oft water faireſt meadows, and the bird
That flutters leaſt, is longeſt on the wing.

The *images from general nature*, which occur in theſe lines, are rendered additionally agreeable, by leading to a juſt remark. See his TABLE TALK.

Nature, exerting an unwearied pow'r,
Forms, opens and gives ſcent to ev'ry flow'r,
Spreads the freſh verdure of the field, and leads
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads.
She fills profuſe ten thouſand little throats
With muſic, modulating all their notes,
And charms the woodland ſcenes and wilds unknown
With artleſs airs and concerts of her own;
But ſeldom (as if fearful of expence)
Vouchſafes to man a poet's juſt pretence.
Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
Harmony, ſtrength, words exquiſitely ſought,
Fancy that from the bow that ſpans the ſky
Brings colours dipt in heav'n, that never die,
A ſoul exalted above earth, a mind
Skill'd in the characters that form mankind.

The commencement of his EXPOSTULATION abounds in *general imagery*.

Why weeps the muſe for England? what appears
In England's caſe to move the muſe to tears?
From ſide to ſide of her delightful iſle
Is ſhe not cloth'd with a perpetual ſmile?
Can nature add a charm, or art confer
A new-found luxury not ſeen in her?

Where

Where under heav'n is pleaſure more purſued,
Or where does cold reflection leſs intrude?
Her fields a rich expanſe of wavy corn
Pour'd out from Plenty's overflowing horn,
Ambroſial gardens in which art ſupplies
The fervor and the force of Indian ſkies,
Her peaceful ſhores, where buſy commerce waits
To pour his golden tide through all her gates,
Whom fiery ſuns that ſcorch the ruſſet ſpice
Of eaſtern groves, and oceans floor'd with ice,
Forbid in vain to puſh his daring way
To darker climes, or climes of brighter day,
Whom the winds waft where'er the billows roll,
From the world's girdle to the frozen pole;
All ſpeak her happy.

The cloſe of the ſame piece has *ſeveral agreeable images* from *Nature* and from *Art*.

Muſe, hang this harp upon yon aged beech,
Still murm'ring with the ſolemn truths I teach,
And while, at intervals, a cold blaſt ſings
Through the dry leaves, and pants upon the ſtrings,
My ſoul ſhall ſigh in ſecret, and lament
A nation ſcourg'd, yet tardy to repent.
I know the warning ſong is ſung in vain,
That few will hear, and fewer heed the ſtrain:
But if a ſweeter voice, and one deſign'd
A bleſſing to my country and mankind,
Reclaim the wand'ring thouſands, and bring home
A flock ſo ſcatter'd and ſo wont to roam,
Then place it once again between my knees,

The

The ſound of truth will then be ſure to pleaſe,
And truth alone, where'er my life be caſt,
In ſcenes of plenty or the pining waſte,
Shall be my choſen theme, my glory to the laſt.

In his Poem called HOPE, ſpeaking of ſalvation, he thus introduces a *company of images*, from the northern climate as well as from our own.

See Germany ſend forth
Her ſons to pour it on the fartheſt north:
Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, *they* defy
The rage and rigor of a polar ſky,
And plant ſucceſsfully ſweet Sharon's roſe
On icy plains and in eternal ſnows.
Oh bleſt within the encloſure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boaſt nor bleating flocks,
No fertilizing ſtreams your fields divide
That ſhew revers'd the villas on their ſide,
No groves have ye, no cheerful ſound of bird
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard,
Nor grateful eglantine regales the ſmell
Of thoſe that walk at ev'ning where ye dwell,
But winter arm'd with terrors, here unknown,
Sits abſolute on his unſhaken throne,
Piles up his ſtores amidſt the frozen waſte,
And bids the mountains he has built, ſtand faſt,
Beckons the legions of his ſtorms away
From happier ſcenes, to make your land a prey,
Proclaims the ſoil a conqueſt he has won,
And ſcorns to ſhare it with the diſtant ſun.
Yet truth is yours, remote, unenvied iſle,

And

And peace, the genuine offspring of her ſmile,
The pride of letter'd ignorance that binds
In chains of error our accompliſh'd minds,
That decks with all the ſplendor of the true
A falſe religion, is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchſafes for our delight
The ſweet viciſſitudes of day and night,
Soft airs and genial moiſture, feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here,
But brighter beams than his who fills the ſkies,
Have ris'n at length on your admiring eyes,
That ſhoot into your darkeſt caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

At the beginning of the following lines of his RETIREMENT, he dwells for ſome time on a *ſingle object*, but his mind is immediately afterwards overwhelmed by a *multiplicity of images*, which rapidly ſucceed each other.

Happy if full of days—but happier far
If e'er we yet diſcern life's evening ſtar,
Sick of the ſervice of a world that feeds
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,
We can eſcape from cuſtom's ideot ſway,
To ſerve the ſov'reign we were born t' obey.
Then ſweet to muſe upon his ſkill diſplay'd
(Infinite ſkill) in all that he has made!
To trace in Nature's moſt minute deſign
The ſignature and ſtamp of pow'r divine,
Contrivance intricate expreſs'd with eaſe
Where unaſſiſted ſight no beauty ſees,
The ſhapely limb and lubricated joint

Within

Within the ſmall dimenſions of a point,
Muſcle and nerve miraculouſly ſpun,
His mighty work, who ſpeaks and it is done,
Th' inviſible in things ſcarce ſeen reveal'd,
To whom an atom is an ample field.
To wonder at a thouſand inſect forms,
Theſe hatch'd and thoſe reſuſcitated worms,
New life ordain'd and brighter ſcenes to ſhare,
Once prone on earth, now buoyant upon air,
Whoſe ſhape would make them, had they bulk and ſize,
More hideous foes than fancy can deviſe,
With helmed heads and dragon ſcales adorn'd,
The mighty myriads, now ſecurely ſcorn'd,
Would mock the majeſty of man's high birth,
Deſpiſe his bulwarks and unpeople earth.
Then with a glance of fancy to ſurvey,
Far as the faculty can ſtretch away,
Ten thouſand rivers pour'd at his command
From urns that never fail through ev'ry land,
Theſe like a deluge with impetuous force,
Thoſe winding modeſtly a ſilent courſe,
The cloud-ſurmounting Alps, the fruitful vales,
Seas on which ev'ry nation ſpreads her ſails,
The ſun, a world whence other worlds drink light,
The creſcent moon, the diadem of night,
Stars countleſs, each in his appointed place,
Faſt anchor'd in the deep abyſs of ſpace.
At ſuch a ſight to catch the poet's flame,
And with a rapture like his own exclaim,
Theſe are thy glorious works, thou ſource of good,

How

How dimly ſeen, how faintly underſtood!
Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,
This univerſal frame, thus wond'rous fair;
Thy pow'r divine and bounty beyond thought,
Ador'd and prais'd in all that thou haſt wrought.
Abſorbed in that immenſity I ſee,
I ſhrink abaſed, and yet aſpire to thee;
Inſtruct me, guide me, to that heav'nly day,
Thy words, more clearly than thy works diſplay,
That while thy truths my groſſer thoughts refine,
I may reſemble thee and call thee mine.

Another paſſage of the ſame poem is equally fertile in *general imagery*.

Some minds by nature are averſe to noiſe,
And hate the tumult half the world enjoys,
The lure of av'rice, or the pompous prize
That courts diſplay before ambitious eyes,
The fruits that hang on pleaſure's flow'ry ſtem,
Whate'er enchants them are no ſnares to them.
To them the deep receſs of duſky groves,
Or foreſt where the deer ſecurely roves,
The fall of waters and the ſong of birds,
And hills that echo to the diſtant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boaſt, and her chief fav'rites ſhare.
With eager ſtep and careleſsly array'd
For ſuch a cauſe the poet ſeeks the ſhade,
From all he ſees he catches new delight,
Pleas'd fancy claps her pinions at the ſight,
The riſing or the ſetting orb of day,

The

The clouds that flit, or ſlowly float away,
Nature in all the various ſhapes ſhe wears,
Frowning in ſtorms, or breathing gentle airs,
The ſnowy robe her wint'ry ſtate aſſumes,
Her ſummer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes,
All, all alike tranſport the glowing bard,
Succeſs in rhyme his glory and reward.
Oh Nature! whoſe Elyſian ſcenes diſcloſe
His bright perfections at whoſe word they roſe,
Next to that pow'r who form'd thee and ſuſtains,
Be thou the great inſpirer of my ſtrains.
Still as I touch the lyre, do thou expand
Thy genuine charms and guide an artleſs hand,
That I may catch a fire but rarely known,
Give uſeful light though I ſhould miſs renown,
And poring on thy page, whoſe ev'ry line
Bears proofs of an intelligence divine,
May feel an heart enrich'd by what it pays
That builds its glory on its Maker's praiſe.

Speaking of Nature, in the ſame poem, he introduces

Her hedge-row ſhrubs, a variegated ſtore,
With wood-bine and wild roſes mantled o'er,
Green baulks, and furrow'd lands, the ſtream that ſpreads
Its cooling vapour o'er the dewy meads,
Downs that almoſt eſcape th' enquiring eye,
That melt and fade into the diſtant ſky.

Many agreeable rural images are to be found in the following lines of Warton, from his ODE TO A FRIEND on his leaving a favourite village.

Who now ſhall indolently ſtray

Through

Through the deep foreſt's tangled way,
Pleas'd at his cuſtom'd taſk to find
The well known hoary-treſſed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
Who mid thy nooks of hazel ſit,
Loſt in ſome melancholy fit,
And liſtening to the raven's croak,
The diſtant flail, the falling oak?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the firſt cuckow's vernal lay?
Who, muſing waſte the ſummer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
The graſſy lane, ſo rarely pac'd,
With azure flowrets idly grac'd?
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers croſs the lawn:
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
The penſive evening ſhades the ſky.

His poem ſtiled THE HAMLET forms *a collection of rural images* which are very charming.

The hinds how bleſt, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild,
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For ſplendid care, and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with ſlanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,

To

To dip the ſcythe in fragrant dew,
The ſheaf to bind, the beech to fell
That nodding ſhades a craggy dell.
Midſt gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's ſweeteſt notes they hear.
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue.
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They ſpy the ſquirrel's airy bounds:
And ſtartle from her aſhen ſpray,
Acroſs the glen, the ſcreaming jay.
Each native charm their ſteps explore
Of ſolitude's ſequeſter'd ſtore.
For them the moon with cloudleſs ray
Mounts to illume their homeward way.
Their weary ſpirits to relieve,
The meadows incenſe breathe at eve.
No riot mars the ſimple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they ſhare.
But when the curfeu's meaſur'd roar
Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
Has echoed from the diſtant town,
They wiſh no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to cloſe
Their drooping eyes in quick repoſe.
Their little ſons, who ſpread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice ſtray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay,
Or quaintly braid the cowſlip-twine,

Or

Or drive afield the tardy kine,
Or haſten from the ſultry hill
To loiter at the ſhady rill,
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy creſt
To rob the raven's ancient neſt.
Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's ſhade embowers.
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in buſy ſwarms reſound.
Nor fell diſeaſe, before his time,
Haſtes to conſume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The ſilver crown of treſſes hoar,
As ſtudious ſtill calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they ſleep.

Many agreeable images appear in the following lines of Bowles on the Death of Headley.

Far from the murmuring crowd, unſeen, he ſought
Each charm congenial to his ſadden'd thought.
When the grey morn illum'd the mountain's ſide,
To hear the ſweet bird's earlieſt ſong he hied:
When meekeſt eve to the folds diſtant bell
Liſten'd, and bade the woods and vales farewell,
Muſing in tearful mood, he oft was ſeen
The laſt that linger'd o'er the fading green.

Again, the ſame Author.

O Albion! faireſt iſle, whoſe verdant plain
Springs beauteous from the blue and billowy main;
In peaceful pomp whoſe glitt'ring cities riſe,
And lift their crowded temples to the ſkies;

Whoſe

Whoſe navy on the broad brine awful rolls;
Whoſe commerce glows beneath the diſtant poles;
Whoſe ſtreams reflect full many an Attic pile;
Whoſe velvet lawns in long luxuriance ſmile;
Amid whoſe winding coombs contentment dwells;
Whoſe vales rejoice to hear the ſabbath bells;
Whoſe humbleſt ſhed, that ſteady laws protect,
The villager with woodbine bow'rs hath deck'd.
Sweet native land! whoſe every haunt is dear,
Whoſe ev'ry gale is muſic to mine ear,
Oh! ſtill may freedom with majeſtic mien
Pacing thy rocks and the green vales be ſeen.
Around thy cliffs, that glitter o'er the main,
May ſmiling order wind her ſilver chain;
Whilſt from thy calm abodes and azure ſkies
Far off the fiend of diſcord murmuring flies.

Again.

But 'tis enough to hold, as beſt we may,
Our deſtin'd track, till ſits the cloſing day;
Whether with living luſtre we adorn
Our high ſphere, like the radiance of the morn;
Or, whether ſilent in the ſhade we move,
Cheer'd by the lonely ſtar of penſive love;
Or whether, dark-oppoſing ſtorms we ſtem,
Panting for virtue's diſtant diadem;
'Tis the unſhaken mind, the conſcience pure,
That bids us firmly act, or meek endure.

LECTURE VI.

A *ſingle object* from nature is, not unfrequently, reflected with effect from the mirror of the bard.

The *cliff*, a ſtrong feature of *maritime nature*, is thus deſcribed in Shakeſpear's KING LEAR.

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade,
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſhermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminiſh'd to her cock, her cock a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more
Leſt my brain turn and the deficient ſight
Topple down head-long.

Again, in HAMLET, he ſpeaks of

The dreadful ſummit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea.

The

The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.

The *cliff*, though it was dangerous to attempt it after Shakeſpear, is again thus happily deſcribed by Cowper.

Then foreſts, or the ſavage rock may pleaſe,
That hides the ſea-mew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man: his hoary head
Conſpicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waiſt
A girdle of half-wither'd ſhrubs he ſhews,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.

The *cliff* is thus mentioned by Bowles.

On theſe white cliffs, that calm above the flood
Uplift their ſhadowing heads, and at their feet,
Scarce hear the ſurge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wanderer has ſtood;
And, whilſt the lifted murmur met his ear,
And o'er the diſtant billows the ſtill eve
Sail'd ſlow, has thought of all his heart muſt leave
To-morrow — of the friends he lov'd moſt dear.

Again.

Ah! from mine eyes the tears unbidden ſtart,
Albion, as now thy cliffs (that white appear
Far o'er the wave, and their proud ſummits rear
To meet the beams of morn) my beating heart
With eager hope and filial tranſport hails!
Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring.

Again.

Again.

Yet the bleak cliffs ſo high
Heed not the changeful ſeaſons as they fly,
Nor Spring, nor Autumn: they their hoary brow
Uplift, and ages paſt, as in this Now,
The ſame deep trenches unſubdued have worn,
The ſame majeſtic frown, and looks of lofty ſcorn.

He adds ſhortly afterwards,

So yonder Sov'reign of the ſcene I mark
Above the woods rear his majeſtic head,
That ſoon all ſhatter'd at his feet ſhall ſhed
Their ſhort-liv'd beauties—he the winter dark
Regardleſs, and the waſteful time that flies,
Rejoicing in his lonely might, defies.

The *lofty mountain* is happily deſcribed in Shakeſpear's HAMLET.

Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T' o'er-top old Pelion, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue Olympus.

There is ſomething very charming in the image of a high *mountain*, as thus conveyed to the imagination by Otway, in his VENICE PRESERVED.

Why was my choice ambition, the worſt ground
A wretch can build on? it's indeed at diſtance
A goodly proſpect, tempting to the view,
The height delights us and the mountain top
Looks beautiful, becauſe 'tis nigh to Heaven;
But we ne'er think how ſandy's the foundation
What ſtorms will batter, and what tempeſts ſhake us.

The *high mountain* is thus agreeably depicted by Darwin, as the habitation

habitation of the Lichen.

Where frowning Snowdon bends his dizzy brow
O'er Conway, liſtening to the ſurge below;
Retiring Lichen climbs the topmoſt ſtone,
And drinks the aërial ſolitude alone.
Bright ſhine the ſtars unnumber'd o'er her head,
And the cold moon-beam gilds her flinty bed;
While round the rifted rocks hoarſe whirlwinds breathe,
And dark with thunder ſail the clouds beneath.

Bowles has introduced the *mountain*, in the following agreeable Sonnet written at Malvern.

I ſhall behold far off thy tow'ring creſt,
Proud mountain: from thy heights as ſlow I ſtray,
Down thro' the diſtant vale my homeward way,
I ſhall behold, upon thy rugged breaſt,
The parting ſun ſit ſmiling; me the while
Eſcap'd the crowd, thoughts full of heavineſs
May viſit, as life's bitter loſſes preſs
Hard on my boſom: but I ſhall "beguile
"The thing I am," and think, that (ev'n as thou
Doſt lift in the pale beam thy forehead high,
Proud mountain! whilſt the ſcatter'd vapours fly
Unheeded round thy breaſt) ſo, with calm brow,
The ſhades of ſorrow I may meet, and wear
The ſmile unchang'd of peace, tho' preſs'd by care.

Rocks are thus preſented to the mind by Hayley, in his ESSAY ON PAINTING.

Untrodden paths of art Salvator tried,
And daring fancy was his favorite guide.
O'er his wild rocks, at her command, he throws

A ſavage grandeur, and ſublime repoſe.

Shakeſpear has pleaſingly deſcribed a *Caſtle* on a riſing ground, and embelliſhed it with an ingenious deſcription of the Martin, and an acute obſervation, in his MACBETH.

This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.
This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd maſonry, that heaven's breath
Smells ſweet and wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerved
The air is delicate.

Crowe gives no ſmall pleaſure to the imagination, when ſpeaking of a hill

Whoſe duſky brow
Wears, like a regal diadem, the round
Of ancient battlements and ramparts high,
And frowns upon the vales.

Maſon is agreeable when, ſpeaking of Time, he ſays

His gradual touch
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible.

The ſame Author, in his ELFRIDA, is not leſs pleaſing, when he ſpeaks of the ſecret haunt of the Fairies,

Beſide ſome lonely wall,
Or ſhatter'd ruin of a moſs-grown tow'r,

Where

Where, at pale midnight's ſtilleſt hour,
Thro' each rough chink the ſolemn orb of night
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

The *Weather* and its *changes* are often noticed and deſcribed, with great beauty, by the Britiſh Poet; witneſs the following lines of Shakeſpear's third part of HENRY VI.

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward courſe,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But in the midſt of this bright ſhining day
I ſpy a black, ſuſpicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious ſun
Ere he attain his eaſeful weſtern bed.

How beautiful is the image of an *unclouded ſky*, which Cowley ſummons up before the imagination, in the following paſſage.

In the clear heaven of thy brow
No ſmalleſt cloud appears.

The *ſuſpence* which generally prevails before a *thunder ſtorm*, is thus recalled to our minds by Dryden, in his LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

He ſtands amaz'd, irreſolute and dumb,
Like the ſtill face of heav'n before a ſtorm;
Speak, and arreſt the thunder ere it rolls.

There is at leaſt an agreeable alluſion to a *ſerene ſky*, in the following lines of Spencer, but it ſcarce amounts to a deſcription.

So well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly ſort, that laſted but a while,
And of all old diſlikes, they made fair weather.

The *ſtorm* is happily alluded to, and the countenance of a meſſen-

ger

ger afraid to communicate his news, ſtrikingly drawn, in the following lines of Shakeſpear's KING JOHN.

A fearful eye thou haſt, where is that blood
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm;
Pour down thy weather; how goes all in France?

A *furious ſtorm* is thus ſlightly depicted in Dryden's ŒDIPUS.

If that the glow-worm light of human reaſon
Might dare to offer at immortal knowledge,
And cope with Gods, why all this ſtorm of nature?
Why do the rocks ſplit, and why rolls the ſea?

The deſcription of the *ſtorm*, at the beginning of the following paſſage of Cowper's TRUTH, deſerves notice; and what follows, is too intereſting, and too much involved with the imagery of the tempeſt, to be omitted.

See where it ſmokes along the ſounding plain,
Blown all aſlant, a driving daſhing rain,
Peal upon peal, redoubling all around,
Shakes it again, and faſter to the ground,
Now flaſhing wide, now glancing as in play,
Swift beyond thought the light'nings dart away;
Ere yet it came the traveller urged his ſteed,
And hurried but with unſucceſsful ſpeed,
Now drench'd throughout, and hopeleſs of his caſe,
He drops the rein, and leaves him to his pace;
Suppoſe, unlook'd for in a ſcene ſo rude,
Long hid by interpoſing hill or wood,
Some manſion neat and elegantly dreſs'd,
By kind and hoſpitable heart poſſeſs'd,
Offer him warmth, ſecurity and reſt;

Think

Think with what pleaſure, ſafe and at his eaſe,
He hears the tempeſt howling in the trees,
What glowing thanks his lips and heart employ
While danger paſt is turn'd to preſent joy.
So fares it with the ſinner when he feels
A growing dread of vengeance at his heels,
His conſcience, like a glaſſy lake before,
Laſh'd into foaming waves begins to roar,
The law grown clamorous, though ſilent long,
Arraigns him, charges him with every wrong,
Aſſerts the rights of his offended lord,
And death or reſtitution is the word;
The laſt impoſſible, he fears the firſt,
And having well deſerv'd, expects the worſt.
Then welcome refuge, and a peaceful home:
Oh for a ſhelter from the wrath to come.
Cruſh me ye rocks, ye falling mountains hide,
Or bury me in ocean's angry tide.
The ſcrutiny of thoſe all-ſeeing eyes
I dare not, and you need not, God replies;
The remedy you want I freely give,
The book ſhall teach you, read, believe, and live:
'Tis done, the raging ſtorm is heard no more,
Mercy receives him on her peaceful ſhore,
And juſtice, guardian of the dread command,
Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand.

The *thunder ſtorm* is tremendouſly pictured in the following laboured lines of Thomſon.

Behold, ſlow ſettling o'er the lurid grove
Unuſual darkneſs broods, and growing gains

The

The full poſſeſſion of the ſky.
A boding ſilence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun expanſe; ſave the dull ſound
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the loweſt vale, th' aërial tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye, by man forſook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.
'Tis liſtening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt
The thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds: till over head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide; then ſhuts,
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping æther in a blaze.
Down comes a deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone-deſcending rain. Wide rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning ſtruggles through,

Ragged

Ragged and fierce, and in red whirling balls.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive roar.
Far ſeen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows through her utmoſt iſles.

The *ſtorm* is thus admirably deſcribed by Warton.

O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempeſt roar'd,
High the ſcreaming ſea-mew ſoar'd,
On Tintaggel's topmoſt tower
Darkſome fell the ſleety ſhower;
Round the rough caſtle ſhrilly ſung
The whirling blaſt, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering ſide
The ſurges of the tumbling tide.

The return of *fine weather* after a *thunder ſtorm*, is thus deſcribed by Parnel, in his HERMIT.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky,
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glittering, as they tremble, cheer the day.

LECTURE VII.

LANDSCAPE is ſometimes attempted, not unſucceſsfully, by the Britiſh bard; but it requires uncommon ſkill to deſcribe it in ſuch a manner as to form a complete and perfect image, becauſe it is compoſed of a multiplicity of parts.

The following is no contemptible inſtance from Dyer.

On which a dark hill ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow
That caſt an awful look below.

In the Invocation to his AMYNTOR AND THEODORA, Mallet copies ſeveral of the more obvious and agreeable features of *Landſcape*.

Spontaneous Muſe, O, whether from the depth
Of evening foreſt brown with broadeſt ſhade,
Or from the brow ſublime of vernal Alp
As morning dawns, or from the vale at noon,
By ſome ſoft ſtream that ſlides with liquid foot
Through bowery groves, where Inſpiration ſits
And liſtens to thy lore, auſpicious come.

A fine feature of *Landſcape* is thus ſeized by Akenſide.

Mark

Mark the ſable woods
That ſhade ſublime yon mountain's nodding brow.

Thomſon gives us a ſimilar ſketch.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildeſt, largeſt growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland choir,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every ſtep,
Solemn and ſlow, the ſhadows blacker fall,
And all is awful liſtening gloom around.
Theſe are the haunts of meditation, theſe
The ſcenes where ancient bards th' inſpiring breath
Extatic, felt, and from this world retired,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms.

Another inſtance of *landſcape* from Thomſon occurs in theſe lines.

Their ſhaggy mountains charm,
More than or Gallic or Italian plains;
And ſick'ning fancy oft, when abſent long,
Pines to behold their Alpine views again—
The hollow-winding ſtream—the vale fair ſpread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills,
Whence vapour-wing'd the ſudden tempeſt ſprings—
From ſteep to ſteep aſcending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick roll'd into romantic ſhapes—
The flitting cloud againſt the ſummit daſh'd,
And by the ſun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy ſhower—hung o'er amazing rocks
The mountain aſh, and ſolemn ſounding pine—
The ſnow-fed torrent, in white mazes toſt
Down to the clear ethereal lake below—

And

And, high o'er-topping all the broken ſcene,
The mountain fading into ſky; where ſhines
On winter winter ſhivering, and whoſe top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the ſnows.

Shenſtone gives tranſient gleams of *rural landſcape*, in ſeveral parts of the following ELEGY.

Lord of my time, my devious path I bend
Through fringy woodland, or ſmooth ſhaven lawn;
Or penſile grove or airy cliff aſcend,
And hail the ſcene by nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to fate, though not the racy vine
Nor fattening olive clothe the fields I rove,
Sequeſter'd ſhades and gurgling founts are mine,
And every ſylvan grott the muſes love.

Here if my viſta point the mouldering pile,
Where hood and cowl Devotion's aſpect wore,
I trace the tottering reliques with a ſmile,
To think the mental bondage is no more.

Pleas'd, if the glowing landſcape wave with corn,
Or the tall oak, my country's bulwark, riſe;
Pleas'd if mine eye, o'er thouſand vallies borne,
Diſcerns the Cambrian hills ſupport the ſkies.

Rural landſcape again preſents itſelf in various views, in his RURAL ELEGANCE an ode.

Amid the ſprightly ſcenes of morn,
Will aught the muſe inſpire?
Oh! peace to yonder clamorous horn,
That drowns the ſacred lyre.

Ye

Ye rural thanes that o'er the moſſy down
Some panting timorous hare purſue,
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does ſhe ſmooth her lawns for you?

'Tis nature only gives excluſive right
To reliſh her ſupreme delight;
She where ſhe pleaſes kind or coy,
Who furniſhes the ſcene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auſpicious aid refin'd;
Lo! not a hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble harebell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For ſuch the rivers daſh the foaming tides,
The mountain ſwells, the dale ſubſides.
Ev'n thriftleſs furze detains their wandering ſight
And the rough barren rock grows prægnant with delight.

Not without merit is the following *ideal Landſcape* of Pomfret.

If heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chooſe my method how to live,
And all thoſe hours propitious fate ſhould lend
In bliſsful eaſe and ſatisfaction ſpend,
Near ſome fair town I'd have a private ſeat,
Built uniform, not little, nor two great:
Better, if on a riſing ground it ſtood.
On this ſide fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It ſhould within no other things contain
But what are uſeful, neceſſary, plain:

Methinks

Methinks 'tis nauſeous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needleſs pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whoſe delicious banks a ſtately row
Of ſhady limes, or ſycamores, ſhould grow,
At the end of which a ſilent ſtudy plac'd
Should be with all the nobleſt Authors grac'd,
With all thoſe modern men of ſteady ſenſe,
Eſteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In ſome of theſe as fancy ſhould adviſe,
I'd always take my morning exerciſe:
For ſure no minutes bring us more content,
Than thoſe in pleaſing, uſeful, ſtudies ſpent.

Spencer has given us a very charming *Landſcape* in the following lines.

So long ſhe travel'd, till at length ſhe came
To an hill's ſide, which did to her bewray
A little valley, ſubject to the ſame,
All cover'd with thick woods, that quite it overcame.
Through th' tops of the high trees ſhe did deſcry
A little ſmoke, whoſe vapours thin and light,
Reeking aloft, uprolled to the ſky:
Which cheerful ſign did ſend unto her ſight
That in the ſame did wonne ſome living wight.
Eftſoons her ſteps ſhe thereunto applied,
And came at laſt in weary wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guide
To find ſome refuge there, and reſt her weary ſide.
There, in a gloomy hollow glen, ſhe found

A little cottage, built of ſticks and reeds
In homely wiſe, and wall'd with ſods around.

The *Cottage* and its *inhabitants* are thus depicted a ſecond time, by the ſame Author, with much ſkill.

Not far away, not meet for any gueſt,
They ſpied a little cottage, like ſome poor man's neſt.
Under a ſteep hill's ſide it placed was,
There where the mouldered earth had cav'd the bank;
And faſt beſide a little brook did paſs,
By which few crooked ſallows grew in rank.
Where-to approaching nigh, they heard the ſound
Of many iron hammers beating rank,
And anſwering their weary turns around,
That ſeemed ſome blackſmith dwelled in that deſert ground.
There entering in, they found the good-man's ſelf
Full buſily unto his work ybent.

Cowper has, in the following inſtance, depicted a general *landſcape* with conſiderable ſucceſs.

How oft upon yon eminence, our pace
Has ſlacken'd to a pauſe, and we have borne
The ruffling wind ſcarce conſcious that it blew,
While admiration feeding at the eye,
And ſtill unſated, dwelt upon the ſcene!
Thence with what pleaſure have we juſt diſcern'd
The diſtant plough ſlow-moving, and beſide
His lab'ring team that ſwerv'd not from the track,
The ſturdy ſwain diminiſh'd to a boy!
Here Ouſe, ſlow-winding through a level plain
Of ſpacious meads with cattle ſprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his ſinuous courſe

Delighted.

Delighted. There faſt rooted in his bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms
That ſcreen the herdſman's ſolitary hut;
While far beyond and overthwart the ſtream
That as with molten glaſs inlays the vale,
The ſloping land recedes into the clouds;
Diſplaying on its varied ſide, the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberleſs, ſquare tow'r,
Tall ſpire, from which the ſound of cheerful bells
Juſt undulates upon the liſt'ning ear;
Groves, heaths, and ſmoking villages remote.

In another inſtance, he has not unhappily depicted the *cottage*.

Once went I forth, and found, till then unknown,
A cottage, whither oft we ſince repair:
'Tis perch'd upon the green-hill top, but cloſe
Inviron'd with a ring of branching elms
That overhang the thatch, itſelf unſeen
Peeps at the vale below; ſo thick beſet
With foliage of ſuch dark redundant growth,
I call'd the low-roofed lodge the peaſant's neſt.
And hidden as it is, and far remote
From ſuch unpleaſing ſounds as haunt the ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs
Inceſſant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clam'rous whether pleas'd or pain'd,
Oft have I wiſh'd the peaceful covert mine.
Here I have ſaid, at leaſt I ſhould poſſeſs
The poet's treaſure, ſilence, and indulge
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and ſecure.

Ruins ſurrounded by woods, are thus agreeably brought to our recollection

collection by the ſame Author.

Such is the clamour, of rooks, daws, and kites,
Th' exploſion of the levell'd tube excites,
Where mould'ring abbey-walls o'erhang the glade,
And oaks coeval ſpread a mournful ſhade.
The ſcreaming nations hov'ring in mid air
Loudly reſent the ſtranger's freedom there,
And ſeem to warn him never to repeat
His bold intruſion on their dark retreat.

Collins, in his ode to Evening, gives us a very ſweet ſpecimen of *Landſcape painting*, but as I have already taken notice of that charming poem among the deſcriptions of evening, I will not again repeat it.

Rowe attempts *Landſcape* in the following lines of his JANE SHORE.

Far from the court and the tumultuous city,
Within an ancient foreſt's ample verge,
There ſtands a lonely but a healthful dwelling,
Built for convenience and the uſe of life:
Around it fallows, meads, and paſtures fair,
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By nature's own contrivance, ſeem diſpos'd;
No neighbours but a few poor ſimple clowns
Honeſt and true, with a well meaning prieſt.

Crowe is a painter of *Landſcape* when, addreſſing his HILL, he ſays

Up to thy ſummit, Leweſdon, to the brow
Of yon proud riſing, where the lonely thorn
Bends from the rude South-eaſt, with top cut ſheer
By his keen breath, along the narrow track

By

By which the ſcanty-paſtured ſheep aſcend
Up to thy furze-clad ſummit, let me climb;
My morning exerciſe; and thence look round
Upon the variegated ſcene, of hills,
And woods, and fruitful vales, and villages
Half-hid in tufted orchards, and the ſea
Boundleſs, and ſtudded thick with many a ſail.
How changed is thy appearance, beauteous hill,
Thou haſt put off thy wint'ry garb, brown heath
And ruſſet fern, thy ſeemly-colour'd cloak
To bide the hoary froſts and dripping rains
Of chill December, and art gaily robed
In livery of the ſpring: upon thy brow
A cup of flowery hawthorn, and thy neck
Mantled with new-ſprung furze, and ſpangles thick
Of golden bloom.
From this proud eminence on all ſides round
Th' unbroken proſpect opens to my view;
On all ſides large.
There woods, there blooming orchards, there are ſeen
Herds, ranging, or at reſt beneath the ſhade
Of ſome wide branching oak; there goodly fields
Of corn, and verdant paſture, whence the kine
Returning with their milky treaſure home
Store the rich dairy: ſuch fair plenty fills
The pleaſant vale.

Maſon gives us a very correct idea of *beautiful Landſcape*, in his ENGLISH GARDEN.

Of nature's various ſcenes the painter culls
That for his fav'rite theme, where the fair whole

Is broken into ample parts, and bold;
Where to the eye three well-mark'd diſtances
Spread their peculiar colouring. Vivid green,
Warm brown, and black opaque the fore-ground bears
Conſpicuous; ſober olive coldly marks
The ſecond diſtance; thence the third declines
In ſofter blue, or, leſs'ning ſtill, is loſt
In fainteſt purple.

Very ſtriking is the ſame Author, when he thus addreſſes his reader.

Generous youth,
Whoe'er thou art, that liſten'ſt to my lay,
And feel'ſt thy ſoul aſſent to what I ſing,
Happy art thou if thou can'ſt call thine own
Such ſcenes as theſe: where Nature and where Time
Have work'd congenial; where a ſcatter'd hoſt
Of antique oaks darken thy ſidelong hills;
While, ruſhing thro' their branches, rifted cliffs
Dart their white heads, and glitter thro' the gloom.
More happy ſtill, if one ſuperior rock
Bear on its brow the ſhiver'd fragment huge
Of ſome old Norman fortreſs; happier far,
Ah, then moſt happy, if thy vale below
Waſh, with the cryſtal coolneſs of its rills,
Some mould'ring abbey's ivy-veſted wall.

The ſame Author again delights by *Landſcape* in this paſſage.

And yet thou mean'ſt
Up yonder hill to wind thy fragrant way,
And wiſely doſt thou mean; for its broad eye

Catches

Catches the ſudden charms of laughing vales,
Rude rocks and headlong ſtreams, and antique oaks
Loſt in a wild horizon.

Very pleaſing is the ſame writer, when he ſpeaks of

rocks, and caves,
And huddling brooks, and torrent-falls divine.

Very agreeable is the following ſketch in the firſt lines of his ELFRIDA.

How nobly does this venerable wood,
Gilt with the glories of the orient ſun,
Emboſom yon fair manſion! The ſoft air
Salutes me with moſt cool and temp'rate breath.

A ſlight deſcription of *Landſcape* appears in theſe lines of Warton.

Hence with ripe ſtores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with ſcatter'd ſheep reſound;
Freſh are her paſtures with unceaſing rills,
And future navies crown her darkſome hills.

The ſame Author thus ſpeaks of Vale Royal Abbey.

There oxen browſe, and there the ſable yew
Through the dun void diſplays its baleful gleems,
And ſheds in lingering drops ungenial dew
O'er the forgotten graves and ſcatter'd tombs.
By the ſlow clock, in ſtately meaſur'd chime,
That from the maſſy tower tremendous toll'd,
No more the ploughman counts the tedious time,
Nor diſtant ſhepherd pens his twilight fold.

Again, in his ODE TO A FRIEND on his leaving a favorite village.

Ah mourn, thou lov'd retreat. No more
Shall claſſic ſteps thy ſcenes explore.

When

When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy ſteep,
Who now ſhall climb its brows to view
The length of landſcapes ever new;
Where ſummer flings, in careleſs pride,
Her varied veſture far and wide?
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that ſails aloof;
The tufted pines, whoſe umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deſerted hall:
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that ſmokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's emboſom'd ſpire.

In the ſame piece, he ſpeaks of the

deep dell, where ſhaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed ſhoots.

He mentions alſo

The pathleſs copſe, and hedge-row brake,

and the place

Where the delved mountain's headlong ſide
Its chalky entrails opens wide.

He ſpeaks alſo of

the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conſcious frown,
The foreſt-oaks, that pale and lone,
Nod to the blaſt with hoarſer tone,
Rough glens, and ſullen waterfalls.

Some

Some Poets, as for inſtance, Denham, Dyer &c. have attempted, and with ſucceſs, the deſcription of particular ſpots and views; a ſpecies of poetry which, if well executed, affords much pleaſure to thoſe who are acquainted with the Landſcapes deſcribed, but muſt always be defective to thoſe who never ſaw them, becauſe images are depicted with which the mind does not feel itſelf familiarized. In ſuch deſcriptions, however, whatever approaches to the ſimilitude of objects already ſeen, cannot fail to delight every reader.

Moſt men have obſerved what Denham paints in the following lines, but to ſome they give no farther pleaſure than as they conclude with an agreeable reflection.

Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundleſs in my fancy than my eye:
My eye which quick as thought contracts the ſpace
That lies between, and firſt ſalutes the place
Crown'd with that ſacred pile, ſo vaſt, ſo high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or ſky
Uncertain ſeems, and may be thought a proud
Aſpiring mountain, or deſcending cloud,
Paul's——
Under his proud ſurvey the city lies,
And like a miſt beneath a hill doth riſe;
Whoſe ſtate and wealth, the buſineſs and the crowd,
Seem at this diſtance but a darker cloud:
And is, to him who rightly things eſteems,
No other in effect than what it ſeems:
Where, with like haſte, though ſeveral ways, they run
Some to undo and ſome to be undone.

His deſcription of the *Thames*, in the ſame piece, to one who had never ſeen it, would charm only as an image common in nature,

followed

followed by a ſuperb compariſon, of which I ſhall take notice at another place.

And as a knowledge of the view from *Cooper's hill* is neceſſary, that we may be pleaſed with Denham, ſo a ſlight acquaintance with the country about *Windſor* is required, to enable us fully to reliſh the following lines of Gray on a diſtant proſpect of *Eton*.

Ye diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her Henry's holy ſhade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of Windſor's heights th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way.

Again, none but the traveller can feel the full effect of the following lines of Goldſmith, though they cannot fail to pleaſe in ſome degree every one.

Far to the right, where Appennine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends:
Its uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the ſcene.
Could nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.
What-ever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground,
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,

Whoſe

Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year,
Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern ſky
With vernal lives, that bloſſom but to die,
Theſe here diſporting own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.

A ſpecimen of *local deſcription* occurs in the following lines of Warton. To an Oxonian they cannot fail of giving pleaſure, becauſe the images immediately preſent themſelves. To any other reader they cannot convey ſo much delight.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes ſublime,
Ye towers that wear the moſſy veſt of time;
Ye maſſy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloiſters pale, that lengthening to the ſight,
To contemplation, ſtep by ſtep, invite;
Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whiſpers clear
Of harps unſeen have ſwept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praiſe;
Lo! your lov'd Iſis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondneſs bids you hail.

Whatever objections are here advanced againſt *local landſcape* in general, will apply, but in a leſs degree, to the DESERTED VILLAGE.

LECTURE VIII.

FROM Landſcape at large, let us deſcend to the *minutiæ of nature*. Poetry frequently conveys pleaſure to the mind, by alluding to or deſcribing the ſmaller furniture of proſpects. It delights us by exciting the images of *trees*, of *plants*, of *flowers*, of *leaves*, and even of things more common.

The image of a *plant* is very agreeably held up to the mind, in the following lines of Young.

I'll range the plenteous intellectual field,
And gather every thought of ſov'reign power
To chaſe the moral maladies of man;
Thoughts which may bear tranſplanting to the ſkies,
Though natives of this coarſe penurious ſoil,
Nor wholly wither there where Seraphs ſing.

Very agreeable is the ſame Author, when he thus writes,

Virtue the root, and pleaſure is the flower.

The *hawthorn and ſhepherd beneath it* are made very charming, when thus noticed by Shakeſpear in his HENRY VI. Part III.

Gives not the hawthorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their ſubjects treachery?

O yes,

O yes, it doth, a thouſand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the ſhepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates.

The common *briar* is produced, with peculiar elegance, in his ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves, as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp.

Other very common *plants* are thus gracefully pictured in the MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honeyſuckle,
Gently entwiſt the maple; ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

Young gives delight by the moſt common of all *hedgerow ſhrubs*, annexing to it a *ſtream*, in theſe lines.

On every thorn delightful wiſdom grows;
In every rill a ſweet inſtruction flows.

The *thorn* is charmingly mentioned in Shakeſpear's HENRY VIII.

'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue muſt go through.

The *plant* is agreeably purſued through all its changes and improvements, in theſe lines of Cowper.

True charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,
Fed by the love from which it roſe at firſt,
Thrives againſt hope, and in the rudeſt ſcene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exub'rant is the ſhadow it ſupplies,

Its

Its fruit on earth, its growth above the ſkies.

The *early bloſſom of a fruit-tree*, is thus elegantly alluded to by Shakeſpear, in his HENRY IV, Part II.

A cauſe on foot
Lives ſo in hope, as in an early ſpring
We ſee th' appearing buds; which to prove fruit
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as deſpair
That froſt will bite them.

The *fruit-tree* is very pleaſingly alluded to, in the two firſt lines of the following inſtance, from the ſame Author; but the image ſhould have been continued through the third line, which now almoſt deſtroys the effect of the whole quotation.

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which mellow'd by the ſtealing hours of time
Will well become the ſeat of majeſty.

An alluſion of the ſame kind is much more happily ſuſtained in the ſame play, when, under the image of *ripe fruit*, he ſays

So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

The *fruit-tree* is altogether depicted, in a very charming manner, in CYMBELINE.

And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

The fall of *mellow fruit* is thus alluded to by Milton.

So may'ſt thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with eaſe

Gather'd

Gather'd, not harſhly pluck'd, for death mature.

The *fruit-tree* is ſlightly pictured in theſe chaſte lines of Cowper.

Learning has borne ſuch fruit in other days
On all her branches. Piety has found
Friends in the friends of ſcience, and true pray'r
Has flow'd from lips wet with Caſtalian dews.

The *falling tree* is an image on which Shakeſpear loves to dwell. Thus in HENRY VI. Part III.

But Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds,
And many ſtrokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardeſt timber'd oak.

Again.

We ſet the axe to thy uſurping root;
And though the edge hath ſomething hit ourſelves,
Yet, know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down.

Again.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whoſe arms gave ſhelter to the princely eagle,
Under whoſe ſhade the ramping lion ſlept,
Whoſe top-branch overpeer'd Jove's ſpreading tree,
And kept low ſhrubs from winter's powerful wind.

Again.

Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
Which by the Heav'ns aſſiſtance and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the root be hewn up yet ere night.

The *oak* (with a miſtake as to its *fruit*) and other more humble *plants*, are thus mentioned in TIMON OF ATHENS.

Why ſhould you want? behold the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth an hundred ſprings;

The

The oak bears maſts, the briars ſcarlet hips:
The bounteous huſwife nature on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you.

The *oak* and *beech* are thus depicted by Gray, in his ODE TO THE SPRING.

Where'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade;
Where'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the muſe ſhall ſit, and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Maſon is extremely pleaſing, when he ſpeaks of

Cryſtal lakes
O'er which the giant oak, himſelf a grove,
Flings his romantic branches, and beholds
His reverend image in the expanſe below.

The ſame Author, ſpeaking of *oaks* detached from each other, commends

That ſhadowy pomp which only they can give:
For parted now, in patriarchal pride,
Each tree becomes the father of a tribe;
And, o'er the ſtripling foliage, riſing round,
Towers with parental dignity ſupreme.

In his ELFRIDA, he has thus introduced the *oak*.

Hie thee, poor Pilgrim, to yon neighb'ring bow'r,
O'er which an old oak ſpreads his awful arm

Mantled

Mantled in browneſt foliage, and beneath
The ivy, gadding from th' untwiſted ſtem,
Curtains each verdant ſide.

At the commencement of his CARACTACUS he thus paints the ſame tree.

Behold yon oak,
How ſtern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the pale plain beneath him.

Again.

Hail hallow'd oaks!
Happy foreſters,
Ye wave your bold heads in the liberal air;
Ye with your tough and intertwiſted roots
Graſp the firm rocks ye ſprung from; and erect
In knotty hardihood, ſtill proudly ſpread
Your leafy banners 'gainſt the tyrannous north.

Darwin gives us an agreeable ſketch of the ſame tree, when he ſpeaks of plants

From giant oaks, that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moſs that clings upon their bark.

The *aloe* is elegantly brought forward by Hayley, in his ESSAY ON EPIC POETRY.

Is, genius, thy ſweet plant of richeſt power,
Whoſe dearly priz'd and long expected flower
More tardy than the aloe's bloom appears,
Ordain'd to blow but in a thouſand years?

The *cedar*, and other trees, are thus mentioned by Maſon.

No cedar broad
Drop his dark curtain, where a diſtant ſcene
Demands diſtinction. Here the thin abele

Of

Of lofty bole, and baſe, the ſmooth-ſtem'd beech,
Or ſlender alder, give our eye free ſpace
Beneath their boughs to catch each leſſening charm
Ev'n to the far horizon's azure bound.

The ſame tree again makes its appearance, with great advantage, in the following deſcription.

Cedars here,
Coeval with the ſky-crown'd mountain's ſelf,
Spread wide their giant arms.

The *roſe* is, in numberleſs inſtances, produced. Thus in Shakeſpear's KING JOHN.

But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lilies boaſt,
And with the half blown roſe. But Fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee.

Again, in Dryden's SPANISH FRIAR.

What have I done? ye powers, what have I done?
To ſee my youth, my beauty, and my love,
No ſooner gain'd but ſlighted and betray'd,
And like a roſe juſt gather'd from the ſtalk,
But only ſmelt, and cheaply thrown aſide
To wither on the ground.

Again, an elegant inſtance, in Congreve's MOURNING BRIDE.

But let me lead you from this place of ſorrow,
To one where young delights attend, and joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your approach,
And ſpread like roſes to the morning ſun.

Again, in Shakeſpear's OTHELLO.

When

When I have pluck'd the roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs muſt wither—I'll ſmell thee on the tree.
Oh balmy breath, that doth almoſt perſuade
Juſtice to break her ſword.

Again, in Otway's ORPHAN; though we may obſerve that the *roſe* is never found wild on a bank, nor is it ever ſo early as to be in danger of froſt.

You took her up a little tender flower
Juſt ſprouted on a bank, which the next froſt
Had nipt; and with a careful loving hand
Tranſplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the ſun always ſhines: there long ſhe flouriſh'd,
Grew ſweet to ſenſe, and lovely to the eye,
Till at the laſt a cruel ſpoiler came,
Cropt this fair roſe and rifled all its ſweetneſs,
Then caſt it like a loathſome weed away.

Again, in Hayley's TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

For the fond graces form'd her eaſy mien,
And heav'n's ſoft azure in her eye was ſeen.
She ſeem'd a roſe-bud when it firſt recieves
The genial ſun in its expanding leaves.

Very charming for ſeveral images, and particularly for its *flowers*, is the following paſſage of Cowley.

Her hair was brighter than the beams which are
A crown to Phœbus; and her breath ſo ſweet,
It did tranſcend Arabian odours far,
Or ſmelling flowers, wherewith the ſpring doth greet
Approaching ſummer.

Several of the moſt *common flowers* are very pleaſingly introduced

ced, in the following elegant lines of Tickel, from his KENSINGTON GARDEN.

I fly to thee alone,
A world to me, a multitude in one.
Oh ſweet as dew-drops on theſe flowery lawns,
When the ſky opens and the evening dawns,
Straight as the pink, that towers ſo high in air,
Soft as the blow-bell, as the daiſy fair.

Bloſſoms are thus very charmingly alluded to by Fenton.

But in a public ſphere thoſe virtues fade,
Which open'd fair and flouriſh'd in the ſhade.

The *Carnation* gives no ſmall beauty to the following paſſage of Shenſtone, but it has many other natural graces which will be obvious.

Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admir'd Carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
Not all for needful uſe alone.
There while the ſeeds of future bloſſoms dwell,
'Tis color'd for the ſight, perfum'd to pleaſe the ſmell.
Why knows the nightingale to ſing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why ſhines with paint the linnet's wing?
For ſuſtenance alone? For uſe?
For preſervation? every ſphere
Shall bid fair pleaſure's rightful claim appear.
And ſure there ſeems, of human kind,
Some born to ſhun the ſolemn ſtrife,
Some for amuſive taſk deſign'd,
To ſooth the certain ills of life;

Grace

Grace its lone vales with many a budding roſe,
New founts of bliſs diſcloſe,
Call forth refreſhing ſhades, and decorate repoſe.

A *bouquet*, and *wreath of roſes*, are very pleaſantly introduced, in the following lines of his ODE TO MEMORY.

O memory, celeſtial maid,
Who glean'ſt the flowerets cropt by Time,
And ſuffering not a leaf to fade,
Preſerv'ſt the bloſſoms of our prime,
Bring, bring thoſe moments to my mind
When life was new, and Leſbia kind.

And bring that garland to my ſight,
With which my favour'd crook ſhe bound;
And bring that wreath of roſes bright
Which then my feſtive temples crown'd:
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things ſhe deign'd to ſay.

A pretty alluſion to a *bloſſom*, appears in theſe lines of Pope.

Self-love and reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy that its objects would devour,
This taſte the honey and not wound the flower.

Froſt-bitten bloſſom, is thus elegantly ſpoken of by Shakeſpear in his ROMEO AND JULIET.

Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of the field.

Bloſſoms are again made the vehicle of terrific pleaſure in HAMLET

He took my father groſsly, full of bread,

With

With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands, who knows, save Heav'n?

Flowers are very charmingly introduced, and *Eve as a flower* is elegantly described, in Milton's PARADISE LOST.

Beyond his hope Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spy'd, so thick the roses blushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flower of slender stalk, whose head though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.

The *flower* is thus most elegantly noticed by Gray, in his ELEGY.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Churchil says very prettily

Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.

Many *flowers* are agreeably introduced in Milton's LYCIDAS.

Return, Sicilian muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use,

Of

Of ſhades, and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart ſtar ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes
That on the green turf ſuck the honied ſhowers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers;
Bring the rathe primroſe that forſaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jeſſamine,
The white pink, and the panſy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet—
The muſk-roſe, and the well attired woodbine,
With cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flow'r that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty ſhed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtrew the laureat herſe where Lycid lies.

Maſon charms by his *bloſſoms*, when having reached a heath, he exclaims

—then nature glads our eye,
Sporting in all her lovely careleſſneſs.
There ſmiles in varied tufts the velvet roſe,
There flaunts the gadding woodbine, ſwells the ground
In gentle hillocks, and around its ſides
Thro' bloſſom'd ſhades the ſecret pathway ſteals.

The ſame Author is as pleaſing when he thus addreſſes the *flock*.

Fond foreſters, to you
Shall ſturdy labour quit his morning taſk
Well pleas'd; nor longer o'er his uſeleſs plots
Draw through the dew the ſplendor of his ſcythe.
He leaning on that ſcythe, with carols gay

Salutes

Salutes his fleecy ſubſtitutes, that ruſh
In bleating chace to their delicious taſk,
And ſpreading o'er the plain, with eager teeth
Devour it into verdure. Browſe your fill,
Fond foreſters. The ſoil that you enrich
Shall ſtill ſupply your morn and evening meal
With choiceſt delicates; whether you chooſe
The vernal blades, that riſe with ſeeded ſtem
Of hue purpureal, or the clover white
That in a ſpiked ball collects its ſweets,
Or trembling feſcue.

The *ſpring bloom of a garden* is prettily noticed in theſe lines of the ſame Author.

Shrubs there are
Of bolder growth, that, at the call of ſpring,
Burſt forth in bloſſom'd fragrance: lilacs rob'd
In ſnow-white innocence, or purple pride;
The ſweet ſyringa yielding but in ſcent
To the rich orange; or the woodbine wild
That loves to hang on barren boughs remote
Her wreaths of flowery perfume.

The whole of the following paſſage from the ſame Author is beautiful, but eſpecially that part of it which mentions the *panſy*.

Not a rill
That winds its ſparkling current o'er the plain,
Reflecting to the ſun bright recompenſe
For ev'ry beam he lends, but reads thy ſoul
A generous lecture. Not a panſy pale,
That drinks its daily nurture from that rill,

But

But breathes in fragrant accents to thy ſoul,
So by thy pity cheer'd, the languiſh'd head
Of poverty might ſmile.

Darwin, always ſurrounded by the beauties of Flora, is particularly charming in theſe lines.

Sylphs, if with morn deſtructive Eurus ſprings,
O claſp the harebel with your velvet wings;
Screen with thick leaves the jaſmine as it blows,
And ſhake the white rime from the ſhuddering roſe;
Whilſt amaryllis turns with graceful eaſe
Her bluſhing beauties and eludes the breeze.
Sylphs, if at noon the fritillary droops,
With drops nectareous hang her nodding cups;
Thin clouds of goſſamer in air diſplay,
And hide the vale's chaſte lily from the ray;
Whilſt Erythrina o'er her tender flower
Bends all her leaves, and braves the ſultry hour.
Shield, when cold Heſper ſheds his dewy light,
Mimoſa's ſoft ſenſations from the night;
Fold her thin foliage, cloſe her timid flowers,
And with ambroſial ſlumbers guard her bowers;
O'er each warm wall while Cerea flings her arms,
And waſtes on night's dull eye a blaze of charms.
Round her tall elm with dewy fingers twine
The gadding tendrils of the adventurous vine;
From arm to arm in gay feſtoons ſuſpend
Her fragrant flowers, her graceful foliage bend.

Again, when ſtating the ſubject of his BOTANIC GARDEN, he propoſes to ſing

How ſnowdrops cold and blue-eyed harebels blend

Their

Their tender tears, as o'er the ſtream they bend;
The love-ſick violet, and the primroſe pale,
Bow their ſweet heads, and whiſper to the gale;
With ſecret ſighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowſlips hang their tawny cups.
How the young roſe, in beauty's damaſk pride,
Drinks the warm bluſhes of his baſhful bride,
With honey'd lips enamour'd woodbines meet,
Claſp with fond arms, and mix their kiſſes ſweet.

The *Senſitive plant*, is thus agreeably deſcribed by this Author.

Weak with nice ſenſe the chaſte mimoſa ſtands,
From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands;
Oft as light clouds o'er-paſs the ſummer-glade,
Alarm'd ſhe trembles at the moving ſhade;
And feels, alive through all her tender form,
The whiſper'd murmurs of the gathering ſtorm;
Shuts her ſweet eye-lids to approaching night,
And hails with freſhen'd charms the riſing light.

The *Green-houſe*, and ſeveral of its *inhabitants*, are deſcribed in a very pleaſing manner by Cowper.

Who loves a garden, loves a green-houſe too.
Unconſcious of a leſs propitious clime
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and ſnug,
While the winds whiſtle and the ſnows deſcend.
The ſpiry myrtle with nnwith'ring leaf
Shines there and flouriſhes. The golden boaſt
Of Portugal and weſtern India there,
The ruddier orange and the paler lime
Peep through their poliſh'd foliage at the ſtorm,

And

And ſeem to ſmile at what they need not fear.
Th' amomum there with intermingling flow'rs
And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boaſts
Her crimſon honours, and the ſpangled beau
Ficoides glitters bright the winter long.
All plants of ev'ry leaf that can endure
The winter's frown, if ſcreen'd from his ſhrewd bite,
Live there and proſper. Thoſe Auſonia claims,
Levantine regions theſe; th' Azores ſend
Their Jeſſamine, her Jeſſamine remote
Caffraia; foreigners from many lands
They form one ſocial ſhade, as if convened
By magic ſummons of th' Orphean Lyre.
Yet juſt arrangement, rarely brought to paſs
But by a maſter's hand, diſpoſing well
The gay diverſities of leaf and flow'r,
Muſt lend its aid t' illuſtrate all their charms,
And dreſs the regular yet various ſcene.
Plant behind plant aſpiring, in the van
The dwarfiſh, in the rear retired, but ſtill
Sublime above the reſt, the ſtatelier ſtand.
So once were ranged the ſons of ancient Rome,
A noble ſhew! while Roſcius trod the ſtage;
And ſo, while Garrick as renown'd as he,
The ſons of Albion; fearing each to loſe
Some note of nature's muſic from his lips,
And covetous of Shakeſpear's beauty, ſeen
In every flaſh of his far-beaming eye.

Again.

The ſight is pleaſed,

The

The ſcent regaled, each odoriferous leaf,
Each opening bloſſom freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its ſweets.

Garden flowers in general are thus made to delight us by the ſame Author.

Few ſelf-ſupported flow'rs endure the wind
Uninjured, but expect th' upholding aid
Of the ſmooth ſhaven prop, and neatly tied
Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age
For int'reſt ſake, the living to the dead.
Some clothe the ſoil that feeds them, far diffuſed
And lowly creeping, modeſt and yet fair,
Like virtue, thriving moſt where little ſeen.
Some more aſpiring catch the neighbour ſhrub
With claſping tendrils, and inveſt his branch
Elſe unadorn'd, with many a gay feſtoon
And fragrant chaplet, recompenſing well
The ſtrength they borrow, with the grace they lend.

LECTURE IX.

EVEN ſuch *flowers* as have been ſtifled by the ſmoky air of the metropolis, form an agreeable image in the lines of Cowper.

A breath of unadult'rate air,
The glimpſe of a green paſture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Ev'n in the ſtifling boſom of the town,
A garden in which nothing thrives, has charms
That ſoothe the rich poſſeſſor; much conſoled
That here and there, ſome ſprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightſhade or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. Theſe ſerve him with a hint
That Nature lives, that ſight-refreſhing green
Is ſtill the livery ſhe delights to wear,
Though ſickly ſamples of th' exub'rant whole.
What are the caſements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder ſaſhes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed
The Frenchman's darling? are they not all proofs
That man, immur'd in cities, ſtill retains
His inborn inextinguiſhable thirſt
Of rural ſcenes, compenſating his loſs

By

By ſupplemental ſhifts, the beſt he may?
The moſt unfurniſhed with the means of life,
And they that never paſs their brick-wall bounds
To range the fields and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning inſtinct: over head
Suſpend their crazy boxes planted thick
And water'd duly. There the pitcher ſtands
A fragment, and the ſpoutleſs tea-pot there,
Sad witneſſes how cloſe-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at nature, when he can no more.

The burſting of the *leaf* and *bloſſom*, at the return of Spring, is moſt agreeably deſcribed by the ſame Author.

What prodigies can pow'r divine perform
More grand, than it produces year by year,
And all in ſight of inattentive man?
Familiar with th' effect we ſlight the cauſe,
And in the conſtancy of nature's courſe,
The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See nought to wonder at. Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual ſun,
How would the world admire! but ſpeaks it leſs
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to ſink, and when to riſe,
Age after age, than to arreſt his courſe?
All we behold is miracle, but ſeen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.
Where now, the vital energy that moved,

While ſummer was, the pure and ſubtle lymph
Through the imperceptible mæandring veins
Of leaf and flow'r? It ſleeps; and the icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impreſs'd
A cold ſtagnation on th' inteſtine tide.
But let the months go round, a few ſhort months,
And all ſhall be reſtored. Theſe naked ſhoots
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wint'ry muſic, ſighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aſpiring and with ampler ſpread,
Shall boaſt new charms, and more than they have loſt.
Then each, in its peculiar honors clad,
Shall publiſh even to the diſtant eye
Its family and tribe. Laburnum rich
In ſtreaming gold; ſyringa iv'ry pure;
The ſcented and the ſcentleſs roſe; this red
And of an humbler growth, the other tall
And throwing up into the darkeſt gloom
Of neighb'ring cypreſs or more ſable yew
Her ſilver globes, light as the foamy ſurf
That the wind ſevers from the broken wave.
The lilac various in array, now white,
Now ſanguine, and her beauteous head now ſet
With purple ſpikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unreſolved
Which hue ſhe moſt approved, ſhe choſe them all.
Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compenſating their ſickly looks
With never-cloying odours, early and late.

Hypericum

Hypericum all bloom, ſo thick a ſwarm
Of flow'rs like flies clothing her ſlender rods
That ſcarce a leaf appears. Mezerion too
Though leafleſs, well attired, and thick beſet
With bluſhing wreaths inveſting ev'ry ſpray;
Althæa with the purple eye; the broom,
Yellow and bright as bullion unalloy'd
Her bloſſoms; and luxuriant above all
The jaſmine, throwing wide her elegant ſweets,
The deep dark green of whoſe unvarniſh'd leaf
Makes more conſpicuous, and illumines more
The bright profuſion of her ſcatter'd ſtars.
Theſe have been, and theſe ſhall be in their day,
And all this uniform uncolor'd ſcene
Shall be diſmantled of its fleecy load,
And fluſh into variety again.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progreſs when ſhe lectures man
In heav'nly truth; evincing as ſhe makes
The grand tranſition, that there lives and works
A ſoul in all things, and that ſoul is God.
The beauties of the wilderneſs are his,
That make ſo gay the ſolitary place
Where no eye ſees them. And the fairer forms
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He ſets the bright proceſſion on its way,
And marſhals all the order of the year.
He marks the bounds which winter may not paſs,
And blunts his pointed fury. In its caſe
Ruſſet and rude, folds up the tender germ

Uninjured

Uninjured, with inimitable art,
And ere one flow'ry ſeaſon fades and dies
Deſigns the blooming wonders of the next.

The *flower* has many attractions in the following lines of the ſame Author, and many other common images contribute to render it delightful.

One ſpirit, His
Who bore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules univerſal nature. Not a flow'r
But ſhews ſome touch in freckle, ſtreak, or ſtain,
Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inſpires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes
In grains as countleſs as the ſea-ſide ſands,
The forms with which he ſprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of ſcent in fruit or flow'r,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majeſtic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the ſun,
Prompts with remembrance of a preſent God.
His preſence, who made all ſo fair, perceived
Makes all things fairer. As with him no ſcene
Is dreary, ſo with him all ſeaſons pleaſe.
Though winter had been none, had man been true,
And earth be puniſhed for its tenant's ſake,
Yet not in vengeance; as this ſmiling ſky
So ſoon ſucceeding ſuch an angry night,
And theſe diſſolving ſnows, and this clear ſtream
Recovering faſt its liquid muſic, prove.

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The

The ſlight alluſion to *flowers*, and to a *fountain*, in the following lines, gives them much grace.

Here ev'ry drop of honey hides a ſting,
Worms wind themſelves into our ſweeteſt flow'rs,
And ev'n the joy that haply ſome poor heart
Derives from heav'n, pure as the fountain is,
Is ſullied in the ſtream.

Flowers and fruit, are the means of much pleaſure in this paſſage.

So glide my life away; and ſo at laſt,
My ſhare of duties decently fulfilled,
May ſome diſeaſe, not tardy to perform
Its deſtin'd office, yet with gentle ſtroke,
Diſmiſs me weary to a ſafe retreat
Beneath the turf that I have often trod.
It ſhall not grieve me then, that once when called
To dreſs a ſofa with the flow'rs of verſe,
I play'd awhile, obedient to the fair,
With that light taſk, but ſoon to pleaſe her more
Whom flow'rs alone I knew would little pleaſe,
Let fall the unfiniſh'd wreath, and roved for fruit.
Roved far and gather'd much. Some harſh, 'tis true,
Pick'd from the thorns and briars of reproof,
But wholeſome, well digeſted. Grateful ſome
To palates that can taſte immortal truth,
Inſipid elſe, and ſure to be deſpiſed.

The *flower* is, with much ſimplicity and much effect, thus alluded to by the ſame Author.

Life is the gift, from whom whate'er life needs
And ev'ry good and perfect gift proceeds;
Beſtow'd on man, like all that we partake,

Royally

Royally, freely, for his bounty ſake.
Tranſient indeed, as is the fleeting hour,
And yet the ſeed of an immortal flow'r,
Deſign'd, in honour of his endleſs love,
To fill with fragrance his abode above.
No trifle, howſoever ſhort it ſeem,
And howſoever ſhadowy, no dream;
Its value, what no thought can aſcertain,
Nor all an angel's eloquence explain.

Very ſweet is the effect produced by the introduction of *laurels* and *flowers*, in Hayley's ESSAY ON PAINTING.

Though up the mountain winds the arduous road
That leads to pure perfection's bright abode,
In humbler walks ſome tempting laurels grow,
Some flowers are gather'd in the vale below.

Men, as in Homer and in Eccleſiaſticus, are by Young with much effect compared to *leaves*.

Truth bids me look on men as autumn leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the ſummer's duſt.

The *autumnal leaf* is moſt elegantly alluded to by Shakeſpear, in his MACBETH.

My way of life
Is fallen into the ſear, the yellow leaf.

Leaves in general, and other images, are produced with ſweet effect in TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The birds chaunt melody on every buſh,
The ſnake lies rolled in the cheerful ſun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd ſhadow on the ground.

Branches and leaves form an agreeable image, in the following lines

lines of Cowper.

Mighty winds
That ſweep the ſkirt of ſome far-ſpreading wood
Of ancient growth, make muſic not unlike
The daſh of ocean on his winding ſhore,
And lull the ſpirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blaſt,
And all their leaves faſt flutt'ring, all at once.

The *colours* of the ſeveral kinds of *leaves* are thus agreeably depicted by the ſame author; I know not that they have ever been noticed before by the poet's eye.

No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler ſome,
And of a wanniſh grey; the willow ſuch
And poplar, that with ſilver lines his leaf,
And aſh far-ſtretching his umbrageous arm.
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper ſtill,
Lord of the woods, the long-ſurviving oak.
Some gloſſy-leav'd and ſhining in the ſun,
The maple, and the beech with oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffuſing odors: not unnoted paſs
The ſycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in ſcarlet honors bright.

The *ſhade of leaves moved by the wind* (not an uncommon image in poetry) is thus deſcribed by the ſame Author.

While beneath
The chequer'd earth ſeems reſtleſs as a flood
Bruſh'd by the wind. So ſportive is the light

Shot

Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and ſunſhine intermingling quick,
And dark'ning and enlight'ning, as the leaves
Play wanton, ev'ry moment, ev'ry ſpot.

The *fern* and the *furze* have not eſcaped the pencil of this bard.

The common overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly goſs, that ſhapeleſs and deform
And dang'rous to the touch, has yet its bloom
And decks itſelf with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleaſing ramble; there the turf
Smells freſh, and rich in odoriferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the ſenſe
With luxury of unexpected ſweets.

The moſt *common hedge-row fruits*, and ſeveral other images from rural nature, are thus preſented to us by the ſame writer.

For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of graſſy ſwarth cloſe cropt by nibbling ſheep,
And ſkirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers brink,
E'er ſince a truant boy I paſs'd my bounds
To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames.
I fed on ſcarlet hips and ſtony haws,
Or bluſhing crabs, or berries that imboſs
The bramble black as jet, or ſloes auſtere.

Rural nature ſtript of all her vernal, and ſummer beauties, is made agreeable to us by the ſame writer.

Cities then
Attract us, and neglected nature pines
Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love.

But

But are not wholeſome airs, though unperfumed
By roſes, and clear ſuns, though ſcarcely felt,
And groves, if unharmonious yet ſecure
From clamour, and whoſe very ſilence charms,
To be prefer'd to ſmoke, to the eclipſe
That Metropolitan volcanos make,
Whoſe Stygian throats breathe darkneſs all day long,
And to the ſtir of commerce, driving ſlow
And thund'ring loud, with his ten thouſand wheels?

Berries, nettles, and the very graſs of the fields, are made to yield us pleaſure in Shakeſpear's HENRY V.

The ſtrawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholeſome berries thrive and ripen beſt
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs, which no doubt
Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.

Again in RICHARD II.

Yield ſtinging nettles to my enemies;
And when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder.

A mere *ſhade* when it appears to be the *ſhade of a tree* is gratifying to the imagination. Elſe why are we pleaſed with theſe lines of Shakeſpear's HENRY V.

There's not a ſubject
That ſits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs
Under the ſweet ſhade of your government.

LECTURE X.

HAVING dwelt ſo long upon the *minutiæ of nature*, and ſhewn that there is ſcarce any natural production, however ſmall and however common, which has not a power of pleaſing the imagination when painted or alluded to in verſe, let us now take notice of images of greater importance which have not yet been conſidered.

Water, ſtill or in motion, roaring as a *torrent*, gliding in the channel of a *river*, expanded into a *lake*, falling in *ſhowers*, or glittering in *dew-drops*, has great power to pleaſe, when reflected from the mirror of the poet.

The *torrent* is thus preſented to us by Shakeſpear, but with no peculiar attraction, in his HENRY V.

Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
With ſuch a heady current, ſcouring faults.

Dyer introduces the *ſhower* and the *river*, with much ſweeter effect, thus,

The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in queſt of food;
And ſhift their little home's uncertain ſcene
With frequent farewell: ſtrangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No ſweet fall of rain

May

May there be heard; nor ſweeter liquid laſpe
Of rivers, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs.

Beautifully deſcriptive of the ſilent progreſs of a *full ſtream* is the following line of Shakeſpear's HENRY VI. Part II.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

A *mighty river* is thus admirably depicted by Denham, when contemplating the Thames from Cooper's hill.

When a calm river rais'd with ſudden rains
Or ſnows diſſolv'd, o'erflows the adjoining plains,
The huſbandmen with high-rais'd banks ſecure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they ſtrive to force
His channel to a new or narrow courſe,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
Firſt to a torrent, then a deluge ſwells:
Stronger and fiercer by reſtraint, he roars,
And knows no bounds, but makes his power his ſhores.

A *current* of inferior ſtrength is thus elegantly deſcribed by Shakeſpear, in his TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſic with th' enamel'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild oceän.

The *caſcade*, or ſudden *fall of a river*, is ſweetly deſcribed by Spenſer, at the cloſe of the following paſſage.

Unto

Unto old Timon he me brought bylive;
Old Timon, who in youthful years hath been
In warlike feats th' experteſt man alive,
And is the wiſeſt now on earth I ween;
His dwelling is low in a valley green,
Under the foot of Rauran moſsy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as ſilver clean,
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle rore.

The *torrent* is finely deſcribed by Thomſon.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent ſwell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erſpread,
At laſt the rous'd-up river pours along:
Reſiſtleſs, roaring, dreadful down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the moſſy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and ſounding far;
Then o'er the ſanded valley floating ſpreads,
Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent, till again, conſtrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it burſts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

The *trout-ſtream* and the method of angling for its inhabitant, are thus accurately deſcribed by the ſame Author.

Juſt in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling ſtream, or where it boils
Around the ſtone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the deluſive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the ſpringing game.

Strait

Strait as above the ſurface of the flood
They wanton riſe, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly toſſing to the graſſy bank,
And to the ſhelving ſhore ſlow-dragging ſome,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If, yet too young and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs prey ſcarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the ſhort ſpace
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw. But ſhould you lure
From his dark haunt beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to try your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly,
And oft attempts to ſeize it, but as oft
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear.
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes his death
With ſullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line:
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,

And

And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gaily drag your unreſiſting prize.

The *winter mill-ſtream* is thus deſcribed by Cowper.

On the flood
Indurated and fixt the ſnowy weight
Lies undiſſolved, while ſilently beneath
And unperceived the current ſteals away.
Not ſo, where ſcornful of a check it leaps
The mill-dam, daſhes on the reſtleſs wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulph below.
No froſt can bind it there. Its utmoſt force
Can but arreſt the light and ſmoky miſt
That in its fall the liquid ſheet throws wide.
And ſee where it has hung th' embroider'd banks
With forms ſo various, that no pow'rs of art,
The pencil or the pen, may trace the ſcene.

A *ſmall ſtream* is very agreeably introduced in the following paſſage of the ſame Author.

Encomium in old time was poet's work.
But poets having laviſhly long ſince
Exhauſted all materials of the art,
The taſk now falls into the public hand.
And I contented with an humble theme,
Have poured my ſtream of panegyric down
The vale of nature, where it creeps and winds
Among her lovely works, with a ſecure
And unambitious courſe, reflecting clear
If not the virtues yet the worth of brutes.

The *river* forms a very charming image in the following lines of his RETIREMENT.

The

The tide of life, ſwift always in its courſe,
May run in cities with a briſker force,
But no where with a current ſo ſerene
Or half ſo clear, as in the rural ſcene.

Hayley gives no ſmall pleaſure, when he ſpeaks, in his ESSAY ON PAINTING,

Of that ſweet vale, where ſilver Arno flows.

The ſame Author, ſpeaking of *Vega*, thus admirably illuſtrates his critique by the image of a *torrent*.

Impetuous poet! whoſe full brain ſupplied
Such floods of verſe, and in ſo quick a tide,
Their rapid ſwell, by its unrivall'd height,
Pleas'd, yet produc'd more wonder than delight.
Though thy free rhyme from Fancy's fountain guſh,
And with the grandeur of the torrent ruſh,
Its troubled ſtreams in dark diſorder roam,
With all the torrent's noiſe, and all its foam.

The *river* is thus deſcribed by Warton.

Avon, thy rural views, thy paſtures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled ſedge,
Thy brink with wat'ry foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy ſurface with reflected verdure ting'd,
Sooth me with many a penſive pleaſure mild.

A *ſmall ſtream* is thus deſcribed by Crowe.

Thou nameleſs rivulet, who from the ſide
Of Leweſdon ſoftly welling forth, doſt trip
Adown the valley, wandering ſportively,
Alas, how ſoon thy little courſe will end!
How ſoon thy infant ſtream ſhall loſe itſelf

In

In the ſalt maſs of waters, ere it grow
To name or greatneſs! Yet it flows along
Untainted with the commerce of the world,
Nor paſſing by the noiſy haunts of men,
But through ſequeſter'd meads, a little ſpace,
Winds ſecretly, and in its wanton path
May cheer ſome drooping flower, or miniſter
Of its cool water to the thirſty lamb:
Then falls into the ravenous ſea, as pure
As when it iſſued from its native hill.

Maſon, giving directions for rural improvements, ſays,

Fancy here
Muſt lead, not follow labour; ſhe muſt tell
In what peculiar place the ſoil ſhall riſe,
Where ſink; preſcribe what form each ſluice ſhall wear,
And how direct its courſe; whether to ſpread
Broad as a lake, or as a river pent
By fringed banks, weave its irriguous way
Through lawn and ſhade alternate.

The ſame Author, at another place, ſays

Turn to this clear rill,
Which, while I bid your bold ambition ceaſe,
Runs murmuring at my ſide. O'er many a rood
Your ſkill may lead the wanderer; many a mound
Of pebbles raiſe, to fret her in her courſe
Impatient: louder then will be her ſong:
For ſhe will 'plain and gurgle as ſhe goes,
As does the widow'd ringdove. Take, vain pomp,
Thy lakes, thy long canals, thy trim caſcades.
Beyond them all, true taſte will dearly prize

This

This little dimpling treaſure. Mark the cleft,
Through which ſhe burſts to day.
Addreſſing the water-nymph, he ſays prettily,
Thy wanton waters, volatile and free,
Shall wildly warble, as they pleaſe,
Their ſoft loquacious harmony.
Where thou and nature bid them rove,
There will I gently aid their way;
Whether to darken in the ſhadowy grove,
Or, in the mead, reflect the dancing ray.

Again, in his ELFRIDA, he thus introduces the image of a *ſmall ſtream*, when ſpeaking of

Virtue's tow'ring hill.
That hill, at whoſe low foot weak-warbling ſtrays
The ſcanty ſtream of human praiſe,
A ſhallow trickling rill.
While on the ſummit hov'ring angels ſhed,
From their bleſt pinions, the nectareous dews
Of rich immortal fame: from theſe the muſe
Oft ſteals ſome precious drops, and ſkilful blends
With thoſe the lower fountain lends;
Then ſhow'rs it all on ſome high-favour'd head.
But thou, Elfrida, claim'ſt the genuine dew;
Thy worth demands it all,
Pure and unmixt, on thee the holy drops ſhall fall.

The *torrent* is deſcribed by him, in the following terrific paſſage of CARACTACUS.

Mute till then was ev'ry plain,
Save where the flood o'er mountains rude
Tumbled his tide amain,

And

And Echo from th' impending wood
Reſounded the hoarſe ſtrain;
While from the north the ſullen gale
With hollow whiſtlings ſhook the vale;
Diſmal notes, and anſwer'd ſoon
By ſavage howl the heaths among,
What time the wolf doth bay the trembling moon,
And thin the bleating throng.

The *river* is prettily deſcribed in the following lines of Bowles.

Cherwell, how pleas'd along thy willow'd edge
Erewhile I ſtray'd, or when the morn began
To tinge the diſtant turret's gleamy fan,
Or evening glimmer'd o'er the ſighing ſedge.

Much lively deſcription of *water*, in all its forms, appears in the following lines of Cowper.

Nor leſs compoſure waits upon the roar
Of diſtant floods, or on the ſofter voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that ſlip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon looſe pebbles, loſe themſelves at length
In matted graſs, that with a livelier green
Betrays the ſecret of their ſilent courſe.

The *Lake* is thus charmingly pictured by Hayley, in his TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

Pure was her boſom as the ſilver lake,
Ere riſing winds the ruffled water ſhake,
When the bright pageants of the morning ſky
Acroſs th' expanſive mirror lightly fly,
By vernal gales in quick ſucceſſion driven,
While the clear glaſs reflects the ſmile of heaven.

A very

A very agreeable image from *water diſturbed by ſomething caſt into it* appears in Shakeſpear's HENRY VI. Part 1.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
Till by broad ſpreading it diſperſe to nought.

Still water, and the efforts of the diver, are agreeably introduced in theſe lines of Cowper.

A life all turbulence and noiſe, may ſeem
To him that leads it, wiſe and to be prais'd;
But wiſdom is a pearl with moſt ſucceſs
Sought in ſtill waters, and beneath clear ſkies.
He that is ever occupied in ſtorms,
Or dives not for it, or brings up inſtead,
Vainly induſtrious, a diſgraceful prize.

The *fall of rain* is ſweetly alluded to in the following ſhort paſſage from Dryden's SPANISH FRIAR.

O words to charm an angel from his orb!
Welcome as kindly ſhowers to long-parch'd earth.

A common image, but which I never recollect to have met with before in Poetry, appears in theſe lines of Hayley's TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

A filmy mantle round her figure play'd,
Fine as the texture by Arachne laid
O'er ſome young plant, when glittering to the view
With many an orient pearl of morning dew.

A pretty paſſage of this kind occurs in Maſon's CARACTACUS.

Thrice do we ſprinkle thee with day-break dew
Shook from the may-thorn bloſſom.

LECTURE XI.

AFTER *Rivers and Torrents* we may with propriety take notice of that grandeſt of all images from water, *the Ocean*, which is finely deſcribed or alluded to by many of our poets.

An *inundation of the ſea* is thus depicted, as a compariſon, by Shakeſpear in his HENRY V.

For you ſhall read, that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurniſh'd kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach
With ample and brimfulneſs of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot aſſays,
Girding with grievous ſiege caſtles and towns,
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

The image of a *calm ſea* and a veſſel about to ſail, are agreeably raiſed by Young, in theſe ſerious lines.

Our heart ſhould leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcaſes to mend the ſoil.
Enough to live in tempeſt, die in port.
Age ſhould fly concourſe, cover in retreat
Defects of judgement, and the will ſubdue;

Walk

Walk thoughtful on the ſilent ſolemn ſhore
Of that vaſt Ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon,
And put good works on board, and wait the wind
That ſhortly blows us into worlds unknown.

A very fine deſcription of the *Deep*, during a paſſage from the Britiſh to the French coaſt, is given us by Dyer.

Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecomb mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious ſcene.
Yet ſteady o'er the waves they ſteer: and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide
In boundleſs magnitude around them ſwells;
O'er whoſe imaginary brim, nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light
Millions of leagues aloft: heaven's azure vault
Bends over-head majeſtic to its baſe,
Uninterrupted clear circumference;
Till, riſing o'er the flickering waves, the cape
Of Finiſterre, a cloudy ſpot, appears.

A *calm Southern ſea* is thus admirably pictured by the ſame Author.

With eaſy courſe
The veſſels glide, unleſs their ſpeed be ſtop'd
By dead calms that oft lie on thoſe ſmooth ſeas,
While every zephyr ſleeps: then the ſhrouds drop;
The downy feather on the cordage hung
Moves not; the flat ſea ſhines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire, or like the marble floor
Of ſome old temple wide. But where ſo wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor

Did

Did ever temple boaſt as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At ſolemn diſtances its pillars riſe,
Sofal's blue rocks, Moſambic's palmy ſteeps,
And lofty Madagaſcar's glittering ſhores.

In the following lines of Fenton, the littleneſs of man is agreeably illuſtrated, by an alluſion in which the *Deep* has its place; but the chief beauty of the paſſage ariſes, from his noticing ſo ingeniouſly the colours which are reflected from the ſurface of a *bubble*; an image which I believe to be original, having never met with it before.

On the vaſt ocean of his wonders here,
We momentary bubbles ride,
Till, cruſh'd by the tempeſtuous tide,
Sunk in the parent flood we diſappear:
We, who ſo gaudy on the waters ſhone,
Proud, like the flowery bow, with beauties not our own.

Addiſon has moſt agreeably introduced a *ſmooth ſea*, in his CATO.

Vent all thy paſſion, and I'll ſtand the ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer ſea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its ſurface.

A perſon ſwimming againſt a *rough ſea* is admirably deſcribed by Shakeſpear, in his TEMPEST.

I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To the ſhore.

A deſcrip-

A deſcription of the ſame kind appears in Otway's VENICE PRESERVED. Jaffier ſpeaks.

To your boat
You made for ſafety; enter'd firſt yourſelf:
The affrighted Belvidera following next,
As ſhe ſtood trembling on the veſſel's ſide,
Was by a wave waſh'd off into the deep;
When inſtantly I plung'd into the ſea,
And buffeting the billows to her reſcue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loſs of mine.
Like a rich conqueſt in one hand I bore her,
And with the other daſh'd the ſaucy waves
That throng'd and preſs'd to rob me of my prize:
I brought her, gave her to your deſpairing arms.
Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude
Roſe in her ſoul, for from that hour ſhe lov'd me,
Till for her life, ſhe paid me with herſelf.

The *ſmooth ſea* is introduced with great effect in the following paſſage of Dryden's ŒDIPUS.

O wretched man, whoſe too too buſy thoughts
Ride ſwifter than the galloping heav'ns around,
With an eternal hurry of the ſoul.
Nay there's a time when ev'n the rolling year
Seems to ſtand ſtill, dead calms are in the ocean,
When not a breath diſturbs the drowzy waves:
But man, the very monſter of the world,
Is never at reſt.

The *ſmooth ſea* is more fully deſcribed in his DON SEBASTIAN.

The tempeſt is o'erblown, the ſkies are clear,
And the ſea charm'd into a calm ſo ſtill,

That

That not a wrinkle ruffles her ſmooth face.
A. Juſt ſo ſhe ſhews before the riſing ſtorm:
And therefore am I come with timely ſpeed
To warn you into port.

The *fall of the wave upon the ſhore* is thus agreeably deſcribed at the end of Shakeſpear's TIMON OF ATHENS. Speaking of Timon's grave, he ſays,

Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Which once a day with his imboſſed froth
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover.

The *Sea in a ſtorm* is finely deſcribed in his OTHELLO.

M. What from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?
G. Nothing at all—it is a high wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heavens and the main
Deſcry a ſail.
M. Methinks the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land.
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements.
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortiſe? what ſhall we hear of this?
G. A ſegregation of the Turkiſh fleet.
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,
The chiding billows ſeem to pelt the clouds;
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever fired pole.
I never did like moleſtation view
On th' enchafed flood.

In a ſtate more quiet, the *Ocean* is again thus ſpoken of, in the ſame

ſame play.

Let's to the ſea ſide,
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Ev'n till we make the main and th' aërial blue
An indiſtinct regard.

The *tempeſtuous ſea* is again, with ſome hyperbole, thus deſcribed in the ſame piece.

If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death,
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As Hell's from Heav'n.

The *Ocean* is mentioned again in the following ſenſible paſſage of his JULIUS CÆSAR.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now afloat,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.

The *rude ſea* is an agreeable image, in the following lines of Churchill.

Great are his perils, in this ſtormy time,
Who raſhly ventures on a ſea of rhyme.
Around vaſt ſurges roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quickſands lurk below.

It is ſtill more pleaſing, in theſe lines of Maſon.

One native glory, more than all ſublime,

Alcander's

Alcander's ſcene poſſeſs'd. 'Twas Ocean's ſelf.
He, boiſt'rous king, againſt the eaſtern cliffs
Daſh'd his white foam.

The laſt inſtance which I ſhall quote, is from Cowper's RETIREMENT; where he thus deſcribes the *Deep*, as calm, as agitated, and as again compoſed.

Ocean exhibits, fathomleſs and broad,
Much of the pow'r and majeſty of God.
He ſwathes about the ſwelling of the deep,
That ſhines and reſts, as infants ſmile and ſleep.
Vaſt as it is, it anſwers as it flows
The breathings of the lighteſt air that blows;
Curling and whit'ning over all the waſte,
The riſing waves obey th' increaſing blaſt;
Abrupt and horrid as the tempeſt roars,
Thunder and flaſh upon the ſtedfaſt ſhores;
'Till he that rides the whirlwind, checks the rein,
Then, all the world of waters ſleeps again.

After having mentioned the *ſea*, we may notice a very grand image from art which is connected with it, *the ſhip*. There are many inſtances, in which it is made an agreeable object in Poetry. It has occaſionally appeared with much grace, in ſeveral of our later extracts, as a companion to the *Ocean*. The *Ocean* will be found, in its turn, to have a peculiar grace, as a companion to the *Veſſel*.

The firſt inſtance which preſents itſelf, is from Shakeſpear's HENRY VI. Part III.

What though the maſt be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor loſt,

And

And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot ſtill.

The ſecond, which amounts only to a ſtrong metaphorical alluſion, is from Prior.

Let wit her ſails, her oars let wiſdom lend,
The helm let politic experience guide,
Yet ceaſe to hope, thy ſhort-liv'd bark ſhall ride
Down ſpreading fate's unnavigable tide.
What though ſtill it farther tend,
Still 'tis farther from its end,
And in the boſom of that boundleſs ſea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

The *ſhip in a ſtorm* is finely repreſented, as a compariſon, in Shakeſpear's TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats do ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold,
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cuts,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like Perſeus' horſe: where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Corival'd greatneſs?

Dryden, in his INDIAN EMPEROR, has finely deſcribed the *European ſhips* firſt appearing upon the Mexican coaſt.

O. My brother Guyomar! methinks I ſpy
Haſte in his ſteps, and wonder in his eye.

M. I ſent

M. I ſent thee to the frontiers—quickly tell
The cauſe of thy return; are all things well?
G. I went in order, Sir, to your command,
To view the utmoſt limits of the land:
To that ſea-ſhore where no more world is found,
But foaming billows breaking on the ground.
Where for awhile my eyes no object met,
But diſtant ſkies that in the ocean ſet,
And low-hung clouds that dipt themſelves in rain,
To ſhake their fleeces on the earth again.
At laſt, as far as I could caſt my eyes,
Upon the ſea ſomewhat methought did riſe
Like blueiſh miſts, which ſtill appearing more,
Took dreadful ſhapes, and mov'd towards the ſhore.
M. What forms did theſe new wonders repreſent?
G. More ſtrange than what your wonder can invent.
The object I could firſt diſtinctly view
Was tall ſtraight trees, which on the waters flew,
Wings on their ſides inſtead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow;
And at their roots were floating palaces,
Whoſe out-blown bellies cut the yielding ſeas.
M. What divine monſters, O ye Gods, are theſe
That float in air, and fly upon the ſeas!
Came they alive or dead upon the ſhore?
G. Alas, they live, too ſure, I heard them roar:
All turned their ſides, and to each other ſpoke,
I ſaw their words break out in fire and ſmoke.
Sure, 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
Or theſe the younger brothers of the ſky:

Deaf

Deaf with the noiſe I took my haſty flight,
No mortal courage can ſupport the fright.

The *ſhip*, as an image, is elegantly introduced by Young, when he ſays

The world's a ſtately bark, on dangerous ſeas
With pleaſure ſeen, but boarded at our peril.

Shakeſpear, in his TIMON OF ATHENS, brings the image of a *ſhip* very agreeably to our minds, when he ſpeaks of the ſhocks

That nature's fragile veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyage.

Milton's deſcription of the *Ark* is admirable.

The floating veſſel ſwum
Uplifted, and ſecure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves.

Dryden gives us a terrific picture of the *ſhip of war*, in theſe lines.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty ſtrength,
Whoſe low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves:
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She ſeems a ſea-waſp flying on the waves.

The *boat paſſing a ſtrait* is thus finely deſcribed by Spenſer.

Forward they paſs, and ſtrongly he them rows,
Until they nigh unto that gulf arrive,
Where ſtream more violent and greedy grows:
Then he with all his puïſſance doth ſtrive
To ſtrike his oars, and mightily doth drive
The hollow veſſel through the threatful wave;
Which gaping wide to ſwallow them alive
In th' huge abyſs of his engulfing grave,
Doth roar at them in vain, and with great terror rave.

So

So forth they rowed: and that ferryman
With his ſtiff oars did bruſh the ſea ſo ſtrong,
That the hoar waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles danced all along.

Two combatants are ſublimely compared, by the ſame Author, to *two veſſels engaging*.

Their fiery ſteeds with ſo untamed force,
Did bear them both to fell avenge's end,
That both their ſpears with pitileſs remorſe
Through ſhield and mail and habergeon did wend,
And in their fleſh a grieſly paſſage rend,
That with the fury of their own affret
Each other's horſe and man to ground did ſend;
Where lying ſtill awhile, both did forget
The per'lous preſent ſtound in which their lives were ſet.

As when two warlike brigandines at ſea,
With murderous weapons arm'd to cruel fight,
Do meet together on the wat'ry lea,
They ſtem each other with ſo fell deſpite,
That with the ſhock of their own needleſs might
Their wooden ribs are ſhaken nigh aſunder;
They which from ſhore behold the dreadful ſight
Of blazing fire, and hear the ordnance thunder,
Do greatly ſtand amaz'd at ſuch unwonted wonder.

Shakeſpear, in his ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, has attempted a deſcription of Cleopatra's ſailing down the Cydnus, and Dryden, in his ALL FOR LOVE, has attempted to improve upon it, but without ſucceſs. Both are gaudy, and artificial, full of conceit, and ſcarce worthy to be noticed.

A

As we have introduced one image from art, we may ſpeak of a few more, which are rendered agreeable by the Poets who uſe them.

The *flag* and *enſign* are mentioned, in a manner uncommonly bold, but elegant, by Shakeſpear in his ROMEO AND JULIET.

Oh my love, my wife,
Death that hath ſuck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon on thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

In HAMLET he ſpeaks as boldly, of

The *ſlings* and *arrows* of outrageous fortune.

Cowper elegantly compares a ſeminary of learning to a *quiver full of arrows*.

See then the quiver broken and decay'd
In which are kept our arrows. Ruſting there
In wild diſorder and unfit for uſe,
What wonder, if diſcharged into the world
They ſhame their ſhooters with a random flight,
Their points obtuſe and feathers drunk with wine.
Well may the church wage unſucceſsful war,
With ſuch artill'ry arm'd. Vice parries wide
Th' undreaded volley with a ſword of ſtraw,
And ſtands an impudent and fearleſs mark.

The above paſſage ſtrongly reminds us of one of the Pſalms, in which young children are compared to *arrows* in the hand of a giant, and it is declared, that 'Happy is the man that hath his *quiver* full of them.'

The ſame image is finely adopted by the ſame Author, in another paſſage.

paſſage.

The infidel has ſhot his bolts away,
Till his exhauſted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted ſhafts that have recoiled,
And aims them at the ſhield of truth again.

The ſame writer has admirably deſcribed the effect of *bells* at a diſtance.

How ſoft the muſic of thoſe village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence ſweet! now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder ſtill,
Clear and ſonorous as the gale comes on.

Milton and Gray have both noticed the *curfew*, the one as 'tol-'ling the knell of a departed day,' the other as

Over ſome wide water'd ſhore
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar.

The *funeral bell* is ſtrikingly noticed by Maſon.

The midnight clock has toll'd; and hark the bell
Of death beats ſlow! heard ye the note profound?
It pauſes now; and now, with riſing knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its ſullen ſound.

The effect of *bells* is very ſweetly deſcribed by Bowles.

How ſweet the tuneful bells reſponſive peal!
* with leſſening cadence now they fall,
And now, along the white and level tide,
They fling their melancholy muſic wide;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of ſummer-days, and thoſe delightful years
When by my native ſtreams, in life's fair prime,

The

The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First wak'd my wond'ring childhood into tears.

LECTURE XII.

NOT to dwell longer on images of art, when there are more of nature which remain to be noticed, I return again to the channel from which I have digreſſed. Hitherto we have treated of *inanimate* nature, we will now ſpeak of images from *animated* nature.

Animals, when ingeniouſly and accurately deſcribed, or incidentally mentioned, open a very free ſource of pleaſure to the imagination.

The *ram* is thus deſcribed by Dyer in his FLEECE.

> The proud ram
> With jealous eye ſurveys the ſpacious field;
> All rivals keep aloof, or deſperate war
> Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
> And fury irreſiſtible, they daſh
> Their hardy frontlets; the wide vale reſounds,
> The flock amazed ſtands ſafe afar; and oft
> Each to the other's might a victim falls,
> As fell of old, before that engine's ſway
> Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
> The beauteous towers of Salem to the duſt.

The *new-born lamb*, is moſt delicately and juſtly depicted by the ſame

ſame Author.

In flowery ſpring-time when the new-dropt lamb,
Tott'ring with weakneſs by his mother's ſide,
Feels the freſh world about him, and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet,
O guard his meek ſweet innocence from all
Th' innumerable ills that ruſh around his life.

The *horſe* at full ſpeed, with a meſſenger on his back, is thus deſcribed by Shakeſpear, in his HENRY IV. Part II. It would give us more pleaſure, did it not remind us of a paſſage in the book of Job, with which it will not endure to be compared.

He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold.
With that he gave his able horſe the head,
And bending forwards, ſtruck his agile heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

The *horſe* is depicted in a maſterly ſtyle, in the following free lines upon ſlavery, to be found in Cowper's poem ſtiled CHARITY.

But ſlav'ry! virtue dreads it as her grave,
Patience itſelf is meanneſs in a ſlave:
Or if the will and ſovereignty of God
Bid ſuffer it awhile, and kiſs the rod,
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
And ſnap the chain the moment when you may.
Nature imprints upon whate'er we ſee
That has a heart and life in it, be free;
The beaſts are chartered, neither age nor force

Can

Can quell the love of freedom in a horſe:
He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
And conſcious of an unencumber'd back,
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
Looſe fly his forelock and his ample mane,
Reſponſive to the diſtant neigh he neighs,
Nor ſtops, till overleaping all delays,
He finds the paſture where his fellows graze.

The *dog* is thus deſcribed in Shakeſpear's KING JOHN, as ſnarling, I preſume, at an infant, ſince to an infant the poet has compared peace at another place.

Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majeſty
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.

The *noiſe of hounds* is very charmingly deſcribed in his MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſiön
Of hounds and echo in conjunctïion.
I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

The *hound* is afterwards thus elegantly deſcribed.

My hounds were bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells
Each under each, a cry more tunable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

The *chace* is very agreeably alluded to in theſe lines of Young.

Here

Here like a ſhepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his ſtaff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I ſee;
I ſee the circling hunt of noiſy men
Burſt law's encloſure, leap the mounds of right,
Purſuing and purſued, each other's prey.

The ſagacity and fidelity of the *dog*, are finely alluded to in the following lines of Cowper.

In ſome are found
Such teachable and apprehenſive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Match'd with th' expertneſs of the brutes in theirs,
Are oftimes vanquiſh'd and thrown far behind.
Some ſhew that nice ſagacity of ſmell,
And read, with ſuch diſcernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his ſecret aim,
That oft we owe our ſafety to a ſkill
We could not teach, and muſt deſpair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to ſtoop
To quadruped inſtructors, many a good
And uſeful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourſelves.
Attachment never to be wean'd, or changed
By any change of fortune, proof alike
Againſt unkindneſs, abſence, and neglect;
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp, and gratitude for ſmall
And trivial favours, laſting as the life,
And gliſt'ning even in the dying eye.

The *hare* is agreeably introduced in Dryden's RIVAL LADIES.

Is

Is this an hour for valiant men to fight?
They love the ſun ſhould witneſs what they do;
Cowards have courage when they ſee not death:
And fearfull hares, that ſkulk in forms all day,
Yet fight their feeble quarrels by the moonlight.

The *bull* is finely deſcribed in his ALMANZOR AND ALMAHIDE.

One bull, with curled black head beyond the reſt,
And dewlap hanging from his brawny cheſt,
With nodding front awhile did daring ſtand,
And with his jetty hoof ſpurned back the ſand:
Then leaping forth, he bellowed out aloud:
Th' amazed aſſiſtants back each other crowd,
While monarch-like he ranged the liſted field,
Some toſſed, ſome gored, ſome trampling down he killed.

The *winter bear* is finely deſcribed by Thomſon.

There through the piny foreſt half abſorpt,
Rough tenant of theſe ſhades, the ſhapeleſs bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the ſtorms increaſe,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And with ſtern patience, ſcorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.

Smith, in his PHÆDRA AND HYPOLITUS, gives us an admirable deſcription of the *wild boar*.

That fatal evening we purſued the chaſe,
When from behind the wood, with ruſtling ſound,
A monſtrous boar ruſhed forth; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his ſtiff pointed briſtles
Roſe high above his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tuſk, and churning hideous foam.

Then.

Then, then, Hypolitus flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,
He launch'd the whistling spear; the well aim'd javelin
Pierc'd his tough hide, and quivered in his heart;
The monster fell, and gnashing with huge tusk,
Plow'd up the crimson earth.

The *Whale* is with much dignity described by Darwin.

So, warm and buoyant in his oily mail,
Gambols on seas of ice the unwieldy whale;
Wide-waving fins round floating islands urge
His bulk gigantic through the troubled surge;
With hideous yawn the flying shoals he seeks,
Or clasps with fringe of horn his massy cheeks,
Lifts o'er the tossing wave his nostrils bare,
And spouts pellucid columns into air.

The *slighted ox* is an agreeable image in the following passage of Dryden's DUKE OF GUISE.

What's our reward? our offices are lost;
Turn'd out like labour'd oxen after harvest,
To the bare common of the wither'd field.

The *Cattle of the field* are thus mentioned by Young.

Go, mock majesty, go, man,
And bow to thy superiors of the stall,
Through every scene of sense superior far;
They graze the turf untill'd, they drink the stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs;
Mankind's peculiar, reason's precious dower.
No foreign clime they ransack for their robes,
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;

Their

Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
They find a paradiſe in every field.

The *cat* is moſt elegantly deſcribed by Gray.

'Twas on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow,
Demureſt of the tabby kind
The penſive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet and emerald eyes—
She ſaw, and purr'd applauſe.

The *hare* and *ſtock-dove* have their grace in the following paſſage of Cowper; the *ſquirrel* is admirable.

Here unmoleſted, through whatever ſign
The ſun proceeds, I wander. Neither miſts
Nor freezing ſky, nor ſultry, checking me,
Nor ſtranger intermeddling with my joy.
Ev'n in the ſpring and play time of the year
That calls the unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a ſportive train,
To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daiſies, or to pick
A cheap but wholeſome ſallad from the brook,
Theſe ſhades are all my own. The tim'rous hare
Grown ſo familiar with her frequent gueſt,
Scarce ſhuns me; and the ſtock-dove unalarm'd

Sits

Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor ſuſpends
His long love ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in ſome lonely elm
That age or injury has hollow'd deep,
Where on his bed of wool and matted leaves
He has outſlept the winter, ventures forth
To friſk awhile and baſk in the warm ſun,
The ſquirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play.
He ſees me, and at once, ſwift as a bird,
Aſcends the neighb'ring beech; there whiſks his bruſh,
And perks his ears, and ſtamps, and ſcolds aloud,
With all the prettineſs of feigned alarm,
And anger inſignificantly fierce.

The ſame Author has elegantly deſcribed himſelf, under the image of a *wounded deer*; and, if I miſtake not, the perſon who heals him is the Saviour of the world. The metaphor is admirable.

I was a ſtricken deer that left the herd
Long ſince; with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting ſide was charged; when I withdrew
To ſeek a tranquil death in diſtant ſhades.
There was I found by one, who had himſelf
Been hurt by th' archers. In his ſide he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel ſcars.
With gentle force ſoliciting the darts
He drew them forth, and healed and bade me live.
Since then, with few aſſociates, in remote
And ſilent woods I wander, far from thoſe
My former partners of the peopled ſcene,
With few aſſociates, and not wiſhing more.

The above paſſage will inſtantly bring to the readers recollection the

the *deer* of Shakeſpear.

Come, ſhall we go and kill us venïſon;
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſart city,
Should in their old confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.
L. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Jacques* grieves at this:
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſhed you.
To day my Lord of *Amiens* and myſelf
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh: and indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Courſed one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jacques*,
Stood in th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

The *flock* and the *ſheep-ſhearing* of Thomſon form an admirable inſtance of the effect of this kind of deſcription.

In one diffuſive band
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compelled, to where the mazy-running brook

Forms

Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair ſpreading in a pebbled ſhore.
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the ſoft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly ſides. And oft the ſwain,
On ſome impatient ſeizing, hurls them in:
Emboldened then, nor heſitating more,
Faſt, faſt, they plunge amid the flaſhing wave,
And panting labour to the fartheſt ſhore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-waſhed fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is baniſhed by the ſordid ſtream.
Heavy and dripping to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmleſs race; where, as they ſpread
Their ſwelling treaſures to the ſunny ray,
Inly diſturbed and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and toſſed from rock to rock,
Inceſſant bleatings run around the hills.
At laſt, of ſnowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous preſſed
Head above head; and ranged in luſty rows
The Shepherds ſit, and whet the ſounding ſhears.
* their joyous taſk goes on apace:
Some mingling ſtir the melted tar, and ſome
Deep on the new-ſhorn vagrant's heaving ſide
To ſtamp his maſter's cypher ready ſtand;
Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And glorying in his might, the ſturdy boy

Holds

Holds by the twiſted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!

The *flock* is, with much elegance, introduced by Maſon in the following lines of his ENGLISH GARDEN.

There was a golden time
When each created being kept its ſphere
Appointed, nor infringed its neighbour's right.
The flocks to whom the graſſy lawn was giv'n,
Fed on its blades contented; now they cruſh
Each ſcion's tender ſhoots, and at its birth
Deſtroy, what ſaved from their remorſeleſs tooth,
Had been the tree of Jove. Ev'n while I ſing,
Yon wanton lamb has cropt the woodbine's pride,
That bent beneath a full-blown load of ſweets,
And filled the air with perfume; ſee it falls;
The buſy bees, with many a murmur ſad,
Hang o'er their honied loſs. Why is it thus?
Ah! why muſt art defend the friendly ſhades
She reared to ſhield you from the noon-tide beam?
Traitors, forbear to wound them, ſay, ye fools,
Does your rich herbage fail? I plead in vain;
For now the father of the fleecy troop
Begins his devaſtation, and his ewes
Crowd to the ſpoil.

Many *animals* are thus pleaſingly introduced in Shakeſpear's HENRY V.

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded neſt the weaſel Scot

Come

Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs:
Playing the mouſe in abſence of the cat,
To ſpoil and havoc more than ſhe can eat.

Several *animals* are agreeably pictured, in the following lines of Thomſon's CORIOLANUS.

The Gods gave honeſt anger, juſt revenge,
To be the awful guardians of the rights
And native dignity of human kind.
O were it not for them, the ſaucy world
Would grow a noiſome neſt of little tyrants.
Each carrion crow, on eagle merit perched,
Would peck his eyes out, and the mungril cur
At pleaſure bait the lion.

Pope takes notice of ſeveral *animals*, with much elegance, in the following paſſage.

Has God, thou fool, worked ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpreads the flowery lawn.
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and rapture ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heaven ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer.
The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,

Lives

Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Thomſon's deſcription of a *ſummer noon* has already been noticed. I muſt again refer to it, becauſe the pleaſure which ariſes from it, ſeems in a great degree to originate from juſt deſcription of *animals*.

Animals in general, when full of ſport, are thus agreeably imaged by Cowper.

The bounding fawn that darts acroſs the glade
When none purſues, through mere delight of heart,
And ſpirits buoyant with exceſs of glee;
The horſe, as wanton and almoſt as fleet,
That ſkims the ſpacious meadow at full ſpeed,
Then ſtops and ſnorts, and throwing high his heels
Starts to the voluntary race again;
The very kine that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving firſt from one
That leads the dance a ſummons to be gay,
Though wild their ſtrange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet reſolved with one conſent
To give ſuch act and utt'rance as they may
To extacy too big to be ſuppreſs'd,
Theſe and a thouſand images of bliſs,
With which kind nature graces ev'ry ſcene
Where cruel man defeats not her deſign,
Impart to the benevolent, who wiſh
All that are capable of pleaſure, pleaſed,
A far ſuperior happineſs to their's,
The comfort of a reaſonable joy.

LECTURE XIII.

THE *bird*, cheerfully warbling in the dawn of a vernal morning, is thus agreeably mentioned in Shakeſpear's HENRY IV. Part II.

O Weſtmoreland, thou art a ſummer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting up of day.

The *ſwan* is elegantly noticed, as a mother, in HENRY VI. Part I.

So doth the ſwan her downy cygnets ſave,
Keeping them pris'ners underneath her wing.

The *linnet* and *ſwallow* form one of the chief beauties of the following ſweet ODE of Shenſtone.

Now in the cowſlip's dewy cell
The fairies make their bed,
They hover round the cryſtal well,
The turf in circles tread.

The lovely linnet now her ſong
Tunes ſweeteſt in the wood;
The twittering ſwallow ſkims along
The azure liquid flood.

The

The morning breeze wafts Flora's kiſs
In fragrance to the ſenſe;
The happy ſhepherd feels the bliſs,
And ſhe takes no offence.

But not the linnet's ſweeteſt ſong
That ever filled the wood,
Or twittering ſwallow that along
The azure liquid flood

Skims ſwiftly, harbinger of ſpring,
Or morning's ſweeteſt breath,
Or Flora's kiſs to me can bring
A remedy for death.

For death—what do I ſay? yes death
Muſt ſurely end my days,
If cruel Cynthia ſlights my faith,
And will not hear my lays.

Turtles are charmingly deſcribed in Dryden's ALMANZOR AND ALMAHIDE, Part II.

So two kind turtles, when a ſtorm is nigh,
Look up and ſee it gathering in the ſky:
Each calls his mate to ſhelter in the grove,
Leaving in murmurs their unfiniſh'd love.
Perch'd on ſome dropping branch they ſit alone,
And coo and hearken to each other's moan.

The *ſwallow* is deſcribed, with great nicety of obſervation, in the following lines of Dryden. The deſcription is interſperſed with a few lines of humour, which are ill-timed and might be well ſpared.

The

The ſwallow, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds as man's familiar gueſt,
Purſues the ſun in ſummer briſk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting cold;
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought ſhe lives on ſmoke alone,
From hence ſhe has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of ſoul divine.
This merry choiriſter had long poſſeſs'd
Her ſummer ſeat, and feather'd well her neſt:
Till frowning ſkies began to change their cheer,
And time turn'd up the wrong ſide of the year;
The ſhedding trees began the ground to ſtrew
With yellow leaves, and bitter blaſts to blow,
Sad auguries of winter thence ſhe drew,
Which by inſtinct or prophecy ſhe knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And ſeek the better heaven and warmer climes,
Her ſons were ſummon'd on a ſteeple's height,
And call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that ſhould be fair,
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their fluttering wings, and truſt themſelves in air.
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns us not to know.

The *ſwallow* is agreeably pictured by Shakeſpear, when he ſays in RICHARD III.

True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallow's wings.

Humorous, ſatirical, and deſcriptive of the cock, is the following paſſage

paſſage of Dryden.

And much they griev'd to ſee ſo nigh their hall
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall:
That he ſhould raiſe his mitred creſt on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To ſacred rites; and vex the ethereal powers
With midnight matins at uncivil hours:
Nay more, his quiet neighbours ſhould moleſt
Juſt in the ſweetneſs of their morning reſt.
Beaſt of a bird, ſupinely when he might
Lie ſnug and ſleep, to riſe before the light!
What if his dull fore-fathers uſed that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die?
The world was fallen into an eaſier way,
This age knew better than to faſt and pray.

The *cock* is deſcribed, with more ſobriety and nature, by Milton when he ſays,

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack or the barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before.

The *cock* and other animals are thus deſcribed by Thomſon, during a great rain.

The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home retire; ſave thoſe that love
To take their paſtime in the troubled air,
Or ſkimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untaſted fields return,
And aſk with meaning low their wonted ſtalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous ſhade.

Thither

Thither the houſhold feathery people crowd,
The creſted cock, with all his female tribe
Penſive and dripping.

The *peacock* is admirably deſcribed by Cowper in his Poem on TRUTH.

The ſelf applauding bird, the Peacock ſee,
Mark what a ſumptuous Phariſee is he!
Meridian ſun-beams tempt him to unfold
His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold;
He treads as if, ſome ſolemn muſic near,
His meaſur'd ſtep was govern'd by his ear;
And ſeems to ſay, ye meaner fowls, give place,
I am all ſplendor, dignity, and grace.

The *ox* during a deep ſnow, and the *ſmaller birds*, are thus mentioned by Thomſon. The *red-breaſt*, which is particularly deſcribed, forms an exquiſite ſpecimen of that ſource of poetical pleaſure which we are conſidering.

Drooping, the labourer ox
Stands cover'd o'er with ſnow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven
Tam'd by the cruel ſeaſon, crowd around
The winnowing ſtore, and claim the little boon
Which Providence aſſigns them. One alone
The red-breaſt ſacred to the houſhold god,
Wiſely regardful, of the embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields, and thorny thickets leaves
His ſhivering mates, and pays to truſted man
His annual viſit. Half afraid, he firſt
Againſt the window beats, then briſk alights
On the warm hearth, then hopping o'er the floor

Eve-

Eyes all the ſmiling family aſkance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is.

Birds of ſeveral kinds are thus agreeably deſcribed by Cowper.

Nature inanimate employs ſweet ſounds,
But animated nature ſweeter ſtill
To ſooth and ſatisfy the human ear.
Ten thouſand warblers chear the day, and one
The live-long night: nor theſe alone whoſe notes
Nice finger'd art muſt emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that ſwim ſublime
In ſtill repeated circles, ſcreaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl
That hails the riſing moon, have charms for me.

The *lark* is beautifully pictured by the ſame author.

Whom call we gay? That honor has been long
The boaſt of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay
That dries his feathers ſaturate with dew
Beneath the roſy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-ſpring overſhoot his humble neſt.

The *lark* is very pleaſingly pictured by Holmes.

Go tuneful lark, on quiv'ring pinions borne
To dewy-boſom'd ſkies, and win thy way
Up to heav'n gate, while now the young-ey'd day
Peeps underneath the veiling lids of morn,
With warble ſweet of early notes to warn
The ling'ring ſun—then, as thy liquid lay
Steals ſoftly o'er the mountain-ſummit gray,
Thy mate, light-tripping on the graſſy bourne,
Shall liſten to thy ſong with amorous ear.

The

The ſound of the *doves-wing* is elegantly noticed by Cowper.

Time as he paſſes us, has a dove's wing,
Unſoil'd and ſwift and of a ſilken ſound.

The *bee* and the *nightingale*, (a frequent and always an agreeable image in poetry) are thus alluded to by the ſame author.

The mind diſpatched upon her buſy toil,
Should range where Providence has bleſt the ſoil,
Viſiting ev'ry flow'er with labour meet
And gathering all her treaſures ſweet by ſweet,
She ſhould imbue the tongue with what ſhe ſips,
And ſhed the balmy bleſſing on the lips,
That good diffuſed may more abundant grow,
And ſpeech may praiſe the pow'r that bids it flow.
Will the ſweet warbler of the live-long night
That fills the liſt'ning lover with delight,
Forget his harmony with rapture heard,
To learn the twitt'ring of a meaner bird,
Or make the parrot's mimickry his choice,
That odious libel on an human voice?
No—nature unſophiſticate by man
Starts not aſide from her Creator's plan,
The melody that was at firſt deſign'd
To cheer the rude forefathers of mankind,
Is note for note deliver'd in our ears,
In the laſt ſcene of her ſix thouſand years.

Maſon, while addreſſing plants, agreeably digreſſes into a deſcription of *a brood of young birds*.

Wide muſt ye ſtand, in wild diſorder'd mood,
As if the ſeeds from which your ſcions ſprang
Had there been ſcatter'd from the affrighted beak

Of

Of ſome maternal bird, whom the fierce hawk
Purſued with felon claw. Her young meanwhile
Callow, and cold, from their moſs-woven neſt
Peep forth; they ſtretch their little eager throats
Broad to the wind, and plead to the lone ſpray
Their famiſh'd plaint importunately ſhrill.

Swans ſailing on a lake are thus deſcribed by him.

The feather'd fleet,
Led by two mantling ſwans, at ev'ry creek
Now touch'd, and now unmoored; now on full ſail,
With pennons ſpread, and oary feet they ply'd
Their vagrant voyage; and now, as if becalm'd,
'Tween ſhore and ſhore at anchor ſeem'd to ſleep.

He ſhortly after proceeds thus.

Here midſt his ſpeckled dames
The pigmy chanticleer of Bantam winds
His clarion; while, ſupreme in glittering ſtate,
The peacock ſpreads his rainbow train, with eyes
Of ſapphire bright, irradiate each with gold.
Meanwhile from ev'ry ſpray the ringdoves coo,
The linnets warble, captive none, but lur'd
By food to haunt the umbrage.

When imitating Spenſer, in his MUSÆUS, he writes thus.

Like as in village troop of birdlings trim,
Where chanticleer his red creſt high doth hold,
And quacking ducks, that wont in lake to ſwim,
And turkeys proud, and pigeons nothing bold;
If chance the peacock doth his plumes unfold,
Eftſoons their meaner beauties all decaying,
He gliſt'neth purple, and he gliſt'neth gold,

Now

Now with bright green, now blue himſelf arraying,
Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties ſwaying.

In the ſame poem we find theſe lines, which chiefly pleaſe by their deſcription of *Animals*.

Nor did the ſhepherds, through the woodlands wide,
On that ſad day, or to the penſive brook,
Or ſilent river, drive their thirſty flocks;
Nor did the wild-goat brouze the ſhrubby rocks:
And Philomel her 'cuſtomed oak forſook:
And roſes wan were wav'd by zephyrs weak,
As Nature's ſelf was ſick:
And ev'ry lily droop'd its ſilver head.

In his picture of the DESERTED VILLAGE, Goldſmith deſcribes the *bittern*, and the *lapwing* not without conſiderable effect.

Along thy glades, a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow-ſounding bittern guards its neſt;
Amidſt thy deſert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echos with unvaried cries.

Maſon is charmingly deſcriptive of a *nocturnal bird*, when he ſpeaks, in his ELFRIDA, of

the lone owl,
That nightly leaves his ivy-ſhrouded cell,
And ſails on ſlow wing through the cloiſter'd aiſles.

The *owl* is happily deſcribed by Holmes.

From yon lone tow'r,
His ſhelter from the broad tumultuous day,
Steals forth with me the ſober bird of night,
Beating with ſecret wing the ſhadows pale.
Oft ſhall he meet me when the gariſh light
Declines, and fading into ſolemn gray,

To ſilence leaves the dim unpeopled vale.

The *turtle*, the *lark*, and the *linnet*, afford us much pleaſure when we read the following lines of Maſon's ELFRIDA.

The turtle tells her plaintive tale,
Sequeſter'd in ſome ſhadowy vale;
The lark in radiant ether floats,
And ſwells his wild extatic notes:
Meanwhile on yonder hawthorn ſpray
The linnet wakes her temp'rate lay;
She haunts no ſolitary ſhade,
She flutters o'er no ſunſhine mead,
No love-lorn griefs depreſs her ſong,
No raptures lift it loudly high,
But ſoft ſhe trills, amid th' aërial throng,
Smooth ſimple ſtrains of ſob'reſt harmony.

Animal deſcription conſtitutes the chief ſource of pleaſure, when we read the following lines of Darwin.

But Thou! whoſe mind the well-attempered ray
Of taſte and virtue lights with purer day;
Whoſe finer ſenſe each ſoft vibration owns
With ſweet reſponſive ſympathy of tones;
So the fair flower expands its lucid form
To meet the ſun, and ſhuts it to the ſtorm;
For thee my borders nurſe the fragrant wreath,
My fountains murmur, and my zephyrs breathe;
Slow ſlides the painted ſnail, the gilded fly
Smooths his fine down, to charm thy curious eye;
On twinkling fins my pearly nations play,
Or win with ſinuous train their trackleſs way;
My plumy pairs in gay embroidery dreſſed,

Form

Form with ingenious bill the penſile neſt,
To love's ſweet notes attune the liſtening dell
And Echo ſounds her ſoft ſymphonious ſhell.

Animals which make their appearance in ſpring, ſoon after the ſnowdrop, are thus agreeably mentioned by the ſame Author.

Warm with ſweet bluſhes bright Galantha glows
And prints with frolic ſtep the melting ſnows:
O'er ſilent floods, white hills, and glittering meads,
Six rival ſwains the playful beauty leads,
Chides with her dulcet voice the tardy ſpring,
Bids ſlumbering zephyr ſtretch his folded wing,
Wakes the hoarſe cuckow in his gloomy cave,
And calls the wondering dormouſe from his grave,
Bids the mute red-breaſt cheer the budding grove,
And plaintive ringdove tune her notes to love.

Bees are charmingly deſcribed in Shakeſpear's HENRY V.

So work the honey-bees;
Creatures that by a ruling nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of ſorts,
Where ſome like magiſtrates correct at home,
Others like merchants venture trade abroad,
Others like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds,
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who buſied in his majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold,
The civil citizen kneading up the honey,

The

The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The ſad-ey'd juſtice with his ſurly hum
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

Again, in HENRY VI. Part II.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, ſcatter up and down,
And care not whom they ſting in their revenge.

Bees are thus deſcribed by Churchill.

The hive is up in arms—expert to teach,
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch;
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings diſpatch,
The bee goes forth; from herb to herb ſhe flies,
From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
With treaſur'd ſweets, robbing thoſe flow'rs which, left,
Find not themſelves made poorer by the theft,
Their ſcents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth ſhe flit on pleaſure's ſilken wing;
Ne'er doth ſhe, loit'ring, let the bloom of ſpring
Unrifled paſs, and on the downy breaſt
Of ſome fair flow'r indulge untimely reſt:
Ne'er doth ſhe, drinking deep of thoſe rich dews
Which chymiſt Night prepar'd, that faith abuſe
Due to the hive, and, ſelfiſh in her toils,
To her own private uſe convert the ſpoils;
Love of the ſtock firſt call'd her forth to roam,
And to the ſtock ſhe brings her booty home.

The

The *bee* is moſt agreeably introduced in theſe lines of Milton.

Hide me from day's gariſh eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep.

The *fly* is an image, though ſmall, of no mean beauty in Yalden.

Where greatneſs is to nature's works denied,
In worth and beauty it is well ſupplied:
In a ſmall ſpace, the more perfection's ſhewn,
And what is exquiſite in little's done.
No labour can ſhe boaſt more wonderful
Than to inform an atom with a ſoul,
To animate her little beauteous fly,
And clothe it in her gaudieſt drapery.

Addreſſing the young and vain, in his ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A LADY, Maſon prettily alludes to *inſects*, by telling them,

borne on buſy wing,
Ye ſip the nectar of each varying bloom:
Nor fear, while baſking in the beams of ſpring,
The wintry ſtorm that ſweeps you to the tomb.

The *wild-bee*, the *glow-worm*, and the *butterfly*, are introduced with admirable effect in the following lines of Shakeſpear's MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries.
The honey-bag ſteal from the humble-bee,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes.

The *ſpider* and *ſtork* are mentioned with much grace in the following lines of Pope.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chooſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before;
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

The *ſpider* is more fully pictured in the following lines of the ſame poet.

Who ſhames a ſcribbler? break one cobweb through,
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew;
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!

The *butterfly* is very charmingly ſpoken of in theſe lines of the ſame bard.

Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilvery wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the ſpring,
Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of heat and air.

I ſaw,

I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bower
The riſing game, and chaced from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At laſt it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd;
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I ſeiz'd:
Roſe or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddeſs, only in my ſphere.
I tell the naked fact, without diſguiſe,
And to excuſe it, need but ſhew the prize;
Who ſpoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death, this peerleſs butterfly.

The *graſshopper* is made the ſubject of a very agreeable little poem by Cowley, in imitation of Anacreon.

Happy inſect! what can be
In happineſs compared to thee?
Fed with nouriſhment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine;
Nature waits upon thee ſtill,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou doſt tread,
Nature's ſelf's thy Ganymede.
Thou doſt drink, and dance, and ſing,
Happier than the happieſt king.
All the fields which thou doſt ſee,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that ſummer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does ſow and plow,
Farmer he, and landlord thou.

Thou

Thou doſt innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury deſtroy.
The ſhepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladneſs hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year.
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inſpire,
Phœbus is himſelf thy ſire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy inſect, happy thou
Doſt neither age nor winter know;
But, when thou'ſt drunk, and danc'd and ſung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
(Voluptuous, and wiſe withal,
Epicurean animal,)
Sated with thy ſummer feaſt
Thou retir'ſt to endleſs reſt.

Darwin thus depicts the *glow-worm* &c.

You with light gas the lamps nocturnal feed,
Which dance and glimmer o'er the marſhy mead;
Shine round Calendula at twilight hours,
And tip with ſilver all her ſaffron flowers;
Warm on her moſſy couch the radiant worm,
Guard from cold dews her love-illumin'd form,
From leaf to leaf conduct the virgin light,
Star of the earth, and diamond of the night.
You bid in air the tropic beetle burn,
And fill with golden flame his winged urn;
Or gild the ſurge with inſect-ſparks, that ſwarm

Round

Round the bright oar, the kindling prow alarm.

Many *ſmaller animals* are mentioned by the ſame Author, when his Sylphs are thus inſtructed.

Fright the green locuſt from his foamy bed,
Unweave the caterpillar's gluey thread;
Chaſe the fierce earwig, ſcare the bloated toad,
Arreſt the ſnail upon his ſlimy road;
Arm with ſharp thorns the ſweet-briar's tender wood,
And daſh the Cynips from her damaſk bud;
Steep in ambroſial dews the woodbine's bells,
And drive the night-moth from her honey'd cells.
So where the humming bird in Chili's bowers
On murmuring pinions robs the pendent flowers,
Seeks, where fine pores their dulcet balm diſtill,
And ſucks the treaſure with proboſcis-bill;
Fair Cyprepedia with ſucceſsful guile
Knits her ſmooth brow, extinguiſhes her ſmile;
A ſpider's bloated paunch and jointed arms
Hide her fine form, and maſk her bluſhing charms;
In ambuſh fly the mimic warrior lies,
And on quick wing the panting plunderer flies.

LECTURE XIV.

THE animal from which the poet draws the greater ſhare of his deſcription, remains yet to be noticed, the animal *man*: an animal which he is not content to deſcribe externally in all the *ſtages* and *conditions* of life, but alſo internally in all the *motions* and under all the *affections* of the mind. I ſhall firſt ſpeak of inſtances in which man is deſcribed in the ſeveral *ſeaſons* of life.

Shakeſpear makes a delightful image of *infancy*, when in his RICHARD II. he ſpeaks of

Peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep.

Infancy is alſo prettily alluded to in his TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance,
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And ſkill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

The *infant* in arms, fondling its father, is very charmingly depicted by Otway, in his POET'S COMPLAINT.

The hour drew near
When he muſt part; his laſt ſhort time was ſpent
In leaving bleſſings on his children dear:
To them with eager haſte and love he went;

The

The eldeſt firſt embrac'd,
As new-born day in beauty bright,
But ſad in mind as deepeſt night:
What tendereſt hearts could ſay, betwixt them paſſed,
Till grief too cloſe upon them crept;
So ſighing he withdrew, ſhe turn'd away and wept.
Much of the father in his breaſt did riſe,
When on the next he fix'd his eyes,
A tender infant in the nurſe's arms,
Full of kind play, and pretty charms:
And as to give the farewel kiſs he near it drew,
About his manly neck two little arms it threw;
Smil'd in his eyes, as if it beg'd his ſtay,
And look'd kind things it could not ſay.

The above lines ſtrongly remind us of the *infant Aſtyanax* ſo naturally deſcribed by Homer, in the interview between Hector and Andromache, Iliad VI.

Sweet remembrance of *infancy* and its employments is made by Cowper in his Tirocinium.

Neatly ſecured from being ſoiled or torn
Beneath a pane of thin tranſlucent horn,
A book (to pleaſe us at a tender age
'Tis call'd a book, though but a ſingle page)
Preſents the pray'r the Saviour deign'd to teach,
Which children uſe, and parſons—when they preach.
Liſping our ſyllables, we ſcramble next,
Through moral narrative, or ſacred text,
And learn with wonder how this world began,
Who made, who marr'd, and who has ranſom'd man.
Points which unleſs the Scripture made them plain,

The

The wiſeſt heads might agitate in vain.
Oh thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the ſeaſon of life's happy ſpring,
I pleaſed remember, and while mem'ry yet
Holds faſt her office here, can ne'er forget,
Ingenious dreamer, in whoſe well-told tale
Sweet fiction and ſweet truth alike prevail,
Whoſe hum'rous vein, ſtrong ſenſe, and ſimple ſtile,
May teach the gayeſt, make the graveſt ſmile,
Witty, and well-employ'd, and like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his ſlighted word,
I name thee not, leſt ſo deſpiſed a name
Should move a ſneer at thy deſerved fame,
Yet ev'n in tranſitory life's late day
That mingles all my brown with ſober gray,
Revere the man, whoſe pilgrim marks the road,
And guides the progreſs of the ſoul to God.

Again, in the ſame piece he prettily introduces a *child ſporting before his father.*

The father who deſigns his babe a prieſt,
Dreams him epiſcopally ſuch at leaſt,
And while the playful Jockey ſcours the room
Briſkly, aſtride upon the parlour broom,
In fancy ſees him more ſuperbly ride
In coach with purple lined, and mitres on its ſide.

Shenſtone draws a very agreeable picture of the *infant* in the following lines.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I beſtrode,
When pleas'd in many a ſportive ring

Around

Around the room I jovial rode;
Ev'n let me bid my Lyre adieu,
And bring the whiſtle that I blew.

Cottage children are thus agreeably deſcribed by Maſon, in his ENGLISH GARDEN.

Nor is that cot, of which fond fancy draws
This caſual picture, alien from our theme.
Reviſit it at morn; its opening latch,
Tho' penury and toil within reſide,
Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny
Glowing with health and beauty: (ſuch the dower
Of equal heav'n) ſee, how the ruddy tribe
Throng round the threſhold, and with vacant gaze
Salute thee; call the loiterers into uſe,
And form of theſe thy fence, the living fence
That graces what it guards. Thou think'ſt, perchance,
That ſkill'd in Nature's heraldry, thy art
Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,
Marſhall'd each roſe, that to the eye of June
Spreads its peculiar crimſon; do not err,
The lovelieſt ſtill is wanting; the freſh roſe
Of innocence, it bloſſoms on their cheek,
And, lo, to thee they bear it! ſtriving all,
In panting race, who firſt ſhall reach the lawn,
Proud to be call'd thy ſhepherds. Want, alas!
Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
In many a tatter'd fold, yet ſtill thoſe limbs
Are ſhapely; their rude locks ſtart from their brow,
Yet, on that open brow, its deareſt throne
Sits ſweet ſimplicity. Ah clothe the troop

In

In ſuch a ruſſet garb as beſt befits
Their paſtoral office; let the leathern ſcrip
Swing at their ſide, tip thou their crook with ſteel,
And braid their hat with ruſhes, then to each
Aſſign his ſtation; at the cloſe of eve,
Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote
The flock, and when the matin prime returns,
Their care to ſet them free; yet watching ſtill
The liberty they lend, oft ſhalt thou hear
Their whiſtle ſhrill, and oft their faithful dog
Shall with obedient barking fright the flock
From wrong or robbery. The livelong day
Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads;
They baſk on ſunny hillocs, or deſport
In ruſtic paſtime, while that lovelieſt grace,
Which only lives in action unreſtrain'd,
To ev'ry ſimple geſture lends a charm.

The careleſſneſs which prevails at a period of life ſomewhat more advanced, is happily expreſſed by Shakeſpear, when in his WINTER'S TALE he ſpeaks of

Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Again, in the ſame piece, the affectionate father thus naturally expreſſes himſelf.

How ſometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderneſs! and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,

In

In my green velvet-coat; my dagger muzzled
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter, and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman; mine honeſt friend
Will you take eggs for money?

Boys ready for ſchool are thus deſcribed in Cowper's TIROCINIUM.

Hark, how the ſire of chits, whoſe future ſhare
Of claſſic food begins to be his care,
With his own likeneſs placed on either knee,
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee,
And tells them, as he ſtrokes their ſilver locks,
That they muſt ſoon learn Latin and to box;
Then turning, he regales his liſt'ning wife
With all th' adventures of his early life.

The father is thus addreſſed, and his *child* deſcribed, by the ſame Author in the ſame piece.

Now look on him whoſe very voice in tone
Juſt echoes thine, whoſe features are thine own,
And ſtroke his poliſh'd cheek of pureſt red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
And ſay, my boy, th' unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, tranſplanted from thy genial home,
Muſt find a colder ſoil, and bleaker air,
And truſt for ſafety to a ſtranger's care.

The *ſhepherd boy* is thus accurately deſcribed by the ſame Author.

Aſk not the boy, who when the breeze of morn
Firſt ſhakes the glitt'ring drops from ev'ry thorn,
Unfolds his flock, then under bank or buſh
Sits linking cherry-ſtones, or platting ruſh,

How

How fair is freedom?—he was always free—
To carve his ruſtic name upon a tree,
To ſnare the mole, or with ill-faſhion'd hook
To draw th' incautious minnow from the brook,
Are life's prime pleaſures in his ſimple view,
His flock the chief concern he ever knew:
She ſhines but little in his heedleſs eyes,
The good we never miſs, we rarely prize.
But aſk the noble drudge in ſtate-affairs,
Eſcap'd from office and its conſtant cares,
What charms he ſees in freedom's ſmile expreſs'd.

A very pleaſing picture of *childhood* is given us by Churchil.

Childhood who, like an April morn, appears
Sunſhine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd by ſtarts, in paſſion warm,
In reaſon weak; who wrought into a ſtorm,
Like to the fretful billows of the deep,
Soon ſpends his rage, and cries himſelf aſleep;
Who, with a fev'riſh appetite oppreſs'd,
For trifles ſighs, but hates them when poſſeſs'd—
His trembling laſh ſuſpended in the air,
Half bent, and ſtroking back his long lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down to prate of me.

Akenſide has given us a pretty picture of *children liſtening to hob-goblin tales.*

The village matron round the blazing hearth
Suſpends the infant audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhymes,

And

And evil ſpirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls
Riſen from the grave, to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every ſolemn pauſe the crowd recoil,
Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhivering ſighs: till eager for the event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terror quell'd.

The *ſchool-boy* is moſt accurately drawn by Shakeſpear in his AS YOU LIKE IT.

And then the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool.

An agreeable image is drawn from *ſchool-boys ſwimming*, in his HENRY VIII; but when it proceeds from the mouth of Wolſey it ſeems to want dignity.

I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory:
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream that muſt for ever hide me.

School-boys at play are thus very feelingly depicted by Cowper in his TIROCINIUM.

Be it a weakneſs, it deſerves ſome praiſe,

We

We love the play-place of our early days.
The ſcene is touching, and the heart is ſtone
That feels not at that ſight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving ſkill,
The very name we carved ſubſiſting ſtill,
The bench on which we ſat, while deep employ'd,
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet deſtroy'd.
The little ones unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very ſpot,
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw,
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dext'rous bat.
The pleaſing ſpectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we ſeem almoſt t' obtain
Our innocent ſweet ſimple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place
Whence firſt we ſtarted into life's long race,
Maintains its hold, with ſuch unfailing ſway,
We feel it ev'n in age, and at our lateſt day.

A deſcription ſomewhat ſimilar appears in Gray's ODE TO ETON COLLEGE.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleaſing ſhade,
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain;
I feel the gales that from you blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,

My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say, father Thames, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race,
Diſporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleaſure trace,
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chace the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some, bold adventurers, diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is their's by fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt;

Their's

Their's buxom health of roſy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigor born,
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play,
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.

A common *diſpoſition of youth*, is thus deſcribed by Thomſon in his TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

O permit me
To plead the cauſe of youth—Their virtue oft,
In pleaſure's ſoft enchantment lull'd awhile,
Forgets itſelf; it ſleeps and gayly dreams
Till great occaſion rouſe it: then all flame,
It walks abroad, with heighten'd ſoul and vigour,
And by the change aſtoniſhes the world.

The *young ſoldier* is depicted with great effect by Shakeſpear in his CORIOLANUS.

Our then dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The briſtled lips before him.

An agreeable picture of *middle-life* is given us by Cowper, when thus ſpeaking of himſelf in his TASK.

And though our years,
As life declines, ſpeed rapidly away,

And

And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep,
A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and color from the locks they ſpare—
The elaſtic ſpring of an unwearied foot
That mounts the ſtile with eaſe, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs inhaling and again
Reſpiring freely the freſh air, that makes
Swift pace or ſteep aſcent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfered yet; nor yet impair'd
My reliſh of fair proſpect; ſcenes that ſooth'd
Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find
Still ſoothing, and of power to charm me ſtill.

Man in an advanced period of life, is thus deſcribed by Maſon.

Age had ſhed
That duſt of ſilver o'er his ſable locks,
Which ſpoke his ſtrength mature beyond its prime,
Yet vigorous ſtill, for from his healthy cheek
Time had not cropt a roſe, or on his brow
One wrinkling furrow plow'd; his eagle eye
Had all its youthful lightning, and each limb
The ſinewy ſtrength that toil demands, and gives.

The *young and coxcomical divine*, is thus accurately pictured by Cowper.

Some, decent in demeanour while they preach,
That taſk performed, relapſe into themſelves,
And having ſpoken wiſely, at the cloſe
Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye—
Whoe'er was edified, themſelves were not.
Forth comes the pocket mirror. Firſt we ſtroke

An

An eye-brow; next, compoſe a ſtraggling lock;
Then with an air, moſt gracefully perform'd,
Fall back into our ſeat; extend an arm
And lay it at its eaſe with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand, depending low.
The better hand more buſy, gives the noſe
Its bergamot, or aids th' indebted eye
With op'ra glaſs to watch the moving ſcene,
And recognize the ſlow-retiring fair.

A ſtriking picture of *old-age* is preſented to us in Shakeſpear's AS YOU LIKE IT.

The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank: and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in its ſound.

Old-age is moſt amiably deſcribed in his COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Oh! grief hath chang'd me ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face.
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood freeze up,
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,
My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear.

Spenſer has given an agreeable picture of *old-age*.

At laſt with creeping crooked pace forth came

An

An old old man, with beard as white as ſnow,
That on a ſtaff his feeble ſteps did frame,
And guide his weary gait both to and fro,
For his eye-ſight him failed long ago:
And on his arm a bounch of keys he bore,
The which, unuſed, ruſt did overgrow.

The tempter is introduced by Milton to our Saviour in the wilderneſs as an *old man*, thus,

Full forty days he paſs'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in ſhady vales, each night
Under the covert of ſome ancient oak
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in lone cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor taſted human food, nor hunger felt
Till thoſe days ended, hunger'd then at laſt
Among wild beaſts; they at his ſight grew mild,
Nor ſleeping, him, nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery ſerpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds
Following, as ſeem'd, the queſt of ſome ſtray ewe,
Or wither'd ſticks to gather, which might ſerve
Againſt a winter's day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from fields at eve,
He ſaw approach, who firſt with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd ſpake.

The *honours of old age* are happily ſupported in Cowper's CONVERSATION.

Though time will wear us, and we muſt grow old,
Such men are not forgot as ſoon as cold,

Their

Their fragrant mem'ry will out-laſt their tomb,
Embalmed for ever in its own perfume.
And to ſay truth, though in its early prime,
And when unſtained with any groſſer crime,
Youth has a ſprightlineſs and fire to boaſt,
That in the valley of decline are loſt,
And virtue with peculiar charms appears
Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years:
Yet age by long experience well informed,
Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd,
That fire abated which impells raſh youth,
Proud of his ſpeed to overſhoot the truth,
As time improves the grapes authentic juice,
Mellows and makes the ſpeech more fit for uſe,
And claims a rev'rence, in its ſhort'ning day,
That 'tis an honor and a joy to pay.
The fruits of age, leſs fair, are yet more ſound,
Than thoſe a brighter ſeaſon pours around,
And like the ſtores autumnal ſuns mature,
Through wint'ry rigours unimpaired endure.

A faint and ſlight picture of *old age* is preſented to us in the following agreeable lines of Rowe's AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Such thoughts as theſe, my fair philoſopher,
Inhabit wrinkled cheeks and hollow eyes,
The marks which years ſet on the wither'd ſage;
The gentle goddeſs, nature, wiſely has
Allotted other cares for youth and beauty.

Old age is more fully pourtrayed, but with ſome ſeverity, by Churchil in his GOTHAM.

Old age, a ſecond time by nature curſt

With

With more and greater evils than the firſt—
Weak, ſickly, full of pain, in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death—
Putting things off, with rage and ſolemn air,
From day to day, without one day to ſpare—
Without enjoyment covetous of pelf—
Tireſome to friends and tireſome to himſelf—
From morn to ev'ning babling forth vain praiſe
Of thoſe rare men, who liv'd in thoſe rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young—
Dull repetitions fault'ring on his tongue;
Praiſing grey hairs, ſure mark of wiſdom's ſway,
Ev'n while he curſes Time, which made him grey.
Scoffing at youth, ev'n whilſt he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth reſtor'd—

The *old and active ſoldier* is agreeably deſcribed by Young in his BUSIRIS.

Though with his helm he hides a hoary brow,
Long vers'd in death, the father of the field,
At the ſhrill trumpet he throws off the weight
Of fourſcore years, and ſprings upon the foe.

LECTURE XV.

LET us proceed to deſcriptions of *man* in the ſeveral *conditions* of life. A converſation of *mechanics* is ſtrikingly, and with much nice diſcrimination, thus pictured by Shakeſpear in his KING JOHN.

H. My Lord, they ſay five moons were ſeen to night;
Four fixëd, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motïon.
J. Five moons?
H. Old men and beldames in the ſtreets
Do propheſy upon it dangerouſly:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear.
And he that ſpeaks doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
Whilſt he that hears makes fearful actïons
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer thus,
The while his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contràry feet,

Told

Told of a many thouſand warlike French
That were embattellëd and rank'd in Kent;
Another lean, unwaſh'd Artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

A needy conjuror is thus admirably deſcribed in THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

They brought me Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjuror;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſs'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home,
There left me and my man, both bound together.

The *incenſed monarch* is finely drawn by Thomſon, in his EDWARD AND ELEONARA.

I know him, 'tis the Sultan;
And as he ſhot athwart me, from his eye
Flaſh'd the proud lightning of affronted virtue.

Again in his CORIOLANUS he thus writes.

He ſtalk'd in ſullen majeſty along
Nor deign'd a word. A godlike virtuous anger
Beam'd through his features, and ſublim'd his air.
With downcaſt eyes he walk'd; or, if aſide
He chanced to look, each look was great reproach,
Thus in emphatic ſilence that made words

Void

Void and inſipid all, he parted from them.

Drunkards are thus admirably deſcribed by Shakeſpear in his TEMPEST.

They were red-hot with drinking—
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces—beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet.

The *modeſt orator* is agreeably pictured by this Author, from whoſe obſervation no character eſcapes, in his MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
When I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
And in concluſion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.

The *four churl*, and the *cheerful man*, are thus deſcribed by the ſame Author in his MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Nature has fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of ſuch vinegar aſpects,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

The *man of mirth* is thus introduced in LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

A merrier

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hoür's talk withal.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite raviſhëd,
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

The parting of *two friends*, is thus exquiſitely copied from nature by this accurate obſerver, in THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A kinder gentleman treads not the earth,
I ſaw Baſſanio and Anthonio part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return; he anſwer'd, do not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous ſenſible
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.

The *coxcomb* is thus amuſingly deſcribed in LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

He

That kiſs'd away his hand in courteſy;
This is the ape of form, Monſieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables chides the dice
In honorable terms: nay he can ſing
A mean moſt mainly; and, in uſhering,
Mend him who can; the Ladies call him *ſweet*;
The ſtairs, as he treads on them, kiſs his feet;
This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his teeth as white as whale his bone.

The ſame character is accurately delineated, in Henry IV. Part I. in Hotſpur's apology for not ſending the priſoners.

The *lover is* admirably deſcribed in AS YOU LIKE IT,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow.

The *Country 'ſquire* is depicted very nicely in the following lines of Pope.

Some 'Squire perhaps you take delight to rack,
Whoſe game is whiſt, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack;
Who, viſits with a gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries, No words;
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, or knees beneath the table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, though his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things, but his horſe.

The *friar* is thus laughably caricatured by Dryden.

I met a reverend, fat, old gouty Friar,
With a paunch ſwoln ſo high, his double chin
Might reſt upon't; a true ſon of the church,
Freſh colour'd, and well thriven on his trade,
Came puffing with his greaſy bald-pate choir,

And fumbling o'er his beads in ſuch an agony,
He told them falſe for fear.

A perſon touched with ſhame is thus depicted by the ſame Author in his CLEOMENES.

O, miracle, he bluſhes!
The firſt red virtue I have ever ſeen
Upon that face.

This paſſage reminds us of Shakeſpear's old ſhepherd, when he ſays to Perdita,

Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

The *player* is admirably deſcribed by Shakeſpear in his RICHARD III.

But I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every ſide,
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
Intending deep ſuſpicion: ghaſtly looks
Are at my ſervice, like enforcëd ſmiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my ſtratagems.

Cowper has drawn the *pompous actor*, with peculiar felicity, when he imagines that in time to come

Some noble Lord
Shall ſtuff his ſhoulders with King Richard's bunch,
Or wrap himſelf in Hamlet's inky cloak,
And ſtrut, and ſtorm, and ſtraddle, ſtamp and ſtare,
To ſhew the world how Garrick did not act.

An *awkward player* is laughably painted in the following lines of Churchil's ROSCIAD.

By nature form'd in her perverſeſt mood,

With

With no one requiſite of art endued,
Next Jackſon came— obſerve that ſettled glare,
Which better ſpeaks a puppet than a player;
Liſt to that voice— did ever diſcord hear
Sounds ſo well fitted to her untuned ear?
When to enforce ſome very tender part
The right hand ſleeps by inſtinct on the heart,
His ſoul, of ev'ry other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left.
He ſobs and pants to ſooth his weeping ſpouſe,
To ſooth his weeping mother turns and bows:
Awkward, embarraſſed, ſtiff, without the ſkill
Of moving gracefully, or ſtanding ſtill,
One leg as if ſuſpicious of his brother,
Deſirous ſeems to run away from t'other.

The *poor apothecary* is deſcribed, in a manner ſomewhat ſimilar to the deſcription of *Pinch* already noted, by Shakeſpear in his ROMEO AND JULIET.

I do remember an apothecary,
And here-abouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows
Culling of ſimples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bone—
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuft, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes— and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roſes
Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a ſhew.

Again,

Again, when Romeo addreſſes him, he ſays,

Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppreſſion ſtare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.

The *patient man* is not unhappily introduced in HAMLET.

For thou haſt been,
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing:
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well comingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe.

The *philoſophical ſtudent* is thus happily deſcribed in JULIUS CÆSAR.

He reads much;
He is a great obſerver; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.

The *man of ſorrow* is ſo deſcribed as to kindle much ſympathy in the ſame play.

Now is that noble veſſel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

The *aſtoniſhed clown* is painted with much nature by Spenſer.

As one which had gaz'd
On the bright ſun un'wares, doth ſoon withdraw
His feeble eyn, with too much brightneſs daz'd,
So ſtarëd he on her, and ſtood long while amaz'd.
Softly at laſt he gan his mother aſk,
What miſter wight that was, and whence deriv'd,

That

That in ſo ſtrange diſguizement there did maſk,
And by what accident ſhe there arriv'd.

The *blackſmith* is juſtly deſcribed by the ſame Author.

There ent'ring in, they found the good man's ſelf,
Full buſily unto his work ybent;
Who was to weet a wretched weariſh elf,
With hollow eyes, and raw-bone cheeks, foreſpent
As if he had in priſon long been pent:
Full black and griſly did his face appear,
Beſmear'd with ſmoke, that nigh his eye-ſight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoary ſhagged hair
The which he never wont to comb, or comely ſhear.
Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
No better had he, nor for better car'd,
With bliſtred hands, amongſt the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nails unpar'd,
Right fit to rend the food on which he far'd.
His name was Care; a blackſmith by his trade
That neither day nor night from working ſpar'd.

The *team* and *waggoner* are not unpleaſingly deſcribed in the following ſhort paſſage of Cowper's TASK.

* From the ſun-burnt hay-field homeward creeps
The loaded wain, while lighten'd of its charge
The wain that meets it paſſes ſwiftly by,
The booriſh driver leaning o'er his team
Vocif'rous, and impatient of delay.

The ſame character is more fully and more happily depicted, as driving his team through a deep ſnow, in theſe lines of the ſame Author.

Ill fares the trav'ller now, and he that ſtalks

In

In pond'rous boots beſide his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded ſore
By congregated loads adhering cloſe
To the clogg'd wheels; and in its ſluggiſh pace
Noiſeleſs appears a moving hill of ſnow.
The toiling ſteeds expand the noſtril wide,
While ev'ry breath by reſpiration ſtrong
Forced downwards, is conſolidated ſoon
Upon their jutting cheſts. He, form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempeſtuous night,
With half-ſhut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Preſented bare againſt the ſtorm, plods on.
One hand ſecures his hat, ſave when with both
He brandiſhes his pliant length of whip,
Reſounding oft, and never heard in vain.
Oh happy! and in my account, denied
That ſenſibility of pain with which
Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou.
Thy frame robuſt and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair d.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vig'rous pulſe, and the unhealthful Eaſt,
That breathes the ſpleen, and ſearches ev'ry bone
Of the infirm, is wholeſome air to thee.

The *threſher* is thus deſcribed by the ſame Author.

The grove receives us next;
Between the upright ſhafts of whoſe tall elms
We may diſcern the threſher at his taſk.
Thump after thump reſounds the conſtant flail,
That ſeems to ſwing uncertain, and yet falls

Full

Full on the deſtin'd ear. Wide flies the chaff.
The ruſtling ſtraw ſends up a frequent miſt
Of atoms ſparkling in the noon-day beam.

LECTURE XVI.

A VERY dignified deſcription of the *clergyman* appears in theſe lines of Cowper.

There ſtands the meſſenger of truth. There ſtands
The Legate of the ſkies. His theme divine,
His office ſacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated Law ſpeaks out
Its thunder, and by him, in ſtrains as ſweet
As Angels uſe, the Goſpel whiſpers peace.
He ſtabliſhes the ſtrong, reſtores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And armed himſelf in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furniſhes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains by ev'ry rule
Of holy diſcipline, to glorious war,
The ſacramental hoſt of Gods elect.

Another, truly laughable, is found in theſe lines.

Sweet ſleep enjoys the Curate in his deſk,
The tedious Rector drawling o'er his head,
And ſweet the Clerk below.

A more ſatirical portrait of the *clerical character* appears at the cloſe of theſe lines.

Would

Would I deſcribe a preacher, ſuch as Paul
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul ſhould himſelf direct me. I would trace
His maſter-ſtrokes, and draw from his deſign;
I would expreſs him ſimple, grave, ſincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner. Decent, ſolemn, chaſte,
And natural in geſture. Much impreſs'd
Himſelf, as conſcious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in addreſs, as well becomes
A meſſenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?
The things that mount the roſtrum with a ſkip
And then ſkip down again, pronounce a text,
Cry hem, and reading what they never wrote
Juſt fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whiſper cloſe the ſcene?

The *country gentleman and the labourer* are ſlightly but very naturally pictured in this paſſage of the ſame Author.

The morning finds the ſelf-ſequeſter'd man
Freſh for his taſk, intend what taſk he may.
Whether inclement ſeaſons recommend
His warm but ſimple home, where he enjoys,
With her who ſhares his pleaſures and his heart,
Sweet converſe, ſipping calm the fragrant lymph
Which neatly ſhe prepares; then to his book
Well choſen, and not ſullenly peruſed
In ſelfiſh ſilence, but imparted oft

As

As aught occurs that ſhe may ſmile to hear,
Or turn to nouriſhment digeſted well.
Or if the garden with its many cares,
All well repaid, demand him, he attends
The welcome call, conſcious how much the hand
Of lubbard labor needs his watchful eye,
Oft loit'ring lazily if not o'erſeen,
Or miſapplying his unſkilful ſtrength.

The *poſt* is very agreeably deſcribed by the ſame writer, after a very pleaſing little picture of the *winter evening*.

Hark; 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge
That with its weariſome but needful length
Beſtrides the wint'ry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noiſy world,
With ſpatter'd boots, ſtrapp'd waiſt, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
* * * *
He whiſtles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: meſſenger of grief
Perhaps to thouſands, and of joy to ſome,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houſes in aſhes, and the fall of ſtocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epiſtles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Faſt as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with am'rous ſighs of abſent ſwains
Or nymphs reſponſive, equally affect
His horſe and him, unconſcious of them all.

The *thief* is admirably depicted by the ſame Author.

Now

Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder; much ſolicitous how beſt
He may compenſate for a day of ſloth,
By works of darkneſs, and nocturnal wrong.
Woe to the gard'ners pale, the farmer's hedge
Plaſh'd neatly, and ſecured with driven ſtakes
Deep in the loamy bank. Upturned by ſtrength
Reſiſtleſs in ſo bad a cauſe, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the ſpoil
An aſs's burthen, and when laden moſt
And heavieſt, light of foot ſteals faſt away.
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
The well ſtack'd pile of riven logs and roots
From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave
Unwrench'd the door, however well ſecured,
Where Chanticleer amidſt his haram ſleeps
In unſuſpecting pomp. Twitched from the perch
He gives the princely bird with all his wives
To his voracious bag, ſtruggling in vain
And loudly wond'ring at the ſudden change.

The *raw militia-Man* is well deſcribed by the ſame writer.

The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
Bleſt with an infant's ignorance of all
But his own ſimple pleaſures, now and then
A wreſtling match, a foot race, or a fair,
Is ballotted, and trembles at the news.
Sheepiſh he doffs his hat, and mumbling ſwears
A bible-oath to be whate'er they pleaſe,
To do he knows not what. The taſk perform'd,
That inſtant he became the Serjeants care,

His

His pupil, and his torment, and his jeſt.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round ſhoulders, and dejected looks,
Procure him many a curſe. By ſlow degrees,
Unapt to learn, and formed of ſtubborn ſtuff,
He yet by ſlow degrees puts off himſelf,
Grows conſcious of a change, and likes it well.
He ſtands erect, his ſlouch becomes a walk,
He ſteps right onward, martial in his air,
His form, and movements; is as ſmart above
As meal and larded locks can make him; wears
His hat or his plumed helmet with a grace,
And his three years of heroſhip expired,
Returns indignant to the ſlighted plough.
He hates the field in which no fife or drum
Attends him, drives his cattle to a march,
And ſighs for the ſmart comrades he has left.

The *Man of faſhion* is ſatirized with much juſtice and truth of deſcription in his HOPE.

To riſe at noon, ſit ſlipſhod and undreſs'd,
To read the news, or fiddle, as ſeems beſt,
Till half the world comes rattling at his door,
To fill the dull vacuity till four,
And juſt when evening turns the blue vault grey
To ſpend two hours in dreſſing for the day,
To make the ſun a bauble without uſe,
Save for the fruits his heav'nly beams produce,
Quite to forget, or deem it worth no thought,
Who bids him ſhine, or if he ſhine or not,
Through mere neceſſity to cloſe his eyes

Juſt when the larks and when the ſhepherds riſe,
Is ſuch a life, ſo tediouſly the ſame,
So void of all utility or aim,
That poor Jonquil, with almoſt ev'ry breath
Sighs for his exit, vulgarly call'd, death:
For he with all his follies has a mind
Not yet ſo blank, or faſhionably blind,
But now and then perhaps a feeble ray
Of diſtant freedom ſhoots acroſs his way
By which he reads that life without a plan,
As uſeleſs as the moment it began,
Serves merely as a foil for diſcontent
To thrive in, an incumbrance ere half ſpent.
Oh wearineſs beyond what aſſes feel,
That tread the circuit of the ciſtern wheel,
A dull rotation never at a ſtay,
Yeſterday's face twin image of to-day,
While converſation, an exhauſted ſtock,
Grows drowſy as the clicking of a clock.

The *converſation of the argumentative drunkard* is very ludicrouſly deſcribed in theſe lines of the ſame piece.

Adieu, Vinoſo cries, e'er yet he ſips
The purple bumper trembling at his lips,
Adieu to all morality! if grace
Make works a vain ingredient in the caſe.
The chriſtian's hope is—waiter, draw the cork—
If I miſtake not—blockhead! with a fork!
Without good works, whatever ſome may boaſt,
Mere folly and deluſion—Sir, your toaſt.

The *reprieved felon* is thus deſcribed in the ſame piece.

As

As when a felon, whom a country's laws
Have juſtly doom'd for ſome atrocious cauſe,
Expects in darkneſs and heart-chilling fears
The ſhameful cloſe of all his miſpent years,
If chance, on heavy pinions ſlowly borne,
A tempeſt uſhers in the dreaded morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightnings play
And thunder ſeems to ſummon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies:
If then, juſt then, all thoughts of mercy loſt,
When hope, long ling'ring, at laſt yields the ghoſt,
The ſound of pardon pierce his ſtartled ear,
He drops at once his fetters and his fear,
A tranſport glows in all he looks and ſpeaks,
And the firſt thankful tears bedew his cheeks.

The *amuſements of a priſoner* ſhut up in the *Baſtile*, are very feelingly pictured by the ſame Author.

To count the hour-bell and expect no change—
And ever as the ſullen ſound is heard,
Still to reflect that though a joyleſs note
To him whoſe moments all have one dull pace,
Ten thouſand rovers in the world at large
Account it muſic—that it ſummons ſome
To theatre, or jocund feaſt, or ball—
The wearied hireling finds it a releaſe
From labour, and the lover that has chid
Its long delay, feels ev'ry welcome ſtroke
Upon his heart-ſtrings trembling with delight—
To fly for refuge from diſtracting thought

To ſuch amuſements as ingenious woe
Contrives, hard-ſhifting, and without her tools—
To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
In ſtaggering types, his predeceſſor's tale,
A ſad memorial, and ſubjoin his own—
To turn purveyor to an overgorged
And bloated Spider, 'till the pamper'd peſt
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and ſerves him for a friend—
To wear out time in numb'ring to and fro
The ſtuds that thick emboſs his iron door,
Then downward and then upward, then aſlant,
And then alternate, with a ſickly hope
By dint of change to give his taſteleſs taſk
Some reliſh, till the ſum exactly found
In all directions, he begins again—
Oh comfortleſs exiſtence! hemm'd around
With woes, which who that ſuffers, would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death.

The *oſtentatious 'ſquire* is drawn with much ſpirit in his CHARITY.

The brief proclaim'd, it viſits ev'ry pew,
But firſt tho 'Squire's, a compliment but due:
With ſlow deliberation he unties
His glitt'ring purſe, that envy of all eyes,
And while the Clerk juſt puzzles out the pſalm,
Slides guinea behind guinea in his palm,
'Till finding what he might have found before,
A ſmaller piece amidſt the precious ſtore,
Pinched cloſe between his finger and his thumb,
He half exhibits, and then drops the ſum;

Gold

Gold to be ſure! throughout the town 'tis told
How the good 'Squire gives never leſs than gold.

The *habitual complainer* is ingeniouſly deſcribed in his CONVERSATION.

Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,
In making known how oft they have been ſick,
And give us in recitals of diſeaſe
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees:
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic ſped,
Nothing is ſlightly touch'd, much leſs forgot,
Noſe, ears, and eyes, ſeem preſent on the ſpot.
Now the diſtemper, ſpight of draught or pill,
Victorious ſeem'd, and now the Doctor's ſkill;
And now—alas for unforeſeen miſhaps!
They put on a damp night-cap and relapſe;
They thought they muſt have died they were ſo bad,
Their peeviſh hearers almoſt wiſh they had.

The *captious man* is admirably portrayed in the ſame piece.

Some fretful tempers wince at ev'ry touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You ſpeak with life in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through his brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worſe—the drone-pipe of an humble-bee.
The ſouthern ſaſh admits too ſtrong a light,
You riſe and drop the curtain—now tis night.
He ſhakes with cold—you ſtir the fire and ſtrive
To make a blaze—that's roaſting him alive.
Serve him with ven'ſon, and he chooſes fiſh,

With

With ſoals—that's juſt the ſort he would not wiſh;
He takes what he at firſt profeſs'd to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet ſtill o'erclouded with a conſtant frown,
He does not ſwallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to pleaſe him vain on ev'ry plan,
Himſelf ſhould work that wonder if he can—
Alas! his efforts double his diſtreſs,
He likes your's little and his own ſtill leſs.
Thus always teazing others, always teazed,
His only pleaſure is, to be diſpleaſed.

The *man of buſineſs longing for retreat* is thus deſcribed in his RETIREMENT.

Hackney'd in buſineſs, wearied at that oar
Which thouſands once faſt chain'd to, quit no more,
But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
All wiſh, or ſeem to wiſh, they could forego,
The Stateſman, Lawyer, Merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of ſome rural ſhade,
Where all his long anxieties forgot
Amid the charms of a ſequeſter'd ſpot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er
And add a ſmile to what was ſweet before,
He may poſſeſs the joys he thinks he ſees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of eaſe,
Improve the remnant of his waſted ſpan,
And having liv'd a Trifler, die a Man.

The *Citizen* is thus deſcribed by Churchill.

The Cit, a common-councilman by place,
Ten thouſand mighty nothings in his face,

By

By ſituation as by nature great,
With nice preciſion parcels out the ſtate;
Proves and diſproves, affirms and then denies,
Objects himſelf, and to himſelf replies;
Wielding aloft the politician's rod,
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, ev'n to the very teeth of pow'r,
The ſame thing right and wrong in half an hour:
Now all is well, now he ſuſpects a plot,
And plainly proves, whatever is is not:
Fearfully wiſe, he ſhakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread;
His uſeleſs ſcales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.
Peace to ſuch triflers! be our happier plan
To paſs through life as eaſy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor ſtirs my curioſity nor ſpleen.
Secrets of ſtate no more I wiſh to know
Than ſecret movements of a puppet-ſhow:

The *villager* is agreeably depicted by the ſame Author.

The Villager born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action ſimply juſt, in conſcience clear,
By guilt untainted, undiſturb'd by fear,
His means but ſcanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his buſineſs, and his pleaſure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a ſingle hour
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.

With ſoals—that's juſt the ſort he would not wiſh;
He takes what he at firſt profeſs'd to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet ſtill o'erclouded with a conſtant frown,
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In action ſimply juſt, in conſcience clear,
By guilt untainted, undiſturb'd by fear,
His means but ſcanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his buſineſs, and his pleaſure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a ſingle hour
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.

LECTURE XVII.

AFTER deſcriptions of *Men* in the ſeveral occupations of life, let us point out deſcriptions of *Women* alſo.

A female overwhelmed in ſorrow is thus ſweetly deſcribed in KING LEAR.

She took 'em, read 'em in my preſence,
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd ſhe was a queen
Over her paſſion, which moſt rebel-like
Sought to be king o'er her.

K. O, then it mov'd her?

G. But not to rage. Patience and ſorrow ſtrove
Which ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt; you have ſeen
Sun-ſhine and rain at once. Thoſe happy ſmiles
That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropt — in brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt belov'd,
If all could ſo become it.

K. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?

G. Yes, once or twice ſhe heaved the name of Father
Pantingly forth, as if it preſt her heart,

Cry'd

Cry'd Siſters, Siſters, what? in th' ſtorm of night?
Let pity ne'er believe it! there ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heav'nly eyes,
And then retired to deal with grief alone.

Thomſon, in his SOPHONISBA, has given an elegant picture of a *diſtreſſed female*, but inferior to the preceding.

She wept, and bluſh'd,
Young, freſh, and blooming like the morn. An eye
As when the blue ſky trembles through a cloud
Of pureſt white. A ſecret charm combined
Her features, and infuſed enchantment through them.
Her ſhape was harmony. But eloquence
Beneath her beauty fails: which ſeemed on purpoſe
By nature laviſhed on her, that mankind
Might ſee the virtue of a hero tried
Almoſt beyond the ſtretch of human force.
Soft as ſhe paſs'd along, with down-caſt eyes
Where gentle ſorrow ſwell'd, and now and then
Dropt o'er her modeſt cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languiſh'd; and hard war
Felt more than pity.

Spenſer has given us an exquiſite portrait of the ſame kind.

With that, adown out of her chryſtal eyn,
Few trickling tears ſhe ſoftly forth let fall,
That, like two orient pearls, did purely ſhine
Upon her ſnowy cheek; and therewithal
She ſighed ſoft, that none ſo beſtial
Nor ſavage heart, but ruth of her ſad plight
Would make to melt, or piteouſly appall;
And that vile hag, all were her whole delight

In

In miſchief, was moved at ſo piteous ſight.

A beautiful deſcription of a *fair female* is given us by Akenſide.

O bear then, unreprov'd,
Thy ſmiling treaſures to the green receſs
Where young Dione ſtays. With ſweeteſt airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel form
For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footſteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy poliſh'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuſe the mildneſs of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aſide
Thy radiant locks: diſcloſing, as it bends
With airy ſoftneſs from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the roſy lip,
Where winning ſmiles and pleaſures ſweet as love,
With ſanctity and wiſdom, tempering blend
Their ſoft allurement.

A pretty deſcription of the ſame kind occurs in Tickell.

Of Leinſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face:

Till luckleſs love and pining care
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips, and damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

O! have

O! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains aſcend,
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

A humorous and ſatirical deſcription of a *young lady* gone into the country with her father, is given us by Pope.

Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew.
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went.
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, park, aſſembly, play,
To morning walks and prayers three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muſe and ſpill her ſolitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon,
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the 'ſquire,
Up to her godly garret after ſeven,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to heaven.

Dryden's deſcription of *Cleopatra* as ſhe ſailed down the Cydnus deſerves notice.

Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd;
Where ſhe, another ſea-born Venus, lay.
She lay, and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,
And caſt a look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
As if, ſecure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting ſhe could take 'em.

Shakeſpear

Shakeſpear muſt alſo be noted, ſince to him alone we muſt here attribute the merit of originality.

For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription; ſhe did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiſſue,
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee
The fancy out-work nature. On each ſide her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool.

Spenſer's deſcription of *Diana* ſurpriſed by *Venus*, is admirable.

She, having hung upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaced
Her ſilver buſkins———
Her golden locks that late in treſſes bright
Embreaded were for hind'ring of her haſte,
Now looſe about her ſhoulders hung undight,
And were with ſweet ambroſia all beſprinkled light.

Soon as ſhe Venus ſaw behind her back
She was aſham'd to be ſo looſe ſurpris'd;
And wox half worth againſt her damſels ſlack,
That had not her thereof before advis'd,
But ſuffer'd her ſo careleſsly diſguis'd
Be overtaken. Soon her garments looſe
Upgathering in her boſom ſhe compris'd
Well as ſhe might, and to the goddeſs roſe,
Whilſt all her nymphs did like a garland her encloſe.

A ſlight but pretty deſcription of a *blooming fair-one* is given us in theſe lines of the ſame bard.

So

So forth the noble lady was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:
Whereto her baſhful ſhamefac'dneſs ywrought
A great increaſe in her fair bluſhing face,
As roſes did with lillies enterlace.

His *fair ſhepherdeſs* is worthy of being noticed.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And took their gentle offer: ſo adown
They pray'd him ſit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as ſerves the ſimple clown,
That doth deſpiſe the dainties of the town.
Tho' having fed his fill, he there beſide
Saw a fair damſel, which did wear a crown
Of ſundry flowers, with ſilken ribbands ty'd,
Yclad in home-made green that her own hands had dy'd.

Upon a little hillock ſhe was plac'd
Higher than all the reſt, and round about
Environ'd with a girlond, goodly grac'd,
Of lovely laſſes: and them all without
The luſty ſhepherd ſwains ſate in a rout,
The which did pipe and ſing her praiſes due;
And oft rejoice and oft for wonder ſhout,
As if ſome miracle of heavenly hue
Were down to them deſcended in that earthly view.
And ſoothly ſure ſhe was full fair of face,
And perfectly well ſhap'd in every limb;
Which ſhe did more augment with modeſt grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the reſt like leſſer lamps did dim:

Who

Who her admiring as ſome heavenly wight
Did for their ſoverain Goddeſs her eſteem.

I know not where we ſhall find a more delicate deſcription than the following of a *lady who had fainted*, from the ſame Author.

They found that life did yet in her remain:
Then all their helps they buſily apply'd
To call the ſoul back to her home again;
And wrought ſo well with labour and long pain,
That they to life recover'd her at laſt:
Who ſighing ſore as if her heart in twain
Had riven been, and all her heart-ſtrings braſt,
With dreary drooping eyn lookt up.

Woman in a ſtate of diſpleaſure is thus pictured by Milton.

To whom the virgin majeſty of Eve,
As one who loves, and ſome unkindneſs meets,
With ſweet auſtere compoſure thus reply'd.

An agreeable but partial view of the *female countenance* is given us by the ſame Author, when he ſpeaks of

Nods, and becks, and wreathed ſmiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek.

A pretty picture of the *water-nymph* appears in his COMUS.

Sabrina fair,
Liſten where thou art ſitting
Under the glaſſy, cool, tranſlucent wave,
In twiſted braids of lillies knitting
The looſe train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Liſten for dear honour's ſake,
Goddeſs of the ſilver lake,
Liſten and ſave.

The

The *fortune-teller* is thus deſcribed by Otway in his ORPHAN.

What follow'd was the riddle that confounds me—
Through a cloſe lane as I purſued my journey,
And meditated on the laſt night's viſion,
I ſpied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry ſticks, and mumbling to herſelf;
Her eyes with ſcalding rheum were gall'd and red,
Cold palſy ſhook her head, her hands ſeem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked ſhoulders had ſhe wrapt
The tatter'd remnant of an old ſtrip'd hanging,
Which ſerv'd to keep her carcaſe from the cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her:
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarſely patch'd
With different-colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And ſeem'd to ſpeak variety of wretchedneſs;
I aſk'd her of my way, which ſhe inform'd me,
Then crav'd my charity, and bade me haſten
To ſave a ſiſter: at that word I ſtarted.
M. The common cheats of beggars every day;
They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts
Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.
C. Oh! but ſhe told me ſuch a tale, Monimia,
As in it bore great circumſtance of truth.

Decrepit card-players are thus deſcribed by Cowper.

The paralytic, who can hold her cards
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and ſhuffle, to divide and ſort
Her mingled ſuits and ſequences, and ſits
Spectatreſs both and ſpectacle, a ſad
And ſilent cypher, while her proxy plays.

Others

Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between ſupporters; and once ſeated, ſit
Through downright inability to riſe,
'Till the ſtout bearers lift the corpſe again.
Theſe ſpeak a loud memento. Yet ev'n theſe
Themſelves love life, and cling to it, as he
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.

The *prude* is thus ſatirized by the ſame Author in his TRUTH.

Yon ancient Prude, whoſe wither'd features ſhow
She might be young ſome forty years ago,
Her elbows pinion'd cloſe upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eye-brows arch'd, her eyes both gone aſtray
To watch yon am'rous couple in their play,
With boney and unkerchiefed neck defies
The rude inclemency of wint'ry ſkies,
And ſails with lappet-head and mincing airs
Duly at clink of bell to morning pray'rs.
To thrift and parſimony much inclin'd,
She yet allows herſelf that boy behind;
The ſhiv'ring urchin, bending as he goes,
With ſlipſhod heels, and dew-drop at his noſe,
His predeceſſor's coat advanc'd to wear,
Which future pages are yet doom'd to ſhare,
Carries her bible tuck'd beneath his arm,
And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.
She half an angel in her own account,
Doubts not hereafter with the ſaints to mount,
Though not a grace appears on ſtricteſt ſearch,
But that ſhe faſts, and item, goes to church.

Conſcious

Conſcious of age ſhe recollects her youth,
And tells, not always with an eye to truth,
Who ſpann'd her waiſt, and who, where'er ſhe came,
Scrawl'd upon glaſs Miſs Bridget's lovely name;
Who ſtole her ſlipper, fill'd it with tokay,
And drank the little bumper ev'ry day.
Of temper as invenom'd as an aſp,
Cenſorious, and her every word a waſp,
In faithful mem'ry ſhe records the crimes,
Or real, or fictitious, of the times,
Laughs at the reputations ſhe has torn,
And holds them dangling at arm's length in ſcorn.
Such are the fruits of ſanctimonious pride,
Of malice fed, while fleſh is mortified.

The *lace-making cottager* is very pleaſingly deſcribed by the ſame Author in the ſame piece.

Yon cottager who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little ſtore,
Content though mean, and chearful, if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Juſt earns a ſcanty pittance, and at night
Lies down ſecure, her heart and pocket light.

In his EXPOSTULATION, he gives the following general portrait of the *Iſraelitiſh women*, previous to the capture of Jeruſalem.

Her women inſolent and ſelf-careſs'd,
By vanity's unwearied finger dreſs'd,
Forgot the bluſh that virgin fears impart
To modeſt cheeks, and borrow'd one from art;
Were juſt ſuch triflers, without worth or uſe,
As ſilly pride and idleneſs produce,

Curl'd,

Curl'd, ſcented, furbelow'd, and flounc'd around,
With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
They ſtretch'd the neck, and roll'd the wanton eye,
And ſigh'd for ev'ry fool that flutter'd by.

An agreeable but melancholy picture of a *poor villager*, is given us by Goldſmith, in his DESERTED VILLAGE.

But now the ſounds of population fail,
No chearful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled;
All but yon widow'd ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age for bread
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmleſs train
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.

A mother in diſtreſs, is thus deſcribed by Rowe in his ULYSSES.

Now, now her labouring heart is rent with anguiſh.
O nature, how affecting are thy ſorrows,
How moving, melting in a Mother's eyes!
So ſilver Thetis, on the Phrygian ſhore
Wept for her ſon, foreknowing of his fate;
The Sea-nymphs ſat around and join'd their tears,
While from his loweſt deep old father Ocean
Was heard to groan in pity of their pain.

The deſcription which the ſame Author gives us of *Jane Shore doing penance* muſt not be overlooked.

Submiſſive, ſad, and lowly was her look,

A burning

A burning taper in her hand ſhe bore,
And on her ſhoulders, careleſsly confus'd,
With looſe neglect her lovely treſſes hung;
Upon her cheek a faintiſh fluſh was ſpread;
Feeble ſhe ſeem'd and ſorely ſmit with pain,
While barefoot as ſhe trod the flinty pavement,
Her footſteps all along were mark'd with blood.
Yet ſilent ſtill ſhe paſs'd, and unrepining;
Her ſtreaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when in ſome bitter pang of ſorrow
To heaven ſhe ſeem'd in fervent zeal to raiſe them,
And beg that mercy man denied her here.

We muſt alſo notice his deſcription of *Lady Jane Gray at her devotions* on the morning of her execution; the cloſe of which is elegantly fancied.

Softly, my Lord,
For yet, behold, ſhe kneels. Before the night
Had reach'd her middle ſpace, ſhe left her bed,
And with a pleaſing ſober cheerfulneſs,
As for her funeral, array'd herſelf
In thoſe ſad ſolemn weeds. Since then her knee
Has known that poſture only, and her eye,
Or fix'd upon the ſacred page before her,
Or lifted with her riſing hopes to heaven.
See with what zeal thoſe holy hands are rear'd!
Mark her vermilion lip with fervour trembling,
Her ſpotleſs boſom ſwells with ſacred ardour,
And burns with extacy and ſtrong devotion;
Her ſupplication ſweet, her faithful vows
Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high heaven,

Like

Like incenſe from the golden cenſer riſe:
Or bleſſed Angels miniſter unſeen,
Catch the ſoft ſounds, and with alternate office
Spread their ambroſial wings, then mount with joy
And waft 'em upwards to the throne of grace.

In a preceding paſſage of the ſame piece, the Author gives us an agreeable picture of the ſame *Lady and Edward VI. as lovers*; which I may with propriety here notice, becauſe after diſtinct deſcriptions of *Man* and *Woman*, they may with ſome effect be contemplated as approaching to a ſtate of union.

In ev'ry innocent delight they ſhar'd,
They ſung, and danc'd, and ſat and walk'd together;
Nay, in the graver buſineſs of his youth,
When books and learning call'd him from his ſports,
Ev'n there the princely maid was his companion.
She left the ſhining court to ſhare his toil,
To turn with him the grave hiſtorian's page,
And taſte the rapture of the poet's ſong.

Another picture of the ſame kind, conveyed in the moſt melodious language, appears in his ROYAL CONVERT.

See how with eager eyes he drinks her charms,
Mark how he liſtens to her ſweet allurements,
She winds herſelf about his eaſier heart,
And melts him with her ſoft enchanting tongue.

Dryden in his ALL FOR LOVE has given us a picture of this kind.

Young! I think him young,
And handſome too, and ſo do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your command,
Indeed, 'tis probable, with ſome kind meſſage,
For ſhe reciev'd it graciouſly; ſhe ſmil'd

And

And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeez'd it and worried it with ravenous kiſſes.
She bluſh'd and ſigh'd, and ſmil'd and bluſh'd again.
At laſt ſhe took occaſion to talk ſoftly,
And brought her cheek up cloſe and lean'd on his,
At which he whiſper'd kiſſes back on her's;
And then ſhe cried aloud, That Conſtancy
Should be rewarded.

LECTURE XVIII.

SOMETIMES *Families and Aſſociations* of various kinds are deſcribed by the Poet, and form moſt agreeable imagery. *The poor man's family* meeting the *father* at the door of his cottage, is very pleaſingly deſcribed by Dyer.

Only a ſlender tuft of uſeful aſh,
And mingled beech and elm, ſecurely tall,
The little ſmiling cottage warm embower'd;
The ſmiling cottage, where at eve
He meets his roſy children at the door
Prattling their welcomes, and his honeſt wife,
With good brown cake, and bacon ſlice, intent
To chear his hunger after labour hard.

A ſlight but melancholy ſketch of the ſame kind is given us by Gray in his Church-yard ELEGY. Speaking of the poor Villager who lies buried before him, he ſays

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their Sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

The *cottage family* are deſcribed with much beauty by Cowper in his TASK.

Here unmoleſted, through whatever ſign

The

The Sun proceeds, I wander. Neither miſt,
Nor freezing ſky, nor ſultry, checking me,
Nor ſtranger intermeddling with my joy.
Ev'n in the ſpring and play-time of the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a ſportive train,
To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daiſies, or to pick
A cheap but wholeſome ſallad from the brook,
Theſe ſhades are all my own.

A *village family* is alſo painted by Goldſmith in his TRAVELLER.

Bleſt be that ſpot where chearful gueſts retire
To pauſe from toil and trim their ev'ning fire;
Bleſt that abode where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair;
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts with ſimple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale:
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

The *peaſant* and afterwards his *family*, are more accurately delineated in the ſame piece.

Cheerful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives the vent'rous plough-ſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, every labour ſped,

He

He ſits him down, the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round ſurveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze.

French peaſants and their *families*, dancing at the ſound of muſic, are thus deſcribed in the ſame poem.

To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France diſplays her bright domain.
Gay, ſprightly, land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe,
How often have I led thy ſportive choir
With tuneful pipe, beſide the murmuring Loire?
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harſh touch fault'ring ſtill
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill,
Yet would the village praiſe my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze.
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burthen of threeſcore.

At the beginning of his DESERTED VILLAGE, the ſame Author gives us a view of *village amuſements* on a holiday.

Sweet Auburn, loveliеſt village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring ſwain,
How often have I loiter'd o'er the green
Where humble happineſs endear'd each ſcene.
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The ſhelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the buſy mill,

The

The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn buſh, with ſeats beneath the ſhade
For talking age and whiſpering lovers made.
How often have I bleſt the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their ſports beneath the ſpreading tree;
While many a paſtime circled in the ſhade,
The young contending as the old ſurvey'd.

Shepherds piping and dancing are thus deſcribed by Spenſer.

There on a day as he purſued the chace,
He chanc'd to ſpy a ſort of ſhepherd grooms
Playing on pipes, and caroling apace,
The while their beaſts there in the budded brooms
Beſide them fed, and nipt the tender blooms:
For other worldly wealth they carëd nought.

A picture of the ſame kind ſoon after occurs in theſe words.

One day whenas the ſhepherd ſwains together
Were met, to make their ſports and merry glee,
As they are wont, in fair ſun-ſhining weather,
The whiles their flocks in ſhadows ſhrouded be,
They fell to dance: Then did they all agree
That Colin Clout ſhould pipe, as one moſt fit;
And Calidore ſhould lead the ring, as he
That moſt in Paſtorella's grace did ſit.

The *family of the devout Chriſtian* about to retire to reſt, are thus deſcribed by Parnel in his HERMIT.

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a part;
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,

Then

Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſehold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with prayer.

A *feaſt of hunters* is deſcribed in a juſt and entertaining, but ſomewhat coarſe manner, by Thomſon.

For happy he who tops the wheeling chace,
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Diſclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who ſaw the villain ſeiz'd and dying hard
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentleſs torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghoſtly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur
Depending decent from the roof; and ſpread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The Stag's large front: he then is loudeſt heard,
When the night ſtaggers with ſeverer toils,
With feaſts Theſſalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders ſhake the dome.
But firſt the fuel'd chimney blazes wide,
The tankards foam, and the ſtrong table groans
Beneath the ſmoking ſurloin, ſtretch'd immenſe
From ſide to ſide; in which with deſperate knife
They deep inciſion make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigor: or amain
Into the paſty plunge, at intervals,
If ſtomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chace.

Then

Then ſated Hunger bids his brother Thirſt
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, ſtreams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-ſick ſhepherdeſs,
On violets diffus'd, while ſoft ſhe hears
Her panting ſhepherd ſtealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn
Mature and perfect from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honeſt front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Ev'n with the vineyard's beſt produce to vie.
To cheat the thirſty moments, Whiſt awhile
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of ſmoke,
Wreath'd fragrant from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The ſounding gammon: while romp-loving Miſs
Is haul'd about in gallantry robuſt.
At laſt theſe puling idleneſſes laid
Aſide, frequent and full, the dry divan
Cloſe in firm circle; and ſet ardent in
For ſerious drinking. Nor evaſion ſly,
Nor ſober ſhift is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earneſt brimming bowls
Lave every ſoul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithleſs to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they ſwim in mutual ſwill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels faſt from theme to theme, from horſes, hounds,
To church, or miſtreſs, politics, or ghoſt,

In

In endleſs mazes, intricate, perplex'd,
Meantime, with ſudden interruption, loud
Th' impatient catch burſts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred ſoul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the ſlap, the jocund curſe go round;
While, from their ſlumbers ſhook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the muſic of the day again.

A *female rout* is drawn in ſtrong colours by Cowper, in his TASK.

The rout is folly's circle, which ſhe draws
With magic wand. So potent is the ſpell,
That none decoy'd into that fatal ring,
Unleſs by heaven's peculiar grace, eſcape.
There we grow early grey, but never wiſe.
There form connexions, and acquire no friend:
Waſte youth in occupations only fit
For ſecond childhood, and devote old age
To ſports which only childhood could excuſe.
There they are happieſt who diſſemble beſt
Their wearineſs; and they the moſt polite
Who ſquander time and treaſure with a ſmile,
Though at their own deſtruction. She that aſks
Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,
And hates their coming. They, what can they leſs?
Make juſt repriſals, and with cringe and ſhrug
And bow obſequious, hide their hate of her.

Ale-houſe diſputants are thus deſcribed by the ſame Author.

There ſit, involved and loſt in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lacquey and the groom. The craftſman there

Takes

Takes a Lethæan leave of all his toil;
Smith, cobler, joiner, he that plies the ſheers,
And he that kneads the dough, all loud alike,
All learned, and all drunk. The fiddle ſcreams
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wailed
Its waſted tones and harmony unheard.
Fierce the diſpute whate'er the theme. While ſhe,
Fell Diſcord, arbitreſs of ſuch debate,
Perch'd on the ſign-poſt, holds with even hand
Her undeciſive ſcales. In this ſhe lays
A weight of ignorance, in that of pride,
And ſmiles delighted with th' eternal poiſe.

A *company* of the ſame kind are deſcribed by Goldſmith in his DESERTED VILLAGE; and the *parlour of a publick houſe* is accurately depicted in the lines which immediately ſucceed.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Low lies that houſe where nut-brown draughts inſpir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and ſmiling toil retir'd,
Where village Stateſmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplendors of that feſtive place;
The white-waſh'd wall, the nicely ſanded floor,
The varniſh'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The cheſt contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of gooſe;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,

With

With aſpin boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wiſely kept for ſhow,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.

Strolling players and *their auditors*, are thus deſcribed by Churchill in his APOLOGY.

In ſhabby ſtate they ſtrut and tatter'd robe,
The ſcene a blanket, and a barn the globe;
No high conceits their mod'rate wiſhes raiſe,
Content with humble profit, humble praiſe.
Let dowdies ſimper, and let bumkins ſtare,
The ſtrolling pageant hero treads in air:
Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And ſnores the next out on a truſs of ſtraw.

A *congregation* at *church* is elegantly drawn by Shakeſpear, in his HENRY IV. Part II.

My Lord of York, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text;
Than now to ſee you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death.

The *ſolemn proceſſion of a funeral* is deſcribed, in a very ſtriking manner, by Mallet in the following lines.

Ye midnight ſhades o'er nature ſpread!
Dumb ſilence of the dreary hour!
In honour of the approaching dead,
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around,
On this pale ground,

Through

Through all this deep ſurrounding gloom
The ſober thought,
The tear untaught,
Thoſe meeteſt mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the ſurplic'd train draw near
To this laſt manſion of mankind,
The ſlow ſad bell, the ſable bier,
In holy muſings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling ſtream
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mouldering bone,
Each ſculptur'd ſtone,
Strikes mute inſtruction to the heart.

Parnel, giving a deſcription of a *place of graves* by night, thus notices *the dead.*

There paſs with melancholy ſtate
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was like thee they life poſſeſt,
And time ſhall be that thou ſhalt reſt.
Thoſe with bending oſiers bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe
Where toil and poverty repoſe.
The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſel's ſlender help to fame,
A middle race of mortals own,

Men,

Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
Theſe, all the poor remains of ſtate,
Adorn the rich or praiſe the great.

Gray gives us a ſmaller ſketch of the ſame kind, in the following ſtanzas of his ELEGY.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the Hamlet ſleep.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their names, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing lingering look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

LECTURE XIX.

WE have noticed many deſcriptions of *man* as an individual, in all the *ſtages* and in many of the *conditions* of life; but it will be obvious that were we to purſue him through all the *characters* in which Poetry has drawn him, the DRAMA would find us matter for infinite argument. Shakeſpear alone would engroſs continual attention, being an Author who not only ably diſcriminates every character of the ſame piece, but when he draws in different pieces ſuch characters as are ſomewhat ſimilar, always takes care to give to each ſome diſtinguiſhing peculiarity.

But though we refuſe to point out the ſeveral delineations of character, which are diffuſed throughout the ſcenes of the Drama, we may venture to take a view of *man*, as pictured with grace or ſpirit under the ſeveral *affections* of his mind. Theſe are inſtantaneous likeneſſes, and being therefore commonly depicted in the compaſs of a few lines, are eaſily to be collected.

The *paſſion* of Northumberland in Shakeſpear's HENRY IV. Part II, upon hearing of the death of his ſon Percy, though exceſſive, is natural.

Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'ſt hour that time and ſpight dare bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland.
Let heaven kiſs earth! Now let not Nature's hand

Keep

Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act.
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead.

The *paſſion* which inflames the following lines of the ſame piece, is ſo natural, that the ſpeaker ſeems to expreſs his real feelings.

And then, when Henry Bolingbroke and he
Being mounted and both rouſëd in their ſeats,
Their neighing Courſers daring at the ſpur,
Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together—
Then, then, when nothing could have ſtay'd
My father from the breaſt of Bolingbroke—
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw.

The *warm and undiſguiſed acknowledgment*, in the following paſſage of the ſame play, is highly natural.

By Jove I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.

That ſpeech of Henry VI. Part I, in which Sir William Lucy reproves Somerſet for delaying to aſſiſt Talbot, is admirably animated and becoming; eſpecially when it is conſidered as extorted from the

the lips of an *incenſed inferior.*

S. How now, Sir William, whither were you ſent?

L. Hither, my Lord, from bought and ſold Lord Talbot,
Who ring'd about with bold adverſity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerſet,
To beat aſſailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable captain there
Drops bloody ſweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And in advantage ling'ring looks for reſcue,
You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation.

The *reſentment* of *woman* and the ſmall cauſes which excite it, are very naturally diſplay'd in HENRY VI. Part II.

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous baſe-born callat as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worſt wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two Dukedoms for his daughter.

The *feelings* of a great mind, conſcious of its own rectitude, but convinced of improper proceedings in a wife much beloved, are charmingly expreſſed in the following reply of Humphery Duke of Gloſter to the Queen, in the ſame play.

G. Madam, for me to heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king, and common-weal.
And for my wife—I know not how it ſtands.
Sorry am I to hear what I have heard.
Noble ſhe is, but if ſhe have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with ſuch
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I baniſh

I baniſh her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and ſhame,
That hath diſhonour'd honeſt Gloſter's name.

The *ſpiteful vehemence* of Suffolk when he parts from Queen Margaret, is ſometimes perhaps overcharged, but in general very natural.

Q. Haſt thou not ſpirit to curſe thine enemy?

S. A plague upon them; wherefore ſhould I curſe them?
Would curſes kill as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter ſearching terms,
As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd ſtrongly through my fixëd teeth,
With full as many ſigns of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathſome cave.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint,
My hair be fixt on end, like one diſtract:
Ay, ev'ry joint ſhould ſeem to curſe and ban.
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drink,
Gall, worſe than gall, the daintieſt thing they taſte,
Their ſweeteſt ſhade a grove of cypreſs trees,
Their chiefeſt proſpect murd'ring baſiliſks,
Their ſofteſt touch as ſmart as lizard's ſtings,
Their muſic frightful as the ſerpent's hiſs,
And boding ſcreech-owls make the concert full.
All the foul terrors in dark-ſeated hell—

Q. Enough, ſweet Suffolk, thou torment'ſt thyſelf,
And theſe dread curſes, like the ſun 'gainſt glaſs,
Or like an overchargëd gun, recoil
And turn the force of them upon thyſelf.

S. You

S. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a winter's night,
Though ſtanding naked on a mountain's top
Where biting cold would never let graſs grow,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

That *compoſure of mind* which the country induces, and the country gentleman enjoys, is well expreſſed in theſe lines of the ſame play.

Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court
And may enjoy ſuch quiet walks as theſe?
This ſmall inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I ſeek not to wax great by others waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy.
Sufficeth, that I have maintain'd my ſtate,
And ſend the poor well pleaſëd from my gate.

The *paſſion* of the younger Clifford, upon finding his father dead on the field of battle, is highly natural.

O let the vile world end,
And the premiſëd flames of the laſt day
Knit earth and heav'n together ———
Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities and petty ſounds
To ceaſe ——— waſt thou ordainëd, O dear father,
To loſe thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The ſilver livery of adviſëd age,
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? even at this ſight
My heart is turn'd to ſtone.

The *paſſion* of KING LEAR is admirably ſuſtained through every part

part of the play. When the ſtorm overtakes him, it is thus deſcribed.

Where's the king?

G. Contending with the fretful elements—
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or ceaſe—tears his white hair
Which the impetuous blaſts with eyeleſs rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of.

When he appears himſelf, he exclaims with much dignity,

Blow winds———
You cataracts and hurricanoes ſpout,
You ſulph'rous and thought-executing fires
Vancouriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou all-ſhaking thunder
Strike flat the thick rotundity of th' world.

In the lines which follow, the diſtreſs of his mind is ſo naturally deſcribed, that it is impoſſible not to feel pity.

———Spit fire, ſpout rain,
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindneſs.
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no ſubmiſſion. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure; here I ſtand your ſlave,
A poor, infirm, weak and deſpiſed old man!
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engendered battles 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul.

In the next ſcene, the affection of an old friend whom even injuries cannot alienate, is feelingly expreſſed in the character of Kent.

The

The abſence of the king in his ſubſequent ſpeech, is a defect in manners which anger naturally occaſions. His pity for the fool in his next ſpeech, which ariſes from being expoſed to the ſame ſufferings, and from feeling them with more acuteneſs becauſe unaccuſtomed to hardſhip, cannot be too highly commended.

L. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

K. Who's there?
Alas, Sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not ſuch nights as theſe: the wrathful ſkies
Gallow the very wand'rers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction nor the force.

L. Let the great Gods
That keep this dreadful thund'ring o'er our heads
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of juſtice! hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou ſimular of virtue
That art inceſtuous! caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming
Haſt practis'd on man's life! Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and aſk
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace—I am a man
More ſinn'd againſt than ſinning.

K. Alack, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel,

Some

Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which ev'n but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſy.

L. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How doſt, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myſelf. Where is this ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I've one ſtring in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.

His *pity* for the *poor vagrants* in ſuch a ſtorm is extremely natural.

Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe. O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this: take phyſic, pomp,
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heav'ns more juſt.

His *paſſion* is very ſtrongly expreſſed when he exclaims,

How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
To have a thankleſs child!

The ſcene in which he is introduced aſleep in the chair, is highly excellent. Cordelia's ſpeech when ſhe kiſſes him, is charmingly affectionate, and what follows is ſupported by *paſſion* truly natural on both ſides.

O my

C. O my dear father, reſtoration hang
Her med'cine on my lips, and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made.

K. Kind and dear princeſs!

C. Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this face
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?
Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, ſhould
Have ſtood that night againſt my fire: and waſt
Thou fain, poor father, to hovel thee with ſwine
And rogues forlorn, in ſhort and muſty ſtraw?
Alack! tis wonder that thy life and wits
At once had not concluded all. He wakes,
Speak to him.

P. Madam, do you ſpeak, 'tis fitteſt.

C. How does my royal Lord? how fares your majeſty?

L. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave—
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.

C. Sir, do you know me?

L. You are a ſpirit, I know; when did you die?

C. Still, ſtill far wide———

P. He's ſcarce awake, let him alone awhile.

L. Where have I been?—where am I?—fair day-light?—
I'm much abus'd—I ſhould ev'n die with pity
To ſee another thus—I know not what—
I will not ſwear theſe are my hands—let's ſee—
I feel this pin prick—would I were aſſur'd

Of

Of my condition—

C. O look on me, Sir;
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, Sir, you muſt not kneel.

L. Pray, do not mock me—
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upwards, and to deal plainly with you,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind—
Methinks I ſhould know you—and know this man,
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the ſkill I have
Remembers not theſe garments—nay, I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me,
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

C. And ſo I am, I am.

L. Be your tears wet?—yes, 'faith—I pray you, weep not.
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have ſome cauſe, they none.

C. No cauſe, no cauſe.

L. Am I in France?

K. In your own kingdom, Sir.

L. Do not abuſe me———

P. Be comforted, dear Madam; the great rage
You ſee is cur'd: deſire him to go in,
And trouble him no more till further ſettling.

C. Will't pleaſe your Highneſs walk?

L. You muſt bear with me;

Pray

Pray you now, forget and forgive,
I am old and fooliſh.

When they are taken priſoners, the words of Lear are very expreſſive of ſuch feelings as would naturally attend an old man in his circumſtances; worn out by repeated trouble, and doting in his affection for the little kindneſs he has received.

Come, let's away to priſon.
We two alone will ſing, like birds i' th' cage.
When thou doſt aſk me bleſſings, I'll kneel down
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs: ſo we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes, and who wins, who's in, who's out.
And take upon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſets of great ones
That ebb and flow by th' moon———
Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,
The Gods themſelves throw incenſe. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heav'n
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eye.
The goujeres ſhall devour them fleſh and fell
Ere they ſhall make us weep; we'll ſee 'em ſtarv'd firſt.

Much of the warmth of real *ſincerity* is infuſed into the following words of the Duke of Auſtria to Prince Arthur, in KING JOHN.

Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return,
'Till Angiers and the right thou haſt in France,

Together

Together with that pale white-facëd ſhore
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the Ocean's roaring tide
And coops from other lands her Iſlanders—
Ev'n till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Ev'n till that outmoſt corner of the Weſt
Salute thee for her King.

This play contains many fine ſcenes of *paſſion*. That of Conſtance has met with many admirers; in the following paſſage it is truly maternal.

I am not mad—this hair I tear is mine—
My name is Conſtance—I am Geffrey's wife—
Young Arthur is my ſon, and he is loſt—
I am not mad—I would to heav'n I were;
For then, 'tis like I ſhould forget myſelf.
O, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!—
I am not mad—too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity—
Oh father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again.
For ſince the birth of Cain, the firſt male-child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker ſorrow eat the bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt,
As dim and meagre as an ague fit,
And ſo he'll die; and riſing ſo again,

When

When I ſhall meet him in the court of heav'n
I ſhall not know him.

The following lines, with which Philip Faulconbridge ſtimulates King John, have great force of *paſſion*.

Be great in act as you have been in thought.
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye—
Be ſtirring as the times—be fire with fire—
Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror—So ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviour from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the God of war
When he intendeth to become the field.
Shew boldneſs, and aſpiring confidence.
What? ſhall they ſeek the Lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be ſaid. Forage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the door,
And grapple with him ere he come ſo nigh.

When Saliſbury weeps before the Dauphin, there is much *generous compaſſion* in his comfort.

Oh, what a noble combat haſt thou fought
Between compaſſion and a brave reſpect.
Let me wipe off this honourable dew
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks.

Diſdain and *hatred* are finely expreſſed in the following lines of RICHARD II.

R. And ſay what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?

A. Faith

A. Faith none by me; except the north-eaſt wind
(Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces)
Awak'd the ſleepy rheum, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

In the following part of one of the ſpeeches of RICHARD II, there is much *feeling* expreſſed.

Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn rev'rence. Throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but miſtook me all this while.
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
Taſte grief, need friends like you: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a king?

Again in the following lines he excites *pity*.

In winter's tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good-night, to 'quite their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.

The *ſpleen* and *choler* of Hotſpur add ſpirit to every ſcene in which he appears. His defence when accuſed of diſobedience is admirable for its plainneſs, boldneſs, and rapidity.

My Leige, I did deny no priſöners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd,
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reap'd
Shew'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home.

He

He was perfumëd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his fingers and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe: and ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd,
And, as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome corſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtion'd me: among the reſt, demanded
My priſoners in your majeſty's behalf.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds, being cold,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatïence,
Anſwer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds (God ſave the mark)
And telling me the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was parmacity for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſaltpetre ſhould be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile guns
He would himſelf have been a ſoldïer.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And I beſeech you, let not this report

Come

Come current for an accuſatïon
Betwixt my love and your high majeſty.

The following *paſſionate* reply of the ſame character to the King, is admirable for its force.

He never did fall off, my ſovereign liege,
But bore the chance of war; to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's ſedgy bank,
In ſingle oppoſition, hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Upon agreement of ſwift Severn's flood,
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his criſp'd head in the hollow bank,
Blood-ſtainëd with thoſe valiant combatants.
Never did baſe and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble Mortimer
Receive ſo many, and all willingly.

Much *generous regard* is conveyed in the following reproof of Anthonio in TWELFTH NIGHT.

That moſt ungrateful boy there by your ſide
From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was;
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or reſtraint.

The haughty ſpirit of Coriolanus is charmingly ſupported by

Shakeſpear.

Shakeſpear. His addreſs to the multitude is full of noble *diſdain*.

You are no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailſtone in the ſun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice did it. Who deſerves greatneſs,
Deſerves your hate; and your affections are
A ſick-man's appetite, who deſires moſt that
Which would increaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favour, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye, truſt ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.

Again.

They'll ſit by the fire and preſume to know
What's done i' the capitol, who's like to riſe,
Who thrives and who declines, ſide factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feeble ſuch as ſtand not in their liking
Below their cobbled ſhoes. They ſay there's grain
Enough. Would the nobility lay aſide
Their truth, and let me uſe my ſword. I'd make
A quarry with thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaves,
As high as I could pitch my lance.

A *ſpirit of bravery* becomes evident in the following lines of the ſame play.

We'll break our walls
Rather than they ſhall pound us up; our gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with ruſhes,
They'll

They'll open of themſelves.

The heart is much intereſted in favour of Coriolanus, when after having refuſed to ſhare in the ſpoil, his generoſity compels him to make this requeſt only of the Roman General.

The Gods begin to mock me.
I, that but now refus'd moſt princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my Lord General.
C. Take it, 'tis your's, what is't?
M. I ſometime lay here in Corioli,
And at a poor-man's houſe. He us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me. I ſaw him priſoner:
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I requeſt you
To give my poor hoſt freedom.

Again, what can be more *affectionate* and *natural*, than the following words of the ſame character to his wife.

Oh, a kiſs
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n that kiſs
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince.

LECTURE XX.

VERY prettily is *regret* expreſſed in theſe lines of TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Injurious Time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heav'n,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants as with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs.

Maternal care and *regard*, are happily conſpicuous in the following addreſs of a mother to her ſon, from ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Be thou bleſt, Bertram, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape. Thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birthright.

The ſame play has the following natural paſſage.

Poor Lord, is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,

That

That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; pierce the ſtill moving air,
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my Lord.

The ſtings of a *guilty mind* are very ſtrongly expreſſed in the following lines of the TEMPEST.

Methought the billows ſpoke, and told me of it,
The winds did ſing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Proſper.

A *generous* diſpoſition, determined to reward merit, is amiably apparent in the following lines of MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Oh! your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence 'gainſt the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion.

Love is forcibly, but perhaps ſomewhat hyperbolically, expreſſed in theſe lines of the MERCHANT OF VENICE.

By this ſcimitar,
That ſlew the Sophy and a Perſian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, Lady.

Contempt and *deſpair of ſucceſs*, are ſtrongly diffuſed through the following lines of the ſame play.

You may as well go ſtand upon the beach
And bid the main flood 'bate his uſual height,

You

You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for her lamb,
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of heav'n,
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewiſh heart.

Admirable is the following *angry and ſevere reproof* from the ſame play.

No metal can,
No not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy.

That *ſenſibility* which ariſes from a reverſe of fortune, is very tenderly expreſſed in the following lines of AS YOU LIKE IT.

Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam
The ſeaſon's difference, as the icy phang
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
E'en 'till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile and ſay,
This is no flatt'ry; theſe are counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

The *affectionate fidelity of an old Servant* appears with much effect in theſe lines of the ſame play.

Take that—and he that doth the ravens feed,

Yea

Yea providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold—
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant.
Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility.
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter
Froſty but kindly.

Love is very tenderly expreſſed, but by a compariſon ſomewhat coarſe, in the following ſpeech of ROMEO.

More courtſhip lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is baniſhëd.

The *effect* of *fear* is well deſcribed in the following lines of the ſame play.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life.

Internal *cheerfulneſs* is expreſſed with ſingular elegance, eaſe, and much nature, in theſe lines of the ſame piece.

If I may truſt the flattery of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's lord ſits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

Jealouſy is very ſtrongly infuſed into the following paſſage of OTHELLO.

Had

Had it pleas'd Heav'n
To try me with affliction, had it rain'd
All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes,
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience—But alas! to make me
A fixëd figure for the hand of ſcorn
To point his ſlow and moving finger at—

Love in conjunction with jealouſy, appears thus in the ſame play.

Had ſhe been true,
If Heav'n would make me ſuch another world
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.

The following paſſage from JULIUS CÆSAR, expreſſes a *natural emotion* in a very natural manner.

Paſſion I ſee is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing thoſe beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Begin to water.

The noble reſolution of Brutus in the following lines, forms a fine expreſſion of *generoſity*.

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh
By any indirection.

The whole ſcene might have been quoted as a ſpecimen of *paſſion*, but was too long to be admitted. The ſame apology muſt be made for the omiſſion of the ſcenes, in which Humphery Duke of Gloſter and Cardinal Beaufort contend ſo warmly, for the ſcenes in which the

the Lords pluck their roſes and throw down their gages, and many other parts of Shakeſpear.

The *great diſpoſition* of Brutus, is again happily expreſſed in the following eaſy and highly natural lines.

O murth'rous ſlumber!
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy
That plays thee muſic? gentle ſlave, good night.

I know not whether the *imagery* or the *paſſion* of the following paſſage of ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, gives it the moſt effect. Both together make it ſublime.

The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neigh of horſe to tell of her approach
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not: nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops.

Grief is ſweetly expreſſed, and elegantly decorated, in the following paſſage of CYMBELINE. Arviragus is bewailing Imogen, whom he ſuppoſes to be dead.

With faireſt flow'rs,
Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave. Thou ſhalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primroſe; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, which not to ſlander,
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath.

The *generous*

The *generous mind* very happily expreſſes itſelf in theſe lines of TIMON OF ATHENS.

I am not of that feather to ſhake off
My friend, when he moſt needs me.

The *paſſion* of the following paſſage of Young, recommends it greatly to our attention. There is however ſomething offenſive in the firſt words of line the third.

When mount we? when theſe ſhackles caſt? when quit
This cell of the creation? this ſmall neſt,
Stuck in the corner of the univerſe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-ſpun air?
Fine-ſpun to ſenſe, but groſs and feculent
To ſouls celeſtial; ſouls ordain'd to breathe
Ambroſial gales, and drink a purer ſky,
Greatly triumphant on time's farther ſhore,
Where virtue reigns enrich'd with full arrears.

The *paſſion* infuſed into the following paſſage of Akenſide gives it intereſt.

O beauty, ſource of praiſe,
Of honor, e'en to mute and lifeleſs things;
O thou, that kindleſt in each human heart
Love, and the wiſh of poets, when their tongue
Would teach to other boſoms what ſo charms
Their own; O child of nature and the ſoul,
In happieſt hours brought forth, the doubtful garb
Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
Too lowly I account, in which to clothe
Thy form divine.

Attachment to places and purſuits long remembered, is prettily expreſſed in the following lines of the ſame Author.

O ye

O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye moſt ancient woodlands! where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely ſtrides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops ſhort the pleaſed traveller to view
Preſiding o'er the ſcene ſome ruſtic tower
Founded by Norman, or by Saxon hands:
O ye Northumbrian ſhades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the moſſy falls
Of ſolitary Wenſbeck's limpid ſtream;
How gladly I recall your well-known ſeats
Belov'd of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a ſummer's day,
I wander'd through your calm receſſes, led
In ſilence by ſome powerful hand unſeen.
Nor will I e'er forget you. Nor ſhall e'er
The graver taſks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wiſdom, move me to diſclaim
Thoſe ſtudies which poſſeſs'd me in the dawn
Of life, and fix'd the color of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From ſleep I reſcue the clear hours of morn,
And while the world around lies overwhelm'd
In idle darkneſs, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine,
Of moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the ſweet magic of harmonious verſe.

Paſſion of the ſame kind appears in theſe lines of Waller.

Oh how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
Under the plantain's ſhade; and all the day

With

With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the muſes, and improve my vein!
No paſſion there in my free breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet and beſt of paſſions love.
There will I ſing if gentle love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the ſtrings ſo high;
With the ſweet ſound of Sachariſſa's name
I'll make the liſtening ſavages grow tame.

Great *Ambition* appears in the following lines of Thomſon's SOPHONISBA.

Bleed every vein about me, every nerve
With anguiſh tremble, every ſinew ach,
If to reward my toils, the Gods will grant me
To ſhare the wreath of fame on Scipio's brow.

The blaze of *exceſſive love* thus breaks forth in the ſame play.

Talk down the circling winds that lift the deſert;
And when by lightning fir'd the foreſts blaze,
Talk down the flame, but not my ſtronger love.

Patriotiſm and more moderate love appear in theſe lines.

Who would not bleed with tranſport for his country,
Tear every tender paſſion from his heart,
And greatly die to make a people happy,
Ought not to taſte of happineſs himſelf,
And is low-ſoul'd indeed—But ſure, my friend,
There is a time for love; or life were vile,
A tedious circle of unjoyous days
With ſenſeleſs hurry fill'd, diſtaſteful, wretched,
Till love comes ſmiling in, and brings his ſweets,
His healing ſweets, ſoft cares, tranſporting joys,
That make the poor account of life complete,

And

And juſtify the Gods.

The triumph of *Generoſity* over *Revenge* in a great mind, is thus happily expreſſed in the ſame play.

Oh! I had treaſur'd up
A world of indignation, years of ſcorn,
But her ſad ſuppliant witchcraft ſooth'd it down.

The *aſpiring* of an *enterpriſing mind* is thus conveyed to us in the ſame piece.

O rather, rather
Had I ne'er ſeen the vital light of heaven,
Than like the vulgar live, and like them die!
Ambition ſickens at the very thought.
To puff and buſtle here from day to day,
Loſt in the paſſion of inglorious life,
Joys which the careleſs brutes poſſeſs above us,
And when ſome years, each duller than another,
Are thus elaps'd, in nauſeous pangs to die,
And paſs away like thoſe forgotten things
That ſoon become as they had never been.

The following paſſage of the ſame play is to be admired for its *ſentiment* as well as its *warmth*.

Why ſhould we kill the beſt of paſſions, love?
It aids the hero, bids ambition riſe
To nobler heights, inſpires immortal deeds,
E'en ſoftens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue.
S. There is a holy tenderneſs indeed,
A virtuous, ſocial, ſympathetic love,
That binds, ſupports, and ſweetens human life.
But is thy paſſion ſuch?

Manly grief is obvious in the following lines of the ſame play.

Thy

Thy tears are no reproach.
Tears oft look graceful on the manly cheek.
The cruel cannot weep. Lo! friendſhip's eye
Gives thee the drop it would refuſe itſelf.

There is a *fine ſpirit* in the following lines of his AGAMEMNON.

O, 'tis a glorious luxury, oppreſs'd
For years beneath a load of wicked power,
To heave it off indignant, and aſſert
The dear dear freedom of a virtuous mind.

Monarchichal pride is very ſublimely expreſſed in theſe lines of Young's BUSIRIS.

I know his purpoſe,
A ſpy upon my greatneſs and no friend:
Take his Embaſſador and ſhew him Egypt;
In Memphis ſhew him various nations met,
As in a ſea, yet not confin'd in ſpace,
But ſtreaming freely through the ſpacious ſtreets
Which ſend forth millions at each brazen gate,
Whene'er the trumpet calls; high overhead,
On the broad walls the Chariots bound along,
And leave in air a thunder of my own.
Jove too has pour'd the Nile into my hand,
The prince of rivers, ocean's eldeſt ſon.
Rich of myſelf, I make the fruitful year,
Nor aſk precarious plenty from the ſky.
Throw all my glories open to his view.

Diſappointment and *Jealouſy* are finely conveyed in the following lines of the ſame play.

What lovely pictures did I draw in air!

What

What luxury of thought! and ſee my fate!
Shall then my ſlave enjoy her? and I languiſh
In my triumphal car, my foot on purple,
And o'er my head a canopy of gold,
Fate in my nod, and monarchs in my train!
What if I ſtab him?

The *delight* of an *agitated mind* is thus happily expreſſed in his REVENGE.

I like this rocking of the battlements.
Rage on ye winds, burſt clouds, and waters roar.
You bear a juſt reſemblance of my fortune,
And ſuit the gloomy habit of my ſoul.

In the ſame play we find this paſſage.

O jealouſy, each other paſſion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the ſoul!
Thou king of torments! the grand counterpoiſe
For all the tranſports beauty can inſpire.

This paſſage of *reſtleſs affection* alſo appears in the ſame play.

What is this world? Thy ſchool, O miſery!
Our only leſſon is to learn to ſuffer;
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Though deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,
My comfort is, each moment takes away
A grain at leaſt from the dead load that's on me,
And gives a nearer proſpect of the grave.
But put it moſt ſeverely, ſhould I live—
Live long—alas! there is no length in time;
Not in thy time, O man! what's four-ſcore years?
Nay, what indeed, the age of time itſelf,
Since cut from out Eternity's wide round?

Away

Away then. To a mind reſolv'd and wiſe
There is an impotence in miſery,
Which makes me ſmile when all its ſhafts are in me.
Yet, Leonora—ſhe can make time long,
Its nature alter, as ſhe alter'd mine.

The following lines of Cowley have ſome little *paſſion* to recommend them.

Love in her ſunny eyes does baſking play,
Love walks the pleaſant mazes of her hair:
Love does on both her lips for ever ſtray,
And ſows and reaps a thouſand kiſſes there:
In all her outward parts Love's always ſeen;
But oh! he never, never went within.

The ſame may be ſaid of this paſſage of the ſame Author.

As yet, ere I deſcend into the grave,
May I a ſmall houſe and large garden have;
And a few friends and many books, both true,
Both wiſe and both delightful too,
And ſince Love ne'er will from me flee,
A miſtreſs moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only belov'd and loving me.

Sweet *patriotic ſpirit* is infuſed into the following lines of Addiſon.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand;
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains and her ſunny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppreſſion in her valleys reigns,

And

And tyranny uſurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the ſwelling grain:
Joyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines:
Starves, in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.
Oh Liberty, thou Goddeſs heav'nly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight,
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun and pleaſure to the day.
Thee, Goddeſs, thee, Britannia's Iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft exhauſted all her ſtores,
How oft in fields of death thy preſence ſought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the ſun refine
The grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat olive ſwell with floods of oil.
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent ſkies,
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine:
'Tis Liberty, that crowns Britannia's iſle,
And makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains ſmile.

A noble ſpirit inflames the following lines of Lanſdown.

On

On bones and ſcraps of dogs let me be fed,
My limbs uncover'd and expos'd my head
To bleakeſt colds, a kennel be my bed;
This, and all other martyrdom, for thee
Seems glorious all, thrice beauteous honeſty!
Fortune and life depend on fate alone,
My honor and my conſcience are my own.

The *feelings* of the *lover* after diſappointment, are thus happily expreſſed by Akenſide.

Alas! great Love, how idle was thy boaſt!
Thy chains are broken, and thy leſſons loſt.
Thy wilful rage has tir'd my ſuffering heart,
And paſſion, reaſon, forc'd thee to depart.
But wherefore doſt thou linger on thy way?
Why vainly ſearch for ſome pretence to ſtay,
When crowds of vaſſals court thy pleaſing yoke,
And countleſs victims bow them to the ſtroke?
Lo! round thy ſhrine a thouſand youths advance,
Warm with the gentle ardors of romance;
Each longs to aſſert thy cauſe with feats of arms,
And make the world confeſs Dulcinea's charms.
Ten thouſand girls, with flowery chaplets crown'd,
To groves and ſtreams thy tender triumph ſound;
Each bids the ſtream in murmurs ſpeak her flame,
Each calls the grove to ſigh her ſhepherd's name.
But if thy pride ſuch eaſy honor ſcorn,
If nobler trophies muſt thy toil adorn,
Behold yon flowery antiquated maid
Bright in the bloom of threeſcore years diſplay'd;
Her ſhalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,

And

And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,
Her frosty cheek with crimson blushes dye,
With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.

* * * *

Be these thy triumphs. But no more presume
That my rebellious heart will yield thee room.
I know thy puny force, thy simple wiles;
I break triumphant through thy flimsy toils:
I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,
Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow.
I feel diviner fires my breast inflame
To active science, and ingenous fame;
Resume the paths my earliest choice began,
And lose with pride, the lover in the man.

True *Love* appears in the following lines of Shenstone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought,—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

Again.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;

Not

Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
  But I haſted and planted it there.
O how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
  With the lilac to render it gay?
Already it calls for my love
  To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves
  What ſtrains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
  From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear
  Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join,
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
  As ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
  I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forſwear,
  She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe aver'd,
  Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
  Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
  How that pity was due to a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
  And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.

But

But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Again.

Why will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is every way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I would lay down my life for the ſwain,
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.

Again.

Ye ſhepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do but to ſtray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair, and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs, and I am undone.

Perhaps

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
  Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo complete would be ſought
  By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inſpire,
  It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
  Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs and I am undone;
  Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
  What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
  Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
  How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met
  What hope of an end to my woes,
When I cannot endure to forget
  The glance that undid my repoſe?
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
  The flower, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
  In time may have comfort for me.

Fear is admirably expreſſed in the following lines of Dryden's RIVAL LADIES.

Alas! I am betray'd to darkneſs here:
Darkneſs which virtue hates, and maids moſt fear:

Silence

Silence and ſolitude dwell every where.
Dogs ceaſe to bark: the waves more faintly roar,
And roll themſelves aſleep upon the ſhore:
No noiſe but what my footſteps make, and they
Sound dreadfully, and louder than by day:
They double too, and every ſtep I take
Sounds thick, methinks.

With the above paſſage may be mentioned the following from Congreve's MOURNING BRIDE which is ſtriking for its expreſſion of *fear*.

A. It was a fancied noiſe, for all is huſh'd.
L. It bore the accent of a human voice.
A. It was thy fear, or elſe ſome tranſient wind
Whiſtling through hollows of this vaulted iſle.
We'll liſten.
L. Hark!
A. No, all is huſh'd, and ſtill as death—'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whoſe ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made ſtedfaſt and inmoveable,
Looking tranquillity! It ſtrikes an awe
And terror on my aching ſight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And ſhoot a chillneſs to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay quickly ſpeak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

Awe is well expreſſed in theſe lines of Dryden's ROYAL MARTYR.

She comes, and now, methinks, I could obey:
Her form glides through me, and my heart gives way.

This

This iron heart, which no impreſſion took
From wars, melts down, and runs, if ſhe but look.

Satisfaction is prettily expreſſed in his ŒDIPUS.

Welcome as mercy to a man condemn'd.
Welcome to me, as to a ſinking mariner
The lucky plank that bears him to the ſhore.

Devotion truly ſublime appears in the following lines of Young.

Shall I, who, ſome few years ago, was leſs
Than worm or mite, or ſhadow can expreſs,
Was nothing, ſhall I live, when every fire
And every ſtar ſhall languiſh and expire?
When Earth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And through the radiant files of Angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from His ſpacious hand,
Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael ſung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of love divine!

Again, the ſame Author.

Who decks the maiden ſpring with flowery pride?
Who calls forth ſummer like a ſparkling bride?
Who joys the mother autumn's bed to crown?
And bids old winter lay her honours down?
Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
Not Europe's arbitreſs of peace and war:
May ſea and land, and earth and heaven, be join'd
To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
When oceans roar or awful thunders roll,
May thought of Thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul!

When

When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
Adore, my heart, the majeſty divine!

Generous emulation warms the following lines of Pope.

Hail, bards triumphant, born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe,
Whoſe honors with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found;
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
That on weak wings from far purſues your flights,
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes.

Generoſity alſo appears in the following lines of the ſame Author.

Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Gives virtue ſcandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-eyed virgin ſteals a tear.

The *paſſion* infuſed into the following lines of the ſame Author, will preſerve them for ever.

When truth, or virtue, an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be your's;
Mine, as a foe profeſs'd to falſe pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honor like his ſenſe;
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind,
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're ſtrangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no ſlave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no knave:
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.

Yes,

Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heav'n-directed hands denied,
The muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide;
Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That count your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The muse's wing shall brush you all away.
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens and Gods of Kings.
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette or the last Address.
When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.
Not so, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from virtue's shrine,
Her priestess muse forbids the Good to die,
And opes the temple of Eternity.
Let envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honor not conferr'd by kings;

Let

Let flattery ſickening ſee the incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the world and grateful to the ſkies:
Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verſe as mean as mine.

LECTURE XXI.

IF we except a little extravagance in the laſt line, the following paſſage of Dryden's SPANISH FRIAR is admirable for its *paſſion*.

How comes it, good old man, that we two meet
On theſe harſh terms! thou very reverend rebel,
Thou venerable traitor, in whoſe face
And hoary hairs, treaſon is ſanctified:
And ſin's black dye ſeems blanch'd by age to virtue.

Military ardor is thus expreſſed in his ALL FOR LOVE.

O thou haſt fir'd me; my ſoul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerneſs of fight has ſeiz'd me;
That eagerneſs with which I darted upwards
To Caſſius' camp. In vain the ſteepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of ſpears
Sung round my head, and planted all my ſhield.
I won the trenches, while my foremoſt men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

The genuine *feelings* of a ſenſible heart are infuſed into the following lines of Pomfret.

But what is death we ſo unwiſely fear?
An end of all our buſy tumults here.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er the proſpect of mankind ſurveys,
At divers ages, and by divers ways
Will find them from this noiſy ſcene retire;
Some the firſt minute that they breathe, expire:
Others, perhaps, ſurvive to talk and go,
But die before they good or evil know.
Here one to puberty arrives, and then
Returns lamented to the duſt again.
Another there maintains a longer ſtrife
With all the powerful enemies of life;
Till with vexation tir'd, and threeſcore years,
He drops into the dark and diſappears.
I'm young indeed, and might expect to ſee
Times future, long and late poſterity.
'Tis what with reaſon I could wiſh to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But ſince ſubſtantial grief ſo ſoon deſtroys
The guſt of all imaginary joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for life than it can merit give?

Hughes expreſſes his *feelings* very naturally and agreeably in the following lines.

Delightful manſion, bleſt retreat!
Where all is ſtlent, all is ſweet!
Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd Muſe more tuneful ſings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours
And opens a new world of flowers.
Gay Pleaſure here all dreſſes wears,
And in a thouſand ſhapes appears.

Purſued

Purſued by Fancy, how ſhe roves
Through airy walks, and muſeful groves,
Springs in each plant, and bloſſom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and ſee.
In this Elyſium while I ſtray,
And nature's faireſt face ſurvey,
Earth ſeems new-born, and life more bright;
Time ſteals away, and ſmooths his flight,
And Thought's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I ſaw of late?
What are thoſe tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou, and the Spaniſh crown,
And leagues to pull uſurpers down?
Of marching armies, diſtant wars,
Of factions and domeſtic jars?
Sure theſe are laſt night's dreams, no more,
Or ſome romance, read lately o'er.

Gay pleaſes by his *honeſty* and *moderation* when he thus expreſſes his *wiſhes*.

This next in court-fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country ſells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at ſo mean, ſo dear a rate!
Or rather give me ſweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue and a good ſurtout.

Pride and *ſelf-ſufficiency*, are happily ridiculed in the following deſcriptive lines of the ſame poet.

When bordering pinks and roſes bloom,
And every garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with ſunny dyes,

Like

Whoe'er the proſpect of mankind ſurveys,
At divers ages, and by divers ways
Will find them from this noiſy ſcene retire;
Some the firſt minute that they breathe, expire:
Others, perhaps, ſurvive to talk and go,
But die before they good or evil know.
Here one to puberty arrives, and then
Returns lamented to the duſt again.
Another there maintains a longer ſtrife
With all the powerful enemies of life;
Till with vexation tir'd, and threeſcore years,
He drops into the dark and diſappears.
I'm young indeed, and might expect to ſee
Times future, long and late poſterity.
'Tis what with reaſon I could wiſh to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But ſince ſubſtantial grief ſo ſoon deſtroys
The guſt of all imaginary joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for life than it can merit give?

Hughes expreſſes his *feelings* very naturally and agreeably in the following lines.

Delightful manſion, bleſt retreat!
Where all is ſilent, all is ſweet!
Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd Muſe more tuneful ſings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours
And opens a new world of flowers.
Gay Pleaſure here all dreſſes wears,
And in a thouſand ſhapes appears.

Purſued

Purſued by Fancy, how ſhe roves
Through airy walks, and muſeful groves,
Springs in each plant, and bloſſom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and ſee.
In this Elyſium while I ſtray,
And nature's faireſt face ſurvey,
Earth ſeems new-born, and life more bright;
Time ſteals away, and ſmooths his flight,
And Thought's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I ſaw of late?
What are thoſe tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou, and the Spaniſh crown,
And leagues to pull uſurpers down?
Of marching armies, diſtant wars,
Of factions and domeſtic jars?
Sure theſe are laſt night's dreams, no more,
Or ſome romance, read lately o'er.

Gay pleaſes by his *honeſty* and *moderation* when he thus expreſſes his *wiſhes*.

This next in court-fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country ſells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at ſo mean, ſo dear a rate!
Or rather give me ſweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue and a good ſurtout.

Pride and *ſelf-ſufficiency*, are happily ridiculed in the following deſcriptive lines of the ſame poet.

When bordering pinks and roſes bloom,
And every garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with ſunny dyes,

Like

Like Laura's cheek when bluſhes riſe;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When cluſters from the vine depend;
The ſnail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries, "All theſe were made for me."
"What dignity's in human nature,"
Says man the moſt conceited creature,
As from a cliff he caſt his eye,
And view'd the ſea and arched ſky.
The ſun was ſunk beneath the main;
The moon and all the ſtarry train
Hung the vaſt vault of heaven. The man
His contemplation thus began.
"When I behold this glorious ſhow,
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The ſcaly people of the main,
The beaſts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all theſe by heav'n deſign'd
As gifts to pleaſure human-kind;
I cannot raiſe my worth too high;
Of what vaſt conſequence am I!"

The *good ſenſe* which appears in the following paſſage of Broome, and the *paſſion* which concludes it, render it very agreeable.

O happier thou my friend, with eaſe content,
Bleſt with the conſcience of a life well ſpent;
Nor would'ſt be great, but guide thy gather'd ſails
Safe by the ſhore, nor tempt the rougher gales;
For ſure, of all that feel the wounds of fate,

None

None are completely wretched but the great;
Superior woes ſuperior ſtations bring,
A peaſant ſleeps, while cares awake a king;
Who reigns, muſt ſuffer; crowns with gems inlaid
At once adorn and load the royal head:
Change but the ſcene, and kings in duſt decay,
Swept from the earth, the pageants of a day;
There no diſtinctions on the dead await,
But pompous graves and rottenneſs in ſtate;
Such now are all that ſhone on earth before,
Cæſar and mighty Marlborough are no more.
Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,
And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead.

Again, the ſame Author.

Ye gloomy grots, ye awful ſolemn cells,
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
Guard me from ſplendid cares, and tireſome ſtate,
That pompous miſery of being great!
Happy, if by the wiſe and learn'd belov'd;
But happieſt above all, if ſelf-approv'd!
Content with eaſe, ambition to deſpiſe,
Illuſtrious vanity, and glorious vice!
Come thou chaſte maid, here ever let me ſtray,
While the calm hours ſteal unperceiv'd away.

Much *affection* is infuſed into the following lines of Ambroſe Phillips to an infant girl.

Dimply damſel, ſweetly ſmiling,
All careſſing, none beguiling,
Bud of beauty fairly blowing,
Every charm to nature owing,

This and that new thing admiring,
Much of this and that enquiring,
Knowledge by degrees attaining,
Day by day ſome virtue gaining.
Ten years hence, when I leave chiming,
Beardleſs poets fondly rhyming,
(Feſcued now perhaps in ſpelling)
On thy riper beauties dwelling,
Shall accuſe each killing feature
Of the cruel charming creature,
Whom I know complying, willing,
Tender and averſe from killing.

True love is elegantly expreſſed in the following poetical lines of Duke.

Fly ſwift ye hours, ye ſluggiſh minutes fly,
Bring back my love, or let her lover die.
Make haſte, O Sun, and to my eyes once more
My Cælia, brighter than thyſelf, reſtore.
In ſpite of thee 'tis night when ſhe's away,
Her eyes alone can the glad beams diſplay
That make my ſky look clear, and guide my day.
O when will ſhe lift up her ſacred light,
And chaſe away the flying ſhades of night!
With her how faſt the flowing hours run on!
But oh! how long they ſtay, when ſhe is gone!
So ſlowly time when clogged with grief does move,
So ſwift when borne upon the wings of love.
Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are paſt,
Yet 'tis an age ſince I beheld her laſt.
O my auſpicious ſtar, make haſte to riſe,

To

To charm our hearts, and bleſs our longing eyes;
O how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
And cheer my own with their reflected rays;
How my impatient thirſty ſoul does long
To hear the charming muſic of thy tongue,
Where pointed wit with ſolid judgment grows,
And in one eaſy ſtream united flows.

Grief is as happily expreſſed, and as elegantly adorned, in theſe lines of the ſame Author.

T. How young, how good, how beautiful ſhe fell!
Oh, ſhe was all for which fond mother's pray,
Bleſſing their babes, when firſt they ſee the day.
Beauty and ſhe were one, for in her face
Sat ſweetneſs temper'd with majeſtic grace;
Such powerful charms as might the proudeſt awe,
Yet ſuch attractive goodneſs as might draw
The humbleſt, and to both give equal law.
How was ſhe wonder'd at by every ſwain!
The pride, the light, the goddeſs of the plain.
On all ſhe ſhin'd, and ſpreading glories caſt,
Diffuſive of herſelf; where'er ſhe paſt
There breath'd an air as ſweet as winds that blow
From the bleſt ſhores where fragrant ſpices grow;
In her ſmooth forehead we might read expreſt
The even calmneſs of her gentle breaſt:
And in her ſparkling eyes as clear was writ
The active vigor of her youthful wit.
Each beauty of the body, or the face,
Was but the ſhadow of ſome inward grace.
Gay, ſprightly, cheerful, free, and unconfin'd

As

As innocence could make it, was her mind.
D. Come, pious nymphs, with fair Louiſa come,
And viſit gentle Floriana's tomb;
And as ye walk the melancholy round
Where no unhallow'd feet prophane the ground,
With your chaſte hands freſh flow'rs and odors ſhed
About her laſt obſcure and ſilent bed;
Still praying as ye gently move your feet,
"Soft be her pillow, and her ſlumber ſweet."
T. See where they come, a mournful lovely train
As ever wept on fair Arcadia's plain:
Louiſa, mournful far above the reſt,
In all the charms of beauteous ſorrow dreſt;
Juſt are her tears, when ſhe reflects how ſoon
A beauty, ſecond only to her own,
Flouriſh'd, look'd gay, was wither'd, and is gone.
D. Oh! ſhe is gone; gone like a new-born flower
That deck'd ſome virgin queen's delicious bower;
Torn from the ſtalk by ſome untimely blaſt,
And 'mongſt the vileſt weeds and rubbiſh caſt:
Yet flowers return, and coming ſprings diſcloſe
The lily whiter and more freſh the roſe;
But no kind ſeaſon back her charms can bring,
And Floriana has no ſecond ſpring.
T. Oh! ſhe is ſet, ſet like the falling ſun;
Darkneſs is round us, and glad day is gone.
Alas! the ſun that's ſet again will riſe,
And gild with richer beams the morning ſkies,
But beauty, though as bright as they it ſhines,
When its ſhort glory to the weſt inclines,

Oh!

Oh! there's no hope of the returning light;
But all is long oblivion and eternal night.

The *feelings* of an angry diſappointed *lover*, are ingeniously expreſſed in the following ſtanzas of Walſh.

Who could more happy, who more bleſt could live,
Than they whom kind, whom amorous paſſions move?
What crowns, what empires, greater joys could give
Than the ſoft chains, the ſlavery of love?
Were not the bliſs too often croſt
By that unhappy vile diſtruſt,
That gnawing doubt, that anxious fear, that dangerous malady,
That terrible tormenting rage, that madneſs jealouſy.

Ingrateful fair-one! canſt thou hear my groans?
Canſt thou behold theſe tears that fill my eyes?
And yet unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,
Into another's arms reſign my prize?
If merit could not gain your love,
My ſufferings might your pity move;
Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous frenzies more
New pangs to me, whom hapleſs love has plagued too much before.

Think not, falſe nymph, my fury to outſtorm;
I ſcorn your anger, and deſpiſe your frown:
Dreſs up your rage in its moſt hideous form,
It will not move my heart, when love is flown;
No, though you from my kindneſs fly,
My vengeance you ſhall ſatisfy.
The muſe, that ſhould have ſung your praiſe, ſhall now proclaim
To the malicious, ſpiteful world, your infamy and ſhame.

Ye

Ye Gods ſhe weeps; behold that falling ſhower;
See how her eyes are quite diſſolv'd in tears.
Can ſhe in vain that precious torrent pour?
Oh! no, it bears away my doubts and fears,
'Twas pity ſure that made it flow,
For the ſame pity ſtop it now,
For every charming heavenly drop that from thoſe eyes doth part,
Is paid with ſtreams of blood, that guſh from my o'erflowing heart.
Yes I will love; I will believe you true,
And raiſe my paſſion up as high as e'er;
Nay, I'll believe you falſe, yet love you too,
Let the leaſt ſign of penitence appear.

Love is prettily expreſſed in theſe lines of Dryden's ALL FOR LOVE.

How I lov'd,
Witneſs ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
As all your buſineſs were to count my paſſion.
One day paſt by, and nothing ſaw but love;
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only love:
The ſuns were wearied out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I ſaw you every day, and all the day,
And ev'ry day was ſtill but as the firſt:
So eager was I ſtill to ſee you more.

In his DON SEBASTIAN we meet with this warm exclamation.

Send me to exile with the man I love,
And baniſhment is empire.

Much *feeling* appears in the following paſſage of Phillips.

Thus tender Spenſer liv'd, with mean repaſt

Content

Content, depreſs'd by penury and pine
In foreign realms, yet not debar'd his verſe
By fortune's frowns. And had that other bard,
Oh! had but he, that firſt ennobled ſong
With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been,
'Mong many faithleſs ſtrictly faithful found,
Unpitied he ſhould not have 'wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim ſuffuſion veil'd.

The *ſenſations of love* are not ill-conveyed in the following lines of Otway's ALCIBIADES.

She's gone, but oh! what mighty charms there lie
Couch'd in the narrow circle of an eye;
Had ſhe but ſtaid another minute here,
I had worn chains, and been her priſöner.
And ſtill I fear my heart is not my own;
For if ſo bright when to a dungeon gone,
How would ſhe ſhine triumphant on a throne!

They are more ardently expreſſed in theſe lines of his DON CARLOS.

Suppoſe it was the Queen; you'd ſtay for her.
C. For her? yes, ſtay an age, for ever ſtay;
Stay ev'n till time itſelf ſhould paſs away;
Fix here a ſtatue never to remove,
An everlaſting monument of love.

Again in the ORPHAN.

No tongue my pleaſure nor my pain can tell,
'Tis heaven to have thee, and without thee hell.

Again.

Oh! charm me with the muſic of thy tongue.

I'm

I'm ne'er ſo bleſt, as when I hear thy vows,
And liſten to the language of thy heart.

In the ſame play we have a fine ſpecimen of *anger*, venting itſelf in the moſt bitter invectives againſt the fair-ſex.

I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman—
Woman the fountain of all human frailty—
What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? a woman.
Who loſt Mark Antony the world? a woman.
Who was the cauſe of a long ten years war,
And laid at laſt old Troy in aſhes? woman:
Deſtructive, damnable, deceitful woman—
Woman to man firſt as a bleſſing given
When innocence and love were in their prime;
Happy awhile in Paradiſe they lay,
But quickly woman long'd to go aſtray;
Some fooliſh new adventure needs muſt prove,
And the firſt devil ſhe ſaw, ſhe chang'd her love;
To his temptations lewdly ſhe inclin'd
Her ſoul, and for an apple damn'd mankind.

Anger is again finely inſtanced in his CAIUS MARIUS.

By all the Gods I'll chaſe this dæmon out
That rages thus in Rome; or let her blood
To that degree, till ſhe grow tame enough
To tremble at the rod of my revenge.

The *angry* and *unreaſonable father*, is happily contraſted with the *ſupplicating daughter*, in the following paſſage of the ſame play.

No more—by all the Gods, 'twill make me mad,
That daily, nightly, hourly, every way

My

My care has been to make thy fortune high,
And having now provided thee a Lord
Of nobleſt parentage, of fair demeſnes,
Early in fame, youthful, and well allied,
In every thing as thought could wiſh a man,
To have at laſt a wretched puling fool,
A whining ſuckling, ignorant of her good,
To anſwer 'I'll not wed, I cannot love'.
If thou art mine, reſolve upon compliance,
Or think no more to reſt beneath my roof.
Go try thy riſk in fortune's barren field,
Graze where thou wilt, but think no more of me,
Till thy obedience welcome thy return.
L. Will you then quite caſt off your poor Lavinia,
And turn me like a vagrant out of doors,
To wander up and down the ſtreets of Rome,
And beg my bread with ſorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard revilings of a ſlave
Fat with his maſter's plenty, when I aſk
A little pity for my pinching wants?
Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy night,
To ſeek a ſhelter under dropping eaves,
A porch my bed, a threſhold for my pillow,
Shiv'ring and ſtarv'd for want of warmth and food?
Swell'd with my ſighs, and almoſt choak'd with tears,
Muſt I at the uncharitable gates
Of proud great men implore relief in vain?
Muſt I, your poor Lavinia, bear all this,
Becauſe I am not miſtreſs of my heart,
Or cannot love according to your liking?

Bitter

Bitter reſentment, is thus forcibly expreſſed in his VENICE PRESERVED.

Continual diſcords make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous: ſtill
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppreſs and grind you; till at laſt you find
The curſe of diſobedience all your portion.

Doting *admiration* and ſtrong *conjugal affection*, are thus upheld in the ſame piece.

J. Can there in woman be ſuch glorious faith?
Sure all ill ſtories of thy ſex are falſe!
Oh woman, lovely woman, nature made you
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you.
There is in you all we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightneſs, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlaſting love.
B. If love be treaſure, we'll be wond'rous rich.
I have ſo much, my heart will ſurely break with't.
Vows can't expreſs it; when I would declare
How great's my joy, I'm dumb with the big thought,
I ſwell and ſigh, and labour with my longings.
O lead me to ſome deſart wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my ſoul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heav'ns and ev'ry liſt'ning planet,
With what a boundleſs ſtock my boſom's fraught.
J. Oh Belvidera, doubly I'm a beggar;
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend

Is

Is at my heels, and chaſes me in view.
Canſt thou bear cold and hunger? can theſe limbs,
Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripe of ſmarting poverty?
When baniſh'd by our miſeries abroad,
(As ſuddenly we ſhall be) to ſeek out
(In ſome fair climate, where our names are ſtrangers)
For charitable ſuccor, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of ſtraw we ſhrink together
And the bleak winds ſhall whiſtle round our heads,
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? wilt thou then
Huſh my cares thus, and ſhelter me with love?

B. Oh, I will love thee, e'en in madneſs love thee.
Though my diſtracted ſenſes ſhould forſake me,
I'd find ſome interval, when my poor heart
Should 'ſwage itſelf, and be let looſe to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our reſting place,
Its roots our food, ſome cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head,
And, as thou ſighing ly'ſt and ſwell'd with ſorrow,
Creep to thy boſom, pour the balm of love
Into thy ſoul, and kiſs thee to thy reſt;
Then praiſe our God, and watch thee till the morning.

J. Hear this, you heav'ns, and wonder how you made her.
Reign, reign, ye monarchs that divide the world;
Buſy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happineſs like mine.
Like gaudy ſhips, th' obſequious billows fall
And riſe again to lift you in your pride,
They wait but for a ſtorm and then devour you.

I in my private bark already wreck'd,
Like a poor merchant driv'n on unknown land,
That had by chance pack'd up his choiceſt treaſure
In one dear caſket, and ſav'd only that,
Since I muſt wander farther on the ſhore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious ſtore,
Reſolv'd to ſcorn, and truſt my fate no more.

Terror and *guilt* are thus naturally expreſſed in the ſame play.

I'm here; and thus the ſhades of night ſurround me.
I look as if all hell were in my heart,
And I in hell—nay ſurely 'tis ſo with me;
For ev'ry ſtep I tread, methinks, ſome fiend
Knocks at my breaſt and bids me not be quiet.

Affection is thus happily expreſſed in the parting of Jaffier and Belvidera.

J. Did I not ſay I came to bleſs thee?

B. Yes.

J. Then hear me, bounteous heav'n;
Pour down your bleſſings on this beauteous head,
Where everlaſting ſweets are always ſpringing,
With a continual giving hand. Let peace,
Honour, and ſafety, always hover round her.
Feed her with plenty. Let her eyes ne'er ſee
A ſight of ſorrow, nor her heart know mourning:
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with reſt
Harmleſs as her own thoughts; and prop her virtues
To bear the loſs of one that too much lov'd,
And comfort her with patience in our parting.

Tenderneſs is apparent in the following lines of Littleton.

Here let me wear my careleſs life away,

And

And in thy arms inſenſibly decay.
When late old age our heads ſhall ſilver o'er,
And our ſlow pulſes dance with joy no more;
When time no longer will thy beauties ſpare
And only Damon's eye ſhall think thee fair;
Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,
At one ſoft ſtroke deprive us both of breath;
May we beneath one common ſtone be laid,
And the ſame cypreſs both our aſhes ſhade;
Perhaps ſome friendly Muſe, in tender verſe,
Shall deign our faithful paſſion to rehearſe,
And future ages, with juſt envy mov'd,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

The *real feelings* of a beauty removed into the country by her friends, are without doubt infuſed into the following lines of the ſame Author; but they are here and there interſperſed with poignant ſtrokes of ſatire with which no one would wound herſelf.

Ah! what avails it to be young and fair;
To move with negligence, to dreſs with care?
What worth have all the charms our pride can boaſt,
If all in envious ſolitude are loſt?
Where none admire, 'tis uſeleſs to excell,
Where none are beaux 'tis vain to be a belle;
Beauty, like wit, to judges ſhould be ſhewn;
Both moſt are valued, where they beſt are known.
With every grace of nature or of art,
We cannot break one ſtubborn country heart;
The brutes, inſenſible, our power defy;
To love, exceeds a 'Squire's capacity.

The

The town, the court, is beauty's proper ſphere,
That is our heav'n, and we are angels there.
In that gay circle thouſand Cupids rove,
The court of Britain is the court of love.
How has my conſcious heart with triumph glow'd,
How have my ſparkling eyes their tranſport ſhew'd,
At each diſtinguiſh'd birth-night ball to ſee
The homage due to empire, paid to me!
When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
And dreaded mine more than the Monarch's frown;
When rival ſtateſmen for my favour ſtrove,
Leſs jealous in their pow'r than in their love.
Chang'd is the ſcene, and all my glories die,
Like flow'rs tranſplanted to a colder ſky.
Loſt is the dear delight of giving pain,
The tyrant joy of hearing ſlaves complain.
In ſtupid indolence my life is ſpent,
Supinely calm, and dully innocent.
Unbleſt I wear my uſeleſs time away,
Sleep (wretched maid) all night, and dream all day;
Go at ſet hours to dinner and to prayer,
For dulneſs ever muſt be regular.
Now with mamma at tedious whiſt I play,
Now without ſcandal drink inſipid tea;
Or in the garden breathe the country air,
Secure from meeting any tempter there;
From books to work, from work to books I rove,
And am (alas!) at leiſure to improve!
Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
Were eyes ſo radiant only made to read?

Theſe

Theſe fingers, at whoſe touch ev'n age would glow,
Are theſe of uſe for nothing but to ſew?
Sure erring Nature never could deſign
To form a houſewife in a mould like mine?
O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
Let me reviſit the dear town again—

Grief and affection, are prettily expreſſed in the following ſtanzas of his MONODY.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footſteps to deſcry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We ſaw the ſummer ſun go down the ſky;
Nor by yon fountain's ſide,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can ſhe now be found:
In all the wide ſtretch'd proſpect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her eſpy,
But the ſad ſacred earth where her dear relics lie.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along theſe verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's ſide,
Who now your infant ſteps ſhall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand, whoſe tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And ſtrew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?

O loſs

O loſs beyond repair!
O wretched father left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How ſhall thy weaken'd mind, oppreſs'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now ſhe alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpleſs age to ſave?

Ariſe, O Petrarch, from th' Elyſian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd
And fragrant with ambroſial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Ariſe, and hither bring the ſilver lyre,
Tun'd by thy ſkilful hand
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire,
With which o'er many a land
Was ſpread the fame of thy diſaſtrous love;
To me reſign the vocal ſhell,
And teach my ſorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale ſo well,
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and deſert rocks, to pity move.

What were alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy miſtreſs in the bliſsful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domeſtic care
She never bore a ſhare,

Nor

Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every ſecret grief that feſter'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of ſickneſs watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm ſuſtain,
And charm away the ſenſe of pain:
Nor did ſhe crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O beſt of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my ſoul endure the loſs of thee?
How in the world, to me a deſart grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my ſweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely ſmile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleaſure now can pall'd Ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful ſenſe of well-earn'd praiſe,
Unſhar'd by thee, no more my lifeleſs thoughts could raiſe.

A warm *patriotic ſpirit* is kindled in the following lines of Cowper.

England, with all thy faults I love thee ſtill.
My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where Engliſh minds and manners may be found,
Shall be conſtrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, moſt part, deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a freſt,

I would

I would not yet exchange thy ſullen ſkies
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Auſonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs.
To ſhake thy Senate, and from heights ſublime
Of patriot eloquence to flaſh down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my taſk;
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and ſorrows with as true a heart
As any thund'rer there.

An *affectionate compliment* is paid by the ſame Author to a deceaſed relation, when by a ſudden but natural apoſtrophe he thus expreſſes himſelf.

All are not ſuch. I had a brother once—
Peace to the mem'ry of a man of worth;
A man of letters, and of manners too—
Of manners ſweet as virtue always wears,
When gay good-nature dreſſes her in ſmiles.

Paſſion enlivens the following paſſage of the ſame Author.

What's the world to you?
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As ſweet as charity from human breaſts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exerciſe all functions of a man.
How then ſhould I and any man that lives
Be ſtrangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimſon ſtream mæand'ring there
And catechiſe it well. Apply your glaſs,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
Congenial with thine own. And if it be,

What

What edge of ſubtlety canſt thou ſuppoſe
Keen enough, wiſe and ſkilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound me to the kind.

The *paſſion* infuſed into the following addreſs to the Britiſh Capitol, by the ſame Author, gives it great force.

Oh thou reſort and mart of all the earth,
Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
And ſpotted with all crimes; in whom I ſee
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair
That pleaſes and yet ſhocks me, I can laugh
And I can weep, can hope and can deſpond,
Feel wrath and pity when I think on thee!
Ten righteous would have ſaved a city once,
And thou haſt many righteous. Well for thee—
That ſalt preſerves thee; more corrupted elſe,
And therefore more obnoxious at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had pow'r to be,
For whom God heard his Abr'am plead in vain.

The *ſpirit of true patriôtiſm* appears in the following paſſage of the ſame Author.

Thee therefore ſtill, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loſs of empire, and though ſqueezed
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the ſtate,
Thee I account ſtill happy, and the chief
Among the nations, ſeeing thou art free,
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and diſpoſes much

All hearts to ſadneſs, and none more than mine;
Thine unadult'rate manners are leſs ſoft
And plauſible than ſocial life requires,
And thou haſt need of diſcipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane addreſs
And ſweetneſs, without which no pleaſure is
In converſe, either ſtarv'd by cold reſerve,
Or flush'd with fierce diſpute, a ſenſeleſs brawl;
Yet being free I love thee: for the ſake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Diſgraced as thou haſt been, poor as thou art,
To ſeek no ſublunary reſt beſide.
But once enſlaved, farewell! I could endure
Chains no where patiently, and chains at home,
Where I am free by birth-right, not at all.

Pity and *indignation* are alternately expreſſed very happily in the following lines of the ſame Author.

Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cauſe
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deſerve,
Receive proud recompence. We give in charge
Their names to the ſweet lyre. Th' hiſtoric Muſe,
Proud of the treaſure, marches with it down
To lateſt times; and Sculpture in her turn
Gives bond in ſtone and ever-during braſs
To guard them, and t'immortalize her truſt.
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To thoſe who, poſted at the ſhrine of Truth,
Have fall'n in her defence—
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown,

Till

Till perſecution dragg'd them into fame
And chaſed them up to heaven. Their aſhes flew —
No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and ſanctifies his ſong,
And hiſtory, ſo warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,
But gives the glorious ſufferers little praiſe.

The *love of liberty* gives great ſpirit to the following paſſage of his TABLE TALK.

Oh Liberty! the pris'ner's pleaſing dream,
The poet's muſe, his paſſion and his theme,
Genius is thine; and thou art fancy's nurſe;
Loſt without thee th' ennobling pow'rs of verſe,
Heroic ſong from thy free touch acquires
Its cleareſt tone, the rapture it inſpires;
Place me where winter breathes his keeneſt air,
And I will ſing if liberty be there;
And I will ſing at liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fierceſt heat.

In the following paſſage of his CHARITY, the Author is at firſt elegant, and afterwards ſpeaks with much *warmth* and *generoſity*.

Ingenious Art, with her expreſſive face,
Steps forth to faſhion and refine the race;
Not only fills neceſſity's demand,
But overcharges her capacious hand;
Capricious taſte itſelf can boaſt no more,
Than ſhe ſupplies from her abounding ſtore;
She ſtrikes out all that luxury can aſk

And

And gains new vigour at her endleſs taſk.
Her's is the ſpacious arch, the ſhapely ſpire,
The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre;
From her the canvaſs borrows light and ſhade,
And verſe, more laſting, hues that never fade.
She guides the fingers o'er the dancing keys,
Gives difficulty all the grace of eaſe,
And pours a torrent of ſweet notes around,
Faſt as the thirſting ear can drink the ſound:
Theſe are the gifts of art, and art thrives moſt,
Where commerce has enrich'd the buſy coaſt:
He catches all improvements in his flight,
Spreads foreign wonders in his country's ſight,
Imports what others have invented well,
And ſtirs his own to match them, or excell.
'Tis thus reciprocating each with each,
Alternately the Nations learn and teach;
While Providence enjoins to every ſoul
An union with the vaſt terraqueous whole.
Heav'n ſpeed the canvaſs gallantly unfurl'd
To furniſh and accommodate a world;
To give the Pole the produce of the Sun,
And knit th' unſocial climates into one.
Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave
Impel the fleet whoſe errand is to ſave,
To ſuccour waſted regions, and replace
The ſmile of opulence in ſorrow's face.
Let nothing adverſe, nothing unforeſeen,
Impede the bark that plows the deep ſerene,
Charg'd with a freight tranſcending in its worth

The

The gems of India, nature's rareſt birth,
That flies like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,
An herald of God's love, to pagan lands.
But ah! what wiſh can proſper, or what pray'r
For Merchants rich in cargoes of deſpair,
Who drive a loathſome traffic, gage and ſpan,
And buy the muſcles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, huſband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end,
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A ſtroke as fatal as the ſcythe of death.
The ſable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loſes in tears the far receding ſhore,
But not the thought that they muſt meet no more,
Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego?
Yes, to deep ſadneſs ſullenly reſign'd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind,
Puts off his gen'rous nature, and to ſuit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.

Extremely fine is the following *ardent* paſſage of the ſame poem.

Oh could I worſhip aught beneath the ſkies,
That earth hath ſeen or fancy can deviſe,
Thine altar, ſacred Liberty, ſhould ſtand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf and flow'rs as wild, as fair
As ever dreſs'd a bank, or ſcented ſummer air.
Duly as ever on the mountain's height

The

The peep of morning ſhed a dawning light,
Again when evening in her ſober veſt
Drew the grey curtain of the fading weſt,
My ſoul ſhould yield thee willing thanks and praiſe,
For the chief bleſſings of my faireſt days.
But that were ſacrilege—praiſe is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preſerves thee mine:
Elſe I would ſay, and as I ſpake, bid fly
A captive bird into the boundleſs ſky,
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home.